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FRENEAU
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POEMS

WRITTEN AND PUBLISHED DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR,

AND NOW

REPUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS;

INTERSPERSED

WITH TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ANCIENTS, AND OTHER PIECES NOT HERETOFORE IN PRINT.

BY *PHILIP FRENEAU.*

——Justly to record the deeds of fame,
A muse from heaven should touch the soul with flame;
Some powerful spirit in superior lays
Should tell the conflicts of the stormy days.

THE THIRD EDITION, IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

FROM THE PRESS OF LYDIA R. BAILEY, NO. 10, NORTH-ALLEY.

.....

1809.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Poems, included in these two volumes, were originally written between the years 1768 and 1793; and were partly published in the transient prints of the times, and afterwards collected into two editions of 1786 and 1795. The present is a revision of the whole, and now published agreeable to the terms of the subscription issued in this city, in April last. Such, perhaps, as are not attracted by mere novelty or amusement, will attend more particularly to the Poems originating from the temporary events of the American war. These Poems were intended, in part to expose to vice and treason, their own hideous deformity; to depict virtue, honour and patriotism in their native beauty. Such (says a most distinguished foreign author) was the intention of poetry from the beginning, and here her purpose should end. Whether the following verses have any real claim to the attention of the citizens of the American United States, who may honour them with a reading, is left for the Public to decide.

To his Countrymen, the real *Patriotic Americans*, the *Revolutionary Republicans*, and the rising generation who are attached to their sentiments and principles, the writer hopes this collection will not prove unacceptable. A more complete edition might have been published, so as to include a great number of miscellaneous Poems, and animadversions on public events down to the present year, 1809; but it has been judged most proper, to restrict what is now printed to the date of 1793; with the exception of only a very few pieces of later composition which have been retained, and inserted in the body of the work, but not so as to materially interrupt the general tenor of the Poems that arose from the incidents of the American revolutionary contest.

The Author will only add, that to this Edition are prefixed two copper-plate engravings: the one representing St. TAMMANY, observing a hostile fleet approaching his shores; the other, a nocturnal view of Captain Jones's engagement with the Seraphis.—These, it is hoped will be considered as not inelegant embellishments of the edition now presented to the public.

Philadelphia, August 2d 1809.

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Cum subiit illius tristissima noctis imago
Quæ mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit;
Cum repeto noctem, quâ tot mihi cara reliqui
Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis, &c.

WHEN to my soul recurs the woeful sight,
The sad remembrance of that fatal night,
That night, the cause of many a parting tear,
That snatch'd me far from all my soul held dear;
When I review that night of wail and woe,
Griefs swell, remembrance wakes, and sorrows flow.
Now had the dawn of that sad morning come
When Cæsar bade me leave regretted Rome,
Bade me from all my soul adored depart,
From dear Ausonia that still holds my heart.
Crazed as I was, with anguish and despair,
Short time the mandate gave me to prepare:
My bosom swell'd, so urged, so forced away,
No moment spared me for a longer stay:
No slave, no fond domestic was allowed,
No kind companion on the watery road,
No vesture fit for exiled men like me,
Nor monied store, resource in misery;
Like one I stood astonished and aghast
Whom Jove's red lightnings all conspire to blast,
Who scarce from death existence may retrieve
And, living, hardly can that life perceive.
But soon respiring from this palsied state,
Grief came on grief, and made my woe complete;
Once more to anguish, as to sense restored,
I just at parting gave the farewell word,
To friends yet faithful, made my last address,
The few that yet felt friendship for distress.
My spouse, my love, all frantic to me clung,
Grieved as I grieved and near my bosom hung,
From her moist eyes distilled incessant tears,
Indignant sorrows for a loss like hers:
My daughter absent on the Libyan coast,
Remained unconscious of a father lost.
Where'er I look'd, where'er I moved or turn'd,
All, all was grief, and all around me mourn'd.
Dark funeral scenes, in all their shades of woe,
Scenes not fictitious, were presented now.

About me flocked a melancholy throng,
Men, females, boys, the aged and the young;
Frantic they came, and wept around my door
When told their Ovid should return no more.
Thus if with small, great things I may compare,
Did Troy when conquered, such an aspect wear.
Now ceased the tiresome noise of dogs and men,
And near the zenith drove the moon her wane,
I saw, and gazing on my old abode
Where, neighbouring to the CAPITOL it stood,
I cry'd, ye immortals, who protect these towers,
These domes and temples, all ye guardian powers;
Blest seats, fair domes, the favourites of the skies,
Decreed no more to meet these longing eyes;
Ye gods, from whom all life, all beings come,
Ye powers propitious to the fates of Rome,
Farewell forever! take my last adieu,
The last prostration I can make to you;
Tho' late, too late, I at your shrines am found,
And take the shield when I have met the wound,
Yet pardon grant; and from great Cæsar's heart
When I am gone, let all resentment part;
Say to the heavenly man, Forgive, relent,
Nor charge to malice what no malice meant.
What you have seen, who all things see below
Let, too, the author of my exile know;
His heart once touch'd to me it reconciles,
None can be wretched when Augustus smiles!
In words like these to heavenly powers I pray'd,
In bursts of grief my wife besought their aid,
And as the altar's sacred flame expires
She kiss'd with quivering lips the dying fires;
Jove she invoked, but Jove refused to hear,
Nor answered with assent the hopeless prayer.
Now, unperceived, the night declined away,
The night, refusing long or more delay.
To eastern skies the circling bear had turn'd
And glance of morning o'er the ocean burn'd.
What could I do?—the love of Rome detain'd,
But scarce an hour to linger now remain'd;
My stay how often did the guards upbraid;—
Why urge me thus, where must I go, I said;

der, friends, I leave my much-lov'd home,
vorld's first beauty and its mistress, ROME!
)w often did I dream some future day
fix'd as fitter, to prolong my stay:
ice on the threshold I my step impress'd,
ice I return'd at omen'd ills distress'd;
step, responding to my soul's desire,
)w and reluctant, strove not to retire:
t' did I bid farewell, my steps retrace,
nd, like one dying, gave the last embrace;
epeated charges I before had given,
ost in distraction or by madness driven,
And oft' review'd, or to forget them strove,
The once dear objects of unhappy love!
Why should I haste—to Scythia must I stray?
Rome must I leave?—both might excuse delay;
My wife torn from me, widowed will remain,
My house, my old, my loved domestic train,
Farewell forever! friends, whom, faithful found,
More than fraternal friendship to me bound,
Whose hearts, link'd to me in affection true,
Held by a stronger tie than THESEUS knew,
While yet I can, embrace I will once more,
Since time nor fortune may that bliss restore.
Each hour, each moment, while I dare remain
To me most precious, is a heaven of gain,
Oh, grant delay!—with words half lost in air
Again embracing all I counted dear,
I wept, all wept—meantime the morning star
Beam'd in the east, the day's sad harbinger,
Condemned to go, dull, comfortless, forlorn
Half of myself seemed from the other torn.
Thus Priam wept, when Jove and adverse fates
To treacherous Greece unlock'd his Trojan gates.
Now groans and wailings burst from all around,
They smite their breasts, or in distraction wound,
My dame close to me hung, with grief oppress'd,
And with deep sighs, these killing words address'd
You must not go, or I will share your fate,
A banished woman with her banished mate:
Where'er you go, I'll constant, faithful prove,
Will follow to the world's last bounds my love:

You to relieve, I every load will bear,
And tend you on the deep with all love's care;
You from your country Cæsar's rage expels
Affection, me—there Cæsar's mandate fails!
She spoke, and fondly would her suit renew,—
Then, scarce convinced, the rash resolve withdrew.
I left her!—here my living death began,
The dreary funeral of a banished man.
In garb of woe, my beard, entangled hair
No longer claimed their wretched owner's care.
Awaked with woes, when morning beam'd its ray,
On the cold ground my weeping consort lay;
Her lovely locks so long, so late her pride,
Disgraced with dust, neglected and untied,
Uncouth hung round her; from the dust she rose
Deplored the widowed house, deplored my woes;
On her lost Ovid call'd with frantic moans,
And wept not less with agonizing groans
Than if her daughter, my Perilla dear,
Lay stretched beside me on the funeral bier!
Death she invoked, in death she wished to drown
This rage of grief, these sorrows all her own;—
For me alone consenting to survive,
For me, tho' absent, she might bear to live,
Might still remain, to hope some happier day
Relief would send, and Cæsar's wrath allay.
Now had the guardian of the northern bear
In ocean dipp'd the radiance of his star,
Embark'd, my country ne'er to see again,
Reluctant sailed I o'er the Ionian main:
Rude was the season; wild, inclement, cold,
But fear of Cæsar made the seamen bold.
Ah me, what tempests sweep this billowy waste,
What sands in whirlpools from their depths displaced!
What rage of ocean our poor galley drives,
Through what mad seas the carved Apollo dives!
These bellowing winds no rest, no truce allow,
And half the Ionian roars against the prow;
To every shock the batter'd barque rebounds,
And all Jove's winter through the rigging sounds.
Her groaning frame, scarce fit those shocks to bear,
Creaked, sympathizing with my own despair;

Pale, at the helm the trembling pilot stood,
Confess'd his fears, invoked each guardian god,
Relaxed his nervous hand, and ruled no more
The ship so pliant to his will before.
Like him who by some fiery steed is borne
Who knows no rule, or knows it but to scorn,
He yields to madness or to strength the rein,
Nor checks that spirit he would check in vain;
So, at the mercy of the tempest toss'd,
Our wayward galley, half in ocean lost,
Forlorn, half-guided, drifts the watery way,
And plunging, reels, disdaining to obey.
The adverse gale propell'd us to that shore.
The Italian country, I must tread no more:
Far in the east emerged the Illyrian waste;
My eyes once more my native mountains traced,
But lost forever!—cease, ye winds, to blow,
And homeward drive me, where I dare not go.
Thus while I spoke, and hopeless of return,
The quivering barque by angry seas was torn:—
Ye pitying powers that rule the azure main,
Spare me, O spare me, and be kind again!
Enough for me, that Jove, my foe declared,
Decrees my ruin and disdains regard:
Of life tho' weary, save me from the deep,
Waft me to Scythia, there to breathe and weep;
Save me at least to reach the Pontic coast;
If saved he can be, who's already lost.

NOTE—Tomos, an ancient town, noted for the barbarity and savage manners of its inhabitants. It was situated on the western shore of the Euxine, or Black Sea, in 44° 30' N. latitude; and is at this day an inconsiderable place subject to the Turkish government.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAGUE WHICH HAPPENED AT ATHENS IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR, AND ALMOST DEPOPULATED THAT CITY MORE THAN 2200 YEARS AGO.

From the sixth book of LUCRETIUS on the Nature of Things.

" Hæc ratio quondam morborum et mortifer æstus
Finibus Cecropiis funestos reddidit agros," &c.

SUCH dire disorders, such a feverish blast
Once laid fair Athens and her region waste,
Made solitary all her fields and woods,
Her streets deserted, vacant her abodes.
From Egypt's wastes, with desolating flame,
O'er seas, o'er lands, the fierce contagion came,
To wretched Athens wing'd its destin'd way,
Where crowds on crowds, its gasping victims, lay.
The early symptoms the first onset made,
Were feverish pulses beating through the head;
And blood-shot eyes with ruddy stain began
The waste of life, and work of death on man.
The mouth and jaws with black corrupted blood
Dripp'd, and distilled a pestilential flood—
With ulcers swoln, each gum no space affords,
Denies all utterance to attempted words;
The tongue that speaks the idea of the mind
With gore polluted could no motion find;
By pain enfeebled, all its functions fled,
Rough to the touch, its every sense lay dead:
Thence to the stomach poisonous filth distill'd
And the scorch'd heart the morbid venom fill'd;
Then, every prop of life and vigour fail'd,
The tainted breath a loathsome steam exhaled
Like putrid bodies that neglected lie,
Exposed corruptive, to the sun and sky.
On death's dark verge to misery all resign'd,
With fate no longer strove the passive mind:

Incessant stranglings mix'd with wailing groans,
Pangs followed pangs, and moans succeeded moans.
A constant sobbing, day and night, distress'd;
Shrunk was each nerve, and every limb compress'd,
New pains, each moment, grew on pains before,
Deranged the system, that could bear no more.
So fierce a heat the internal fever fed,
And such a flame was through the system spread,
Look where you would, the eye endured so much,
You would have thought you did not see, but touch.
From burning ulcers such a heat was rais'd,
And so much fever through the body blazed,
That, like the wretch, whom arrowy lightnings slay,
The bones were softened, melted, parch'd away;
The stomach in such strong pulsations beat,
Burn'd like a furnace, in such rage of heat,
That nothing grateful could that part receive,
No drug, no food, to invigorate or relieve.
One purpose did these sons of woe engage,
And hence they hoped their tortures to assuage;
In the cold air they sought to ease their pains,
They bared their bodies to the winds and rains;
Some to the rivers cooling floods were borne,
And dwelt in waves, reluctant to return;
With naked limbs immerged in floods they lay
To cool their torments—there they wish'd to stay.
Some headlong down, as thirst insatiate drove
Plunged into deep-dug wells from heights above,
With open mouth, to quench in fluids there
The scorching torments they were forced to bear.
The internal thirst, while mergent in the flood,
Imbibed whole showers to calm the intemperate blood;
They found no rest; no ease, no respite gain'd,
But the worn body all its plagues retain'd.
The healing men stood silent, in dismay,
And eyed the havock that they could not stay;
Much did they doubt what drugs, what aid to call
To check the mischief that now menaced all.
The suffering victims of this deadly pest,
Whole nights lay groaning, closed no eye in rest:
Then came death's symptoms, his concluding train,
Delirium, reason clouded in the brain;

Quick bursts of sorrow, apprehensive fears,
Sad brow, the face of anguish or of tears;
Ears anxious, watchful, vext with rumbling sound,
Quick pulse and powerful, but unequal found;
This a thin moisture to the neck supplied,
Pale, meagre spittle, as in saffron dyed,
And saltish taste, which rotting to decay
Scarce through the lungs of hoarseness found its way.
The nerves all spasm, in either hand contract,
The joints all tremor, strong convulsions rack'd;
Palsies succeeded; agues, too, began
Their frozen chills, and through the body ran,
As death approached both nostrils were compress'd,
And the thinn'd nose departing life confess'd;
The hollow eyes, sunk forehead, parching skin
No more perspiring, spoke the pangs within,
Each quivering jaw a grin terrific wore
And both tense temples throbb'd with life no more;
The ghastly face a death like aspect took
As all the man with instant death was struck:
In such distress eight days the infected lay,
The ninth beheld them their last tribute pay.
When nature to the plague superior rose,
And, yet conflicting, gave a short repose,
Then ulcers foul o'er all the body spread
And a black vomit from the lungs was shed:—
This boded death; with this awhile they strove,
Then sunk forever in a long remove!
The constant signs, that yielding nature failed
Were torturing pains that through the head prevail'd;
Then streaming blood from either nostril ran
'Till none was left to vivify the man;
The acrid stream that from the body flow'd
Of dark discoloured, vitiated blood,
Even that exhausted, still the fierce disease
On every nerve, on every limb would seize,
And made those secret parts which life convey
In propagation—made those parts its prey.
Some yet while breathing, yet attached to life
Those parts dissevered with the cruel knife;
Of hands deprived, with amputated feet
Some liv'd, and blindness made their woe complete.

To such extremes did fear of death impel,
So much they griev'd to bid the world farewell.
In some remembrance fail'd, and o'er the brain
Oblivion govern'd with her sleepy train;
All was forgot that mind or memory brings,
No recollection of preceding things;
Nor did they know, nor memory could restore
That they had lived, or seen mankind before.
Though hosts unburied o'er the fields were spread
No birds approached the relics of the dead;
To shun the impoisoned air they kept remote
As sure, if tasting, death would be their lot—
Hence, not one winged inhabitant of air
Nor bird of prey, rapacious, ventured there.
No beasts of blood forsook the gloomy den
To satiate hunger's rage on flesh of men;
Their race the infection did alike pursue
The morbid vengeance they experienced too,
And died by thousands: first, the faithful race
Of dogs, fell victims, to its dire embrace;
In every street, in every path or plain
They breathed out life in agonies of pain;
The sickly mist inhaled, its potent sway [away.
Raged through their blood, and scorched their lives
Piles heap'd on piles were lodg'd in pits obscure,
Tremendous funerals from a death impure!
Men left to struggle with so fierce a foe,
Sunk to the grave in plenitude of woe;
No favouring sign appeared from physic's aid
Of health returning, or of pains allayed;
Or if, perchance, its powers in one prevailed,
(Some sovereign drug, that with success assail'd,
Which gave some respite, but a moment's ease,
And still allowed some drop of life to seize)
That to another brought immediate death;
His funeral potion, his last gasp of breath.
And what still darkened this distressful scene,
Sigh urged on sigh, and added pain to pain,
Was this: Whoever felt the invading pains,
The feverish fluid boiling through his veins,
All hope of life he yielded, gave up all
To a pass'd sentence nothing could recall:

With sinking heart reclining on his bed
No hope remain'd him to escape the dead,
At the long funerals gazing, in despair
He breathed out life, or join'd procession there.
Hence grew disease, contagion's wider reign
That added thousands to the infected train:
One from another caught the poisonous breath
'Till all were suffering in one common death:
Who'er for life as yet retain'd regard
Fled from the infected, or no help prepared.
Thus even in life deserted, left to groan,
They died unwitness'd, seen, consoled, by none,
Without one comfort, not one friendly eye
To soften misery or to see them die;
Not heeded more than sheep, the bestial train
Left to expire, and putrid on the plain.
Whoever near the infected quarters lived
And yet the horrors of the plague survived,
Though hard the task, some urged by shame to go,
Moved, all reluctant to the sight of woe,
The funeral process: and with feeble hand,
Inhumed the dead; but most of toil complain'd.
From this no rank, no station could excuse,
'Twas death to argue, ruin to refuse.
Some, forced the dreary funeral to attend
Of a lost consort or some long lov'd friend,
Return'd so smitten at the hideous scene,
With tears so copious and with grief so keen,
On the void bed, or prostrate on the floor,
They fell, and sickened, to revive no more:
Thus death, disease, regret, and tears were there,
All had their portion, all endured their share.
Nor only, Athens, were these ills for you,
The shepherds, herdsmen, had their torments too;
The rugged driver of the crooked plough
Unnerved, repining, lost all vigour now;
The cottages, so late with pleasure crown'd,
So late where health and innocence were found,
Where rural beauty every bliss enjoy'd,
Now heap'd with dead, the inhabitants annoyed:
Fled was their bliss, to every ill consign'd,
To pain, disease, and poverty combin'd.—

The lovely infant and the blooming maid,
Were on the parents' senseless corpses laid,
While the fond sire his sickening boy caress'd
The dying mother clasp'd him to her breast;
Even in that act the dart of death she found,
And dropt, expiring, to embrace the ground.
Some desperate grown, forsook the rural seat
And to the city made a swift retreat,
From every quarter trembling thousands fled
Who seiz'd and held the apartments of the dead,
Where close assembled, in excess of fear,
Death ranged, and havock ran his mad career;
Along the streets, some pining, feverish lay,
And crazed for water, cramm'd the public way;
At every fountain, every conduit-flood
Their huddled thousands pressing, panting stood,
Were seen voracious in the streams to lave
Or suffocating, swell the passing wave.
In public squares, those busy streets where late
In happier days vast crowds on business met,
Those squares, those streets, with every form of woe,
With dead and dying were encumbered now.
With loathsome filths, scabs, rot, and putrid blood,
In poisonous streams the nauseous kennels flow'd.
The scanty covering for the naked bones
Was hides of beasts, to shroud the skeletons;
The ulcered carcase, thus unwrapt, was borne
Inhumed in sordid filth, and rags forlorn.
Huge heaps of dead defiled those blest abodes,
The domes and temples sacred to the gods;
A mass of filth those beauteous fabrics fill'd,
Whose moisture draining, putrid floods distilled—
None to the heavenly powers for succour pray'd,
No adoration to the gods was paid;
They held them nothing, or esteemed them not,
Gods and religion were alike forgot;
The urgent ills, the instant woes that press'd
Engross'd all care, and occupied each breast.
At last, as forms and ancient customs led
They ceased with solemn rites to inter the dead;
Each by himself, afflicted and afraid
His dying neighbour to some pit conveyed:

The impending curse to horrid things inclin'd,
And desperate hunger brutalized the mind;
Half frantic, some their perish'd friends consumed,
And burn'd the corpse they would not have entombed;
With fearful howlings some the piles emblazed
Or seiz'd on funeral piles that others raised,
To the dry heap the flaming torch applied,
And vext and vengeful every threat defied;
Hence angry feuds, and wars, and wounds began,
And streams of blood in purple torrents ran,
They rather chose promiscuous death to spread,
And fall contending, than desert their dead!*

* The remarkable pestilence thus described by Lucretius happened at Athens about 430 years before the birth of Christ, at a time when the Athenians were also afflicted with the calamities of war. Thucydides, the historian, who was himself infected with the distemper, relates, that it was supposed first to have appeared in Ethiopia, and that it afterwards spread into Egypt, Africa, and the Persian dominions. The Athenians at the Pyreum who were first infected imagined that the Peloponnesians, with whom they were then at war, had poisoned the wells; but the disease getting to the upper city, soon alarmed them by the dreadful havoc which it made. Those (says the historian) who were affected, generally died in seven or nine days, in extreme torments. If they survived that time, ulcers broke out at their extreme parts, and they escaped, though many not without the loss of their fingers or toes. The disease first seized the head; then, inwardly, the throats and tongues of the patients became presently bloody, and their breath noisome. A hoarseness and pain in the breast succeeded, and the stomach being afterwards infected, they vomited all manner of bilious matter. Though their bodies were not hot to the touch, yet they burned inwardly to an extreme degree, and had an insatiate thirst. Those who were carefully attended by physicians, and those who were neglected had the same fate, and the strong and the weak died without distinction. The utmost care to shun the contagion was ineffectual, and the disease baffling all care and remedies, persons were no sooner seized, than they were struck with despair, and would not even attempt any cure. The calamity was increased by the great numbers of country people that had crowded into the city and lived in huts and boothes, so that at length the streets were filled with the dead, and even the very temples, where many of the country people had taken up their residence, and the fountains and conduits were crowded with the dying, who had crawled thither to quench their thirst. All laws, divine and human, were alike despised or disregarded. Those who had succeeded to great inher-

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

PROPHET JONAH.

VERSIFIED (OR RATHER PARAPHRASED) FROM THE SACRED WRITINGS.

CANTO I.

IN ages past, when smit with warmth sublime,
Their bards foretold the dark events of time,
And piercing forward through the mystic shade,
Kings yet to come, and chiefs unborn survey'd,
Amittai's son perceiv'd, among the rest,
The mighty flame usurp his labouring breast :—
For thus, in dreams, the voice unerring came
Of HIM, who lives through every age the same :
" Arise ! and o'er the intervening waste,
" To Nineveh's imperial turrets haste ;
" That mighty town to ruin I decree,
" Proclaim destruction, and proclaim from me :

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itances, spent their estates in riot and voluptuousness, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day; and many scrupled not to commit the greatest crimes, from the persuasion that they would be cut off by the distemper before they could be punished by the law. The famous Hippocrates, at the desire of the Athenians, came to Athens on this occasion, and attended the sick with unwearied assiduity until the plague had wholly ceased ; for which he was decreed extraordinary honours by the commonwealth.

" Too long it stands, to GOD and man a foe,
" Without one virtue left to shield the blow ;
" Guilt, black as night, their speedy ruin brings,
" And hottest vengeance from the KING OF KINGS."
The prophet heard—but dared to disobey,
(Weak as he was) and fled a different way ;
In Joppa's port a trading ship he found
Far o'er the main to distant Tarshish bound :
The price of passage to her chief he paid,
And there conceal'd with wandering sailors stay'd,
His purpose fixt, at once perverse and blind,
To leave his country, and his GOD behind.
But HE who spread the ocean's vast expanse,
And views all nature with a single glance,
Forth from its prison bade the tempest fly—
The tempest swell'd the ocean to the sky ;
The trembling barque, as the fierce billow knocks,
Scarce bears the fury of repeated shocks;
Her crew distrest, astonish d and afraid,
Each to his various god in anguish pray'd,
Nor trust alone to penitence and prayer,
They clear the decks, and for the worst prepare,
The costly lading to the deep they throw,
That lighter o'er the billows she may go,
Nor with regret the wealthy cargo spared,
For wealth is nothing when with life compared.
But to the ship's remotest chambers fled
There pensive Jonah droop'd his languid head,
And, new to all the dangers of the deep,
Had sunk, dejected, in the arms of sleep—
'Twas then the master broke the prophet's rest,
And thus exclaim'd, and smote his frantic breast—
" O sleeper, from thy stupid slumbers rise,
" At such an hour can sleep invade thine eyes?—
" If ever thou to heaven didst send a prayer,
" Now send thy warmest supplications there,
" Perhaps thy God may pity our distress,
" And save us, foundering in this dark abyss."
Thus warn'd, the seer his vows repentant paid—
Meantime, the seamen to their fellows said :
" No common waves our shatter'd vessel rend,
" There must be *one* for whom these storms impend,

" Some wretch we bear, for whom these billows rise,
" Foe to the gods, and hated by the skies;
" Come, since the billows all our arts defy,
" Come, let the lot decide for whom we die."
Instant the lots amidst the vase they threw,
And the markt lot dejected Jonah drew!
Then thus their chief the guilty man address'd,
" Say, for what crime of thine are we distrest?
" What is thy country, what thy calling, say,
" Whence dost thou come, what potentate obey?
" Unfold it all, nor be the truth deny'd."——
The master spoke, and Jonah thus reply'd:
" A Hebrew I, from neighbouring regions came,
" A Jewish prophet, of no vulgar fame:
" That God I fear who spread this raging sea,
" Who fixt the shores by his supreme decree,
" And reigns throughout immeasurable space,
" His footstool earth, the heaven his dwelling place:
" But I, regardless of his high command,
" His mandate slighting, fled my native land,
" Fool that I was, from Joppa's port to fly,
" Who thought to shun his all-pervading eye!
" For this the tempest rends each tatter'd sail,
" For this your vessel scarce supports the gale!"
The seamen heard, distracted and dismay'd;
When thus again their trembling pilot said:
" How couldst thou thus, ungenerous as thou art,
" Affront thy patron, and with us depart?—
" Lo! for thy crimes, and not our own, we die;
" Mark, how the wild waves threaten from on high,
" Our sails in fragments flit before the blast,
" Scarce to its station we confine the mast;
" What shall we do, unhappy man, declare,
" How shall we act, or how direct our prayer,
" That angry Neptune may his rage restrain,
" And hush once more these tumults of the main?"
The seer reply'd, " The means are in your power
" To still the tempest in this dreadful hour:—
" High on the sea-beat prow will I ascend,
" And let the boldest of your crew attend
" To plunge me headlong from that giddy steep
" Down to the bosom of the unfathom'd deep;

" So shall the ocean from its raging cease,
" And the fierce tempest soon be hush'd to peace:—
" 'Tis for my crimes this angry ocean raves,
" 'Tis for my sin we plough these fearful waves;
" Dislodge me soon—the storm shall then decay,
" Which still grows louder while on board I stay."
Thus he—but they, to save their vagrant guest,
Refus'd as yet to grant his strange request,
And though aloft on mountain waves they ride,
And the tost galley reels from side to side,
Yet to their breasts they drew the sweepy oar,
And vainly strove to gain the distant shore:
The ruffian winds refuse that wish'd retreat,
And fiercer o'er the decks the billows beat.
Then to the skies the chief his prayer addrest,
" Thou JOVE supreme, the greatest and the best!
" Because thy sovereign pleasure doth require
" That death alone must satisfy thine ire,
" O spare us for thy dying prophet's sake,
" Nor let us perish for the life we take;
" If we are wrong, his lot was thy decree,
" And thou hast done as it seem'd best to thee."
Then from the summit of the washy prow,
They plunged the prophet to the depths below,
And straight the winds, and straight the billows cease,
And every threatening surge lay hush'd in peace;
The trembling crew adore the Power Supreme
Who kindly thus from ruin rescued them;
Their vows they send to his imperial throne,
And victims offer to this God unknown.

CANTO II.

WHEN from the prow's intimidating height
They plung'd the prophet to the realms of night,
Not long he languished in the briny deep,
In death's cold arms not yet decreed to sleep.—
JEHOVAH saw him, from the abodes of bliss,
Sunk to the bottom of the vast abyss,
And bade a whale, the mightiest of the kind,
His prophet in these dismal mansions find—

The hostile form, approaching through the wave,
Receiv'd him living to a living grave,
Where three long days in dark distress he lay,
And oft repenting, to his God did pray—
The power benign, propitious to his prayer,
Bade the huge fish to neighbouring shores repair—
Instant the whale obey'd the high command,
And cast him safe on Palestina's strand.
The prophet then his past transgressions mourn'd,
And grateful, thus to heaven his thanks return'd:
" Afflicted from the depths of hell I pray'd,
" The dark abyss of everlasting shade:
" My GOD in mercy heard the earnest prayer,
" And dying Jonah felt thy presence there.
" Because I dared thy mandate disobey,
" Far didst thou plunge me from the face of day:
" In the vast ocean, where no land is found,
" The mighty waters closed thy prophet round:
" On me the waves their utmost fury spent,
" And all thy billows o'er my body went,
" Yet then, surrounded by the dismal shade,
" Thus to my MAKER from the depths I said:
" Though hid beneath the caverns of the main,
" To thy blest temple will I look again,
" Though from thy sight to utter darkness thrown,
" Still will I trust, and trust on thee alone—
" With anguish deep I felt the billows roll,
" Scarce in her mansion stay'd my frighted soul;
" About my head were wrapt the weeds of night,
" And darkness, mingled with no ray of light;
" I reached the caves the briny ocean fills,
" I reached the bases of the infernal hills,
" Earth, with her bars, encompass'd me around,
" Yet, from the bottom of that dark profound
" Where life no more the swelling vein supplies,
" And death reposes, didst thou bid me rise.
" When fainting nature bow'd to thy decree,
" And the lone spirit had prepar'd to flee,
" Then from my prison I remember'd thee,
" My prayer towards thy heavenly temple came,
" The temple sacred to JEHOVAH's name.—
" Unhappy they, who vanities pursue,
" And lies believing, their own souls undo—

" But to thine ear my grateful song shall rise,
" For thee shall smoke the atoning sacrifice,
" My vows I'll pay at thy imperial throne,
" Since my salvation was from thee alone."

CANTO III.

ONCE more the voice to humbled Jonah came
Of HIM, who lives through every age the same:
" Arise! and o'er the intervening waste
" To Nineveh's exalted turrets haste,
" And what to thee my SPIRIT shall reveal
" That preach—nor dare the sacred truth conceal—
" To desolation I that town decree;
" Proclaim destruction, and proclaim from me."
Obedient to JEHOVAH'S high command,
The prophet rose, and left Judea's land,
And now he near the spiry city drew,
(Euphrates pass'd, and rapid Tigris too:)
So vast the bulk of this prodigious place,
Three days were scant its lengthy streets to trace;
But as he enter'd, on the first sad day,
Thus he began his tidings of dismay:
" O NINEVEH! to heaven's decree attend!
" Yet forty days, and all thy glories end;
" Yet forty days, the skies protract thy fall,
" And desolation then shall bury all,
" Thy proudest towers their utter ruin mourn,
" And domes and temples unextinguished burn!
" O Nineveh! the GOD of armies dooms,
" Thy thousand streets to never-ending glooms:
" Through mouldering fanes the hollow winds shall roar,
" And vultures scream where monarchs lodg'd before!
" Thy guilty sons shall bow beneath the sword,
" Thy captive matrons own a foreign lord.—
" Such is the vengeance that the heavens decree,
" Such is the ruin that must bury thee!"
The people heard. and smit with instant fear,
Believ'd the fatal warnings of the seer:

This sudden ruin so their souls distrest,
That each with sackcloth did his limbs invest,
From him that glitter'd on the regal throne,
To him that did beneath the burthen groan——
Soon to their monarch came this voice of fate,
Who left his throne and costly robes of state,
And o'er his limbs a vest of sackcloth drew,
And sate in ashes, sorrowful to view—
His lords and nobles, now repentant grown,
With equal grief their various sins bemoan.
And through the city sent this loud decree,
With threatening back'd, and dreadful penalty:
" Ye Ninevites! your wonted food refrain,
" Nor touch, ye beasts, the herbage of the plain,
" Let all that live be humbled to the dust,
" Nor taste the waters, though ye die of thirst:
" Let men and beasts the garb of sorrow wear,
" And beg yon' skies these guilty walls to spare:
" Let all repent the evil they pursue,
" And curse the mischief that their hands would do—
" Perhaps that GOD, who leans to mercy still,
" And sent a prophet to declare his will,
" May yet the vengeance he designs, adjourn,
" And, ere we perish, from his anger turn."
JEHOVAH heard, and pleas'd beheld at last
Their deep repentance for transgressions past,
With pity moved, he heard the earnest prayer
Of this vast city, humbled in despair;
Though justly due, his anger dies away,
He bids the angel of destruction stay:——
The obedient angel hears the high command,
And sheathes the sword, he drew to smite the land.

CANTO IV.

BUT anger swell'd the haughty prophet's breast,
Rage burn'd within, and robb'd his soul of rest;
Such was *his* pride, *he* wish'd they all in flame
Might rather perish than belie *his* fame,
And GOD's own bolts the tottering towers assail,
And millions perish, than *his* word should fail.

Then to the heavens he sent this peevish prayer—
(Vain, impious man, to send such pinings there):
" While yet within my native land, I stay'd,
" This would at last reward my toil, I said,
" Destruction through the Assyrian streets to cry,
" And then the event my mission falsify;
" For this I strove to shun thy sight before,
" And sought repose upon a foreign shore;
" I knew thou wert so gracious and so kind,
" Such mercy sways thy all creating mind,
" Averse thy bolts of vengeance to employ,
" And still relenting when thou should'st destroy,
" That when I had declar'd thy sacred will,
" Thou would'st not what I prophesy'd fulfil,
" But leave me thus to scorn, contempt, and shame,
" A lying prophet, blasted in my fame—
" And now, I pray thee, grant my last request,
" O take my life, so wretched and unblest!
" If here I stay, 'tis but to grieve and sigh;
" Then take my life—'tis better far to die?"
" Is it thy place to swell with rage and pride,
" (Thus to his pining prophet, God reply'd)
" Say is it just thy heart should burn with ire
" Because *yon' city* is not wrapt in fire?
" What if I choose its ruin to delay,
" And send destruction on some future day,
" Must thou, for that, with wasting anguish sigh,
" And, hostile to my pleasure, wish to die?"
Then Jonah parted from the mourning town,
And near its eastern limits sate him down,
A booth he builded with assiduous care,
(Form'd of the cypress boughs that flourish'd there)
And anxious now beneath their shadow lay,
Waiting the issue of the fortieth day—
As yet uncertain if the Power Divine
Or would to mercy, or to wrath incline——
Meantime the leaves that roof'd his arbour o'er,
Shrunk up and faded, sheltered him no more;
But God ordain'd a thrifty gourd to rise,
To screen his prophet from the scorching skies;
High o'er his head aspired the spreading leaf,
Too fondly meant to mitigate his grief,

So close a foliage o'er his head was made,
That not a beam could pierce the happy shade:
The wondering seer perceiv'd the branches grow
And bless'd the shadow that reliev'd his woe;
But when the next bright morn began to shine
(So God ordain'd) a worm attack'd the vine,
Beneath his bite its goodly leaves decay,
And wasting, withering, die before the day!
Then as the lamp of heaven still higher rose
From eastern skies a sultry tempest blows,
The vertic sun as fiercely pour'd his ray,
And beam'd around insufferable day,
How beat those beams on Jonah's fainting head!
How oft he wish'd a place among the dead!
All he could do, was now to grieve and sigh,
His life detest, and beg of God to die.
Again, JEHOVAH to his prophet said,
" Art thou so angry for thy vanish'd shade—
" For a mere shadow dost thou well to grieve,
" For this poor loss would'st thou thy being leave?"—
" My rage is just, (the frantic prophet cry'd),
" My last, my only comfort is deny'd—
" The spreading vine that form'd my leafy bower;
" Behold it vanish'd in the needful hour!
" To beating winds and sultry suns a prey,
" My fainting spirit droops and dies away—
" Give me a mansion in my native dust,
" For though I die with rage, my rage is just."
Once more the Almighty deign'd to make reply—
" Does this lost *gourd* thy sorrow swell so high,
" *Whose* friendly shade not to thy toil was due,
" Alone it sprouted, and alone it grew;
" A night beheld its branches waving high,
" And the next sun beheld those branches die;
" And should not pity move the LORD of all
" To spare the vast Assyrian capital,
" Within whose walls uncounted myriads stray,
" Their Father I, my sinful offspring they?—
" Should they not move the great creating mind
" With six score thousand of the infant kind,
" And herds untold that graze the spacious field,
" For whom yon' meads their stores of fragrance yield;

" Should I this royal city wrap in flame,
" And slaughter millions to support thy fame,
" When now repentant to their GOD they turn,
" And their past follies, low in ashes, mourn?—
" Vain thoughtless wretch, recall thy weak request,
" Death never came to man a welcome guest;—
" Why wish to die—what madness prompts thy mind!
" Too long the days of darkness thou shalt find;
" Life was a blessing by thy Maker meant,
" Dost thou despise the blessings he has lent—
" Enjoy my gifts while yet the seasons run
" True to their months, and social with the sun;
" When to the dust my mandate bids thee fall,
" All these are lost, for death conceals them all—
" No more the sun illumes the sprightly day,
" The seasons vanish, and the stars decay:
" The trees, the flowers, no more thy sense delight,
" Death shades them all in ever-during night.
" Then think not long the little space I lent—
" Of thy own sins, like Nineveh, repent;
" Rejoice at last the mighty change to see,
" And bear with them as I have borne with thee."

THE ADVENTURES OF

SIMON SWAUGUM,

A VILLAGE MERCHANT.

WRITTEN IN 1768.

PRELIMINARY PARTICULARS.

SPRUNG from a race that long had till'd the soil,
And first disrobed it of its native trees,
He wish'd to heir their lands, but not their toil,
And thought the ploughman's life no life of ease:—
" 'Tis wrong (said he) these pretty hands to wound
" With felling oaks, or delving in the ground:
" I, Who at least have forty pounds in cash
" And in a country store might cut a dash,

" Why should I till these barren fields (he said)
" I who have learnt to cypher, write, and read,
" These fields that shrubs, and weeds, and brambles
bear,
" That pay me not, and only bring me care !"
Some thoughts had he, long while, to quit the sod,
In sea-port towns to try his luck in trade,
But, then, their ways of living seem'd most odd—
For dusty streets to leave his native shade,
From grassy plats to *pebbled walks* removed——
The more he thought of *them*, the less he loved :
The city springs he could not drink, and still
Preferr'd the fountain near some bushy hill :
And yet no splendid objects there were seen,
No distant hills, in gaudy colours clad,
Look where you would, the prospect was but mean,
Scrub oaks, and scatter'd pines, and willows sad—
Banks of a shallow river, stain'd with mud ;
A stream, where never swell'd the tide of flood,
Nor lofty ship her topsails did unlose,
Nor sailor sail'd, except in log canoes.
It would have puzzled *Faustus*, to have told,
What did attach him to this paltry spot ;
Where even the house he heir'd, was very old,
And all its outworks hardly worth a groat :
Yet so it was, the fancy took his brain
A country shop might here some custom gain :
Whiskey, he knew, would always be in vogue,
While there are country squires to take a *cogue*,
Laces and *lawns* would draw each rural maid,
And one must have her *shawl*, and one her *shade*—

THE SHOP DESCRIBED,

AND THE

MERCHANT's OUTSET.

HARD by the road a pigmy building stood,
Thatch'd was its roof, and earthen were its floors;
So small its size, that, in a jesting mood,
It might be call'd a house turn'd out of doors—
Yet here, adjacent to an aged oak,
Full fifty years *old dad* his hams did smoke,
Nor ceas'd the trade, 'till worn with years and spent,
To Pluto's smoke-house he, himself, was sent.
Hither our merchant turn'd his curious eye,
And mused awhile upon this sable shell;
"Here father smoked his hogs (he said) and why
"In truth, may not our garret do as well?"
So, down he took his hams and bacon flitches,
Resolv'd to fill the place with other riches;
From every hole and cranny brush'd the soot,
And fixt up shelves throughout the crazy hut:
A counter, too, most cunningly was plann'd,
Behind whose breast-work none but he might stand,
Excepting now and then, by special grace,
Some brother merchant from some other place.
Now, muster'd up his cash, and said his prayers,
In Sunday suit he rigs himself for town,
Two raw-boned steeds (design'd for great affairs)
Are to the waggon hitch'd, old *Bay* and *Brown*;
Who ne'er had been before a league from home
But now are doom'd full many a mile to roam,
Like merchant-ships, a various freight to bring
Of *ribbons*, *lawns*, and many a tawdry thing.
Molasses too, blest sweet, was not forgot,
And island *Rum*, that every taste delights,
And *teas*, for maid and matron must be bought,
Rosin and *catgut strings* for fiddling wights—
But why should I his invoice here repeat?
'Twould be like counting grains in pecks of wheat.

Half Europe's goods were on his invoice found,
And all was to be bought with FORTY POUND!
Soon as the early dawn proclaim'd the day,
He cock'd his hat with pins, and comb'd his hair:
Curious it was, and laughable to see
The village-merchant mounted in his chair:
Shelves, piled with lawns and linens, in his head,
Coatings and stuffs, and cloths, and *scarlets red*—
All that would suit man, woman, girl, or boy;
Muslins and muslinets, jeans, grograms, corduroy.
Alack! said I, he little, little dreams
That all the cash he guards with studious care—
His cash! the mother of a thousand schemes,
Will hardly buy a load of earthen ware!
But why should I excite the hidden tear
By whispering truths ungrateful to his ear;
Still let him travel on, with scheming pate,
As disappointment never comes too late.—

HIS JOURNEY TO THE METROPOLIS; AND MERCANTILE TRANSACTIONS.

THROUGH woods obscure and rough perplexing ways,
Slow and alone, he urged the clumsy wheel;
Now stopping short, to let his horses graze,
Now treating them with straw and Indian meal:
At length a *lofty steeple* caught his eye,
"Higher (thought he) than ever kite did fly:—
But so it is, these *churchmen* are so proud
They ever will be climbing to a cloud;
Bound on a sky-blue cruise, they always rig
The longest steeple, and the largest wig."
Now safe arrived upon the pebbled way,
Where well-born steeds the rattling coaches trail,
Where shops on shops are seen—and ladies gay
Walk with their curtains some, and some their veil;
Where sons of art their various labours shew
And one cries *fish!* and one cries *muffins ho!*

Amaz'd, alike, the merchant, and his pair
Of scare-crow steeds, did nothing else but stare;
So new was all the scene, that, smit with awe,
They grinn'd, and gaz'd, and gap'd at all they saw,
And often stopp'd, to ask at every door,
" *Sirs, can you tell us where's the cheapest store!*"
" *The cheapest store (a sly retailer said)*
" *Cheaper than cheap, guid faith, I have to sell;*
" *Here are some colour'd cloths that never fade:*
" *No other shop can serve you half so well;*
" *Wanting some money now, to pay my rent,*
" *I'll sell them at a loss of ten per cent.—*
" *Hum-hums are here—and muslins—what you please—*
" *Bandanas, baftas, pullcats, India teas;*
" *Improv'd by age, and now grown very old,*
" *And given awaw, you may depend—not sold!*"
" Lured by the bait the wily shopman laid,
He gave his steeds their mess of straw and meal,
Then gazing round the shop, thus, cautious said,
" Well, if you sell so cheap, I think we'll deal;
" But pray remember, 'tis for goods I'm come,
" For, as to polecats, we've enough at home—
" Full forty pounds I have, and that in gold
" (Enough to make a trading man look bold)
" Unrig your shelves, and let me take a peep;
" 'Tis odds I leave them bare, you sell so cheap."
The city merchant stood, with lengthen'd jaws;
And stared awhile, then made this short reply—
" You clear my shelves! (he said)—this trunk of gauze
" Is more than all your forty pounds can buy:—
" On yonder board, whose burthen seems so small
" That one man's pocket might contain it all,
" More value lies, than you and all your race
" From Adam down, could purchase or possess."
Convinced, he turn'd him to another street,
Where humbler shopmen from the crowd retreat;
Here caught his eye coarse callicoes and crape,
Pipes and tobacco, ticklenburghs and tape.
Pitchers and pots, of value not so high
But he might sell, and FORTY POUNDS would buy.

Some jugs, some pots, some fifty ells of tape,
A keg of wine, a cask of low proof rum,
Bung'd close—for fear the spirit should escape
That many a sot was waiting for at home;
A gross of pipes, a case of home-made gin,
Tea, powder, shot—small parcels he laid in;
Molasses, too, for *swichell**-loving wights,
(*Swichell*, that wings Sangrado's boldest flights,
When bursting forth the wild ideas roll,
Flash'd from that farthing-candle, call'd his soul:)
All these he bought, and would have purchased more
To furnish out his Lilliputian store;
But cash fell short—and they who smiled while yet
The cash remain'd, now took a serious fit:—
No more the shop-girl could his talk endure,
But, like her cat, sat sullen and demure——
The dull retailer found no more to say,
But shook his head, and wish'd to sneak away,
Leaving his house-dog, now, to make reply,
And watch the counter with a lynx's eye——
Our merchant took the hint, and off he went,
Resolv'd to sell *at twenty-five per cent.*

THE MERCHANT'S RETURN.

RETURNING far o'er many a hill and stone
And much in dread his earthen ware would break,
Thoughtful he rode, and uttering many a groan
Lest at some worm-hole vent his cask should leak—
His cask, that held the joys of rural squire
Which even, 'twas said, the parson did admire,
And valued more than all the dusty pages
That Calvin penn'd, and fifty other sages—
Once high in fame—beprais'd in verse and prose,
But now unthumb'd, enjoy a sweet repose.

* Molasses and water: A beverage much used in the eastern states.

At dusk of eve he reach'd his old abode,
Around him quick his anxious townsmen came,
One ask'd what luck had happ'd him on the road,
And one ungear'd the mud-bespatter'd team.
While on his cask each glanced a loving eye,
Patient, to all he gave a brisk reply——
Told all that had befallen him on his way,
What wonders in the town detain'd his stay—
" *Houses as high as yonder white-oak tree*
" *And boats of monstrous size that go to sea,*
" *Streets throng'd with busy folk, like swarming hive;*
" *The Lord knows how they all contrive to live—*
" *No ploughs I saw, no hocs, no care, no charge,*
" *In fact, they all are gentlemen at large,*
" *And goods so thick on every window lie,*
" *They all seem born to sell—and none to buy.*"

THE CATASTROPHE,

OR THE

BROKEN MERCHANT.

ALACK-a-day! on life's uncertain road
How many plagues, what evils must befal;——
Jove has on none unmingled bliss bestow'd,
But disappointment is the lot of all:
Thieves rob our stores, in spite of locks and keys,
Cats steal our cream, and rats infest our cheese,
The gayest coat a grease-spot may assail,
Or Susan pin a dish-clout to its tail.——
Our village-merchant (trust me) had his share
Of vile mis-haps—for now, the *goods* unpackt,
Discover'd, what might make a deacon swear
Jugs, cream-pots, pipes, and grog-bowls sadly crackt—
A general groan throughout the crowd was heard;
Most pitied him, and some his ruin fear'd;
Poor wight! 'twas sad to see him fret and chafe,
While each enquir'd, " *Sir, is the rum-cask safe?*"

Alas! even that some mischief had endured;——
One rascal hoop had started near the chine!—
Then curiously the bung-hole they explored,
With stem of pipe, the leakage to define—
Five gallons must be charged to loss and gain!—
" *—Five gallons! (cry'd the merchant, writh'd with pain)*
" *Now may the cooper never see full flask,*
" *But still be driving at an empty cask——*
" *Five gallons might have mellowed down the 'squire*
" *And made the captain strut a full inch higher;*
" *Five gallons might have prompted many a song,*
" *And made a frolic more than five days long:*
" *Five gallons now are lost, and—sad to think,*
" *That when they leak'd—no soul was there to drink!*"
Now, slightly treated with a *proof-glass* dram,
Each neighbour took his leave, and went to bed,
All but our merchant: he, with grief o'ercome,
Revolv'd strange notions in his scheming head—
" For losses such as these, (thought he) 'tis meant,
" That goods are sold at *twenty-five per cent:*
" No doubt these trading men know what is just,
" 'Tis *twenty-five times* what they cost at first!"
So rigging off his shelves by light of candle,
The dismal smoke-house walls began to shine:
Here, stood his tea-pots—some without a handle——
A broken jar—and there his keg of wine;
Pipes, many a dozen, ordered in a row; [show:
Jugs, mugs, and grog-bowls——less for sale than
The leaky cask, replenish'd from the well,
Roll'd to its birth—*but we no tales will tell*——
Catching the eye in elegant display,
All was arranged and snug, by break of day:
The blue *dram-bottle*, on the counter plac'd,
Stood, all prepared for *him that buys* to taste;——
Sure bait! by which *the man of cash* is taken,
As rats are caught by cheese, or scraps of bacon.
Now from all parts the rural people ran,
With ready cash, to buy what might be bought:
One went to choose a pot, and one a pan,
And they that had no pence their *produce* brought,

A hog, a calf, safe halter'd by the neck ;
Potatoes (Ireland's glory) many a peck ;
Bacon and cheese, of real value more
Than India's gems, or all Potosi's ore.
Some questions ask'd, the folks began to stare——
No soul would purchase, pipe, or pot, or pan :
Each shook his head——hung back——" *Your goods so dear !*
" *In fact* (said they) *the devil's in the man !*
" *Rum ne'er shall meet my lips* (cry'd honest *Sam*)
" *In shape of toddy, punch, grog, sling, or dram ;*
" *No cash of mine you'll get* (said pouting *Kate*)
" *While gauze is valued at so dear a rate.*"
Thus things dragg'd on for many a tedious day ;
No custom came ; and nought but discontent
Gloom'd through the shop——" *Well, let them have their way,*
(The merchant said) *I'll sell at cent per cent,*
" *By which, 'tis plain, I scarce myself can save,*
" *For cent per cent is just the price I gave.*" [pence)
" *Now !* (cry'd the 'squire who still had kept his
" *Now, Sir, you reason like a man of sense !*
" *Custom will now from every quarter come ;*
" *In joyous streams shall flow the inspiring rum,*
" *'Till every soul in pleasing dreams be sunk,*
" *And even our* SOCRATES *himself—is drunk !*"
Soon were the shelves disburthen'd of their load ;
In three short hours the keg of wine ran dry—
Swift from its tap even dull molasses flow'd ;
Each saw the *rum cask wasting*, with a sigh——
The farce concluded, as it was foreseen— [keen—
With empty shelves—long trust—and law suits
The woods resounding with a curse on trade,—
An empty purse—sour looks—and hanging head—

THE PUNCHEON'S EULOGY.

" *Here lies a worthy corpse* (Sangrado said)
" *Its debt to Commerce now, no doubt, is paid*——
" *Well—'twas a vile disease that kill'd it, sure,*
" *A quick consumption, that no art could cure !*
" *Thus shall we all, when life's vain dream is out,*
" *Be lodg'd in corners dark, or kick'd about !*

" Time is the taster of our race below,
" That turns the key, and bids the juices flow :
" Quitting my books, henceforth be mine the task
" To moralize upon this EMPTY CASK—— [*well ;*
" Thank heaven, we've had the TASTE—*so far 'twas*
" And still, thro' mercy, may enjoy the SMELL !"

EPILOGUE.

WELL !—strange it is, that men will still apply
Things to themselves, that authors never meant :
Each country merchant asks me, " Is it I
On whom your rhyming ridicule is spent?" [*race*
Friends, hold your tongues—such, myriads of your
Adorn Columbia's fertile, favour'd climes,
A man might rove seven years from place to place
Ere he would know the subject of my rhymes——
Perhaps in Jersey is this creature known,
Perhaps New-England claims him for her own :
And if from Fancy's world this wight I drew.
What is the imagin'd character to you?

ELEGIAC LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A FIDDLER,

CALLED BLIND JACOB.

IN Life's fair morn, a FIDDLE, was his choice,
This he preferr'd to Reason's sober voice ;
Some scores of tunes, on cat-gut taught to play,
Sweetly he scraped the dream of life away :
From house to house (the joy of all) he ran,
Welcome to all, this music-making man ;
Where'er he went, he bade all *discord* cease
And howling brats by him were hush'd to peace :
Where'er he went, to play for beau or belle,
Much they admired the GOD *within the shell ;*
Each grey-hair'd dame for *that* postpon'd all care,
And own'd this fiddle was a sweet affair.—
No foe had he ('twas worthy of remark),
Except, perhaps, the preacher and his clerk

Some deacon grave, who lived by looking sad,
Some rival wight, who no such fiddle had:
These were, indeed, disgusted with its tone;
Because—the world preferr'd it to their own.
But, mark the event—with all his fiddling skill,
This man of tunes went capering down the hill:
From endless mirth, an idle habit sprung,
And years advanced, in spite of all he sung!—
Despising home, and absent day from day,
Perplext with weeds his little garden lay:—
Hence plagues came on, and hence, too soon arose
From midnight drams the diamonds on his nose;
Hence, saucy cares, that would no longer wait,
Seiz'd all the man, and pictured out his fate,
New artists rose, that each became his foe,
Play'd livelier tunes (or people thought them so);
Soon out of date the grey-hair'd scraper grew,
(The truth was this, they wanted something NEW:
Surpriz'd he saw full seventy years were past—
"And do I wake!—(the fiddler cry'd) at last?
"While other's toil'd, *to bless the rainy day.*
"Ye powers! have I done nothing else but *play?*"—
With grief he felt the patches on his coat,
Himself—his fiddle—on the world afloat;
His hat, a slouch, that beggars might abuse,
And toes, uncouth, that peep'd from both his shoes—
Then curs'd his strings, his rosin, and his art,
And said—"'Tis so! your fiddler must depart!"
Now he is dead!—ye few that prized him still,
That once admired—nay, once adored his skill:
And THOU, to whom I dedicate my lay,
Ah! for the joys he gave, some tribute pay!
You—at whose wedding he so finely play'd,
That night, when JULIA was to heaven conveyed,
Whose charms, THAT NIGHT, bade every bosom glow,
Charms, that were toasted twenty years ago!—
For *him*—that once you deem'd out-done by none,
For *him*, provide the monumental stone!
From other worlds he had not much to hope,
No friend to Luther, Calvin, or the Pope.
(Perhaps some better work employs him there—
Perhaps on Pluto's coast no fiddles are!—)

Howe'er that be, allow me to advise,
Plant some memorial where his carcase lies.
A NEWARK STONE, companion of repose,
Should tell the inscription that the muse bestows:
And ere that STONE his mouldering dust confines,
You give me but the HINT—I'll write the lines!

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies a man, whom music call'd her own,
Who in a fiddling world possess'd the throne:
His strains from Nature he, 'tis certain, caught,
Yet from his fiddle never saved a groat—
The heavenly muse was, to the last, his friend,
But to his wants none would a shilling lend.
Blind as he was, and tho' *Euterpé* fired,
Yet empty as his fiddle he retired.
Why did she lend him her celestial strains?
Go, ask the fiddle why it had not brains.—
Shall we say more?—yes—what we say we mean—
Indeed a fiddle made him very lean!—
They who, like JACOB, put their trust in sound,
Like him, must meet the poor-house under ground,
With not a dollar to bequeath their heirs,
With not a groat to meet the churches prayers.—
Sweet be his sleep!—and truely, now, a shade,
May his bad debts for music all be paid,
May his old fiddle change into a harp,
And his NEW EYES distinguish FLAT from SHARP.

ON AMERICAN ANTIQUITY.

AMERICA, to every climate known,
Spreads her broad bosom to the burning zone,
To either pole extends her vast domain
Where varying suns o'er different summers reign.

Wide wandering streams, vast plains, and pathless woods,
Bold shores, confined by circumscribing floods,
Denote this land, whose fertile, flowery breast
Teems with all life—and man, its nobler guest.
In days of old, from ocean's deepest bed,
Gulphs unexplored, and countries of the dead,
Rous'd by some voice, that shook all nature's frame,
From the vast depths this new creation came:
Perpetual change its varying nature feels,
The wave once flow'd that now with frost congeals,
Suns on its breast have shed a feebler fire,
Oceans have roll'd where mountains now aspire.
The soil's proud lord a changeful temper knows,
From differing earths his various nature grows:
Long, long before the time that sophists plan
Existed in these woods the race of man,
Warm'd into life by some creating flame,
All worlds pervading, and through all, the same!'
Not from the west their swarthy tribes they brought,
As Europe's pride and Asia's folly taught;—
With the same ease the great disposing power
Produced a man, a reptile, or a flower:—
See the swift deer, in lonely wilds that strays,
See the tall elk, that in the valley plays,
See the fierce tiger's raging, ravenous band,
And wolves (their race as ancient as the land)
Did these of old from bleak *Kamschatka* come,
And traverse seas, to find a happier home?—
No?—from the dust, this common *dust*, they drew
Their different forms, proud man, *that* moulded you.—
At first, half beasts, untaught to till the land,
Careless, you fed from Nature's fostering hand;
In depths of deserts dream'd your lives away,
Sought no new worlds, nor look'd beyond to-day:
The Almighty power, that lives and breathes through all,
Bade some faint rays on these dark nations fall;
Early, to them did reasoning souls impart,
Inventive genius, and some dawn of art;
Then left them here, with sense enough to win,
Or cheat the bear, or panther of his skin;

Mean huts to build, regardless of their form,
Completely blest, if shelter'd from the storm;
To see the seasons change, day turn to night:
Bow to the lamps of heaven that gave them light,
Beam'd on the spring, or bade the summer glow,
Their harvests ripen, and their gardens grow——

A BATAVIAN PICTURE.

SONS of the earth, for plodding genius fam'd,
Batavia long her earth-born natives claim'd:
Begot from *industry*, and not from love,
Swarming at length, to these fair climes they move.—
Still in these climes their numerous race survive,
And, born to labour, still are found to thrive;
Thro' rain and sunshine toiling for their heirs
They hold no nation on this earth like theirs.
Fond of themselves, no generous motives bind,
To those that speak their gibberish, only kind:—
Yet still some virtues, candour must confess,
And truth shall own, some virtues they possess:
Where'er they fix, all nature smiles around
Groves bend with fruit and plenty clothes the ground;
No barren trees to shade their domes are seen,
Trees must be fertile, and their dwellings clean,
No idle fancy dares its whims apply,
Or hope attention from the master's eye,
All tends to something that must pelf produce,
All for some end, and every thing its use:—
Eternal scowerings keep their floors afloat,
Neat as the outside of the Sunday coat;
The hoe, the loom, the female band employ,
These all their pleasure, these their darling joy;—
The strong-ribb'd lass no idle passions move,
No frail ideas of romantic love;
He to her heart the readiest path can find
Who comes with gold, and courts her to be kind,
She heeds not valour, learning, wit, or birth,
Minds not the swain—but asks him what he's worth.

No female fears in her firm breast prevail,
The helm she handles and she trims the sail,
In some small barque the way to market finds,
Hauls aft the sheet, or veers it to the winds,
While placed a-head, subservient to her will,
Hans smokes his pipe, and wonders at her skill.
Health to their toils—thus may they still go on—
Curse on my pen! What pictures have I drawn!
Is this the general taste? No (Truth replies)—
If fond of beauty, guiltless of disguise,
See—(where, the social circle meant to grace)
The fair Cesarean shades her lovely face,—
She, earlier held to happier tasks at home,
Prefers the labours that her sex become,
Remote from view, directs some favourite art,
And leaves to hardier man the ruder part.

FARMER DOBBIN's COMPLAINT.

THREE daughters I have, and as prettily made,
As handsome as any you'll see,
And lovers they count—but still I'm afraid
They always will hang upon me.

In writing of letters, and talking of love
They are foolishly spending their time;
One gives them a ribbon, and one the new glove,
And thus they are passing their prime.

With idle romances my book-case is stored
That teach not to praise or to pray,
And the Bible itself is discharg'd from the board,
Where, once, with Jack Bunyan it lay.

These bucks of the town, with their elegant coats—
I'm sick of their horses and chairs:
They plunder my hay, and they pilfer my oats—
And I keeping a tavern, my dears?

These suitors and *lovers*, that never can love,
Content with a squeeze of the hand;——

Tho' often the subject of Hymen I move,
'Tis a subject they can't understand.

This courting and courting, and never concluding
Is nonsense—I'm sorry to say:
Your kissing and playing is rather intruding
Unless—you will take them away.

———*Debemur morti nos nostraque!*——

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

A DIALOGUE.

Written in 1769.

Scene. EGYPT.

Persons. TRAVELLER, GENIUS, TIME.

Traveller.

WHERE are those far-famed piles of human grandeur,
Those sphinxes, pyramids, and Pompey's pillar,
That bid defiance to the arm of TIME—
Tell me, dear GENIUS, for I long to see them.

Genius.

At Alexandria rises Pompey's pillar,
Whose date is but of yesterday, compared
With those prodigious fabricks that you see
On yonder distant plain—upon whose breast
Old Nile hath never roll'd his swelling stream,
The only plain so privileged in Egypt;
These pyramids may well excite your wonder;
They are of most remote antiquity,
Almost coeval with those cloud-crown'd hills
That westward from them rise—long ere the age
That saw old Babel's tower aspiring high,
Then first the sage Egyptian architects
These ancient turrets to the heavens rais'd:—
But Babel's tower is gone, and these remain!

Traveller.

Old Rome I thought unrival'd in her years,
At least the remnants that we find of Rome,——
Deep are they sunk in dark antiquity;—
But these, you tell me, are of older date.

Genius.

Talk not of Rome!—before they lopt a bush [stood,
From the seven hills where Rome, earth's empress
These pyramids were old——their birth-day is
Beyond tradition's reach, or history.

Traveller.

Then let us haste toward those piles of wonder
That scorn to bend beneath this weight of years—
Lo! to my view, the aweful mansions rise
The pride of art, the sleeping place of death!
Are these the four prodigious monuments
That so astonish every generation——
Let us examine this, the first and greatest—
A secret horror, chills my breast, dear Genius,
To touch these monuments that are so ancient,
The fearful property of ghosts and death!——
And of such mighty bulk, that I presume
A race of giants were the architects.——
Since these proud fabricks to the heavens were rais'd
How many generations have decay'd,
How many monarchies to ruin pass'd!
How many empires had their rise and fall!
While these remain—and promise to remain
As long as yonder sun, that gilds their summits,
Or moon or stars their wonted circuits run.

Genius.

——————The time will come
When these stupendous piles you deem immortal,
Worn out with age, shall moulder on their bases,
And down, down, low to endless ruin verging,
O'erwhelm'd by dust, be seen and known no more!—
Ages ago, in dark oblivion's lap
Had they been shrouded, but the atmosphere
In these parch'd climates, hostile to decay,
Is pregnant with no rain, that by its moisture
Might waste their bulk in such excess of time,

And prove them briefly mortal.—
'Twas on this plain the ancient Memphis stood,
Her walls encircled these tall pyramids——
But where is Pharaoh's palace, where the dome's
Of Egypt's haughty lords? all, all are gone,
And like the phantom snows of a May morning,
Left not a vestige to remember them!

Traveller.

How shall I reach the vertex of this pile—
How shall I clamber up its shelving sides?
I scarce endure to glance towards the summit,
It seems among the clouds——When wast thou rais'd
O work of more than mortal majesty—
Was this produced by persevering man,
Or did the gods erect this pyramid?

Genius.

Nor gods, nor giants rais'd this pyramid—
It was the toil of mortals like yourself,
That swell'd it to the skies——
Seest thou yon' little door? Through that they pass'd,
Who rais'd so high this aggregate of wonders!
What cannot tyrants do,
When they have subject nations at their will,
And the world's wealth to gratify ambition!
Millions of slaves beneath their labours fainted
Who here were doom'd to toil incessantly,
And years elaps'd while groaning myriads strove
To raise this mighty tomb—and but to hide
The worthless bones of an Egyptian king.—
O wretch, might not a humbler tomb have done,
Could nothing but a pyramid inter thee?

Traveller.

Perhaps old Israel's race, when here oppress'd,
Rais'd, in their years of bondage, this dread pile.

Genius.

Before the Jewish patriarchs saw the light,
While yet the globe was in its infancy
These were erected to the pride of man——
Five thousand years have run their tedious round

Since these smooth stones were on each other laid;
Five thousand more may run as dull a round
Ere Egypt sees her pyramids decay'd.

Traveller.

But suffer me to enter, and behold
The interior wonders of this edifice.

Genius.

'Tis darkness all, with hateful silence join'd——
Here drowsy bats enjoy a dull repose,
And marble coffins, vacant of their bones,
Shew where the royal dead in ruin lay!
By every pyramid a temple rose
Where oft, in concert, those of ancient time
Sung to their goddess Isis hymns of praise;
But these are fallen! their columns so superb
Are levell'd with the dust—nor these alone—
Where is thy vocal statue, *Memnon*, now,
That, once responsive to the morning beams,
Harmoniously to father Phœbus sung!
Where is the image that in past time stood
High on the summit of yon' pyramid?
Still may you see its polish'd pedestal—
Where art thou ancient Thebes?——all buried low,
All vanish'd, crumbled into mother dust,
And nothing of antiquity remains
But these huge pyramids, and yonder hills.

Time.

Old Babel's tower hath felt my potent arm,
I ruin'd *Ecbatan* and *Babylon*,
Thy huge Colossus, *Rhodes*, I tumbled down,
And on these pyramids I smote my scythe;
But they resist its edge——then let them stand.—
But I can boast a greater feat than this,
I long ago have shrouded those in death
Who made these structures rebels to my power——
But, O return!—These piles are not immortal!
This earth, with all its belts of hills and mountains,
Shall perish by my hand——then how can these,
These hoary-headed pyramids of Egypt,
That are but dwindled motes upon her body,

That on a little, little spot of ground
Extinguish the dull radiance of the sun,
Be proof to death and me?——Traveller return—
There's nought but GOD immortal——HE alone
Exists secure, when Genius, Man, and *Time*,
(Time not immortal, but a viewless point
In the vast circle of eternity)
Are swallowed up, and, like the pyramids,
Leave not an atom for their monument!

THE BANISHED MAN.

SINCE man may every region claim,
And Nature is, in most, the same,
And *we* a part of her wide plan,
Tell me, what makes THE BANISH'D MAN.

The favourite spot, that gave us birth,
We fondly call our mother earth;
And hence our vain distinctions grow,
And man to man becomes a foe.

That friendship to all nations due,
And taught by reason to pursue,
That love, which should the world combine,
To *country* why do we confine!

The Grecian sage* (old stories say)
When question'd where his country lay,
Inspired by heaven, made no reply,
But rais'd his finger to the sky.

No region has, on earth, been known
But some, of choice, have made their own:—
Your tears are not from Reason's source
If *choice* assumes the path of *force*.

" Alas! (you cry) that is not all:
" My former friendships I recall,
" My house, my farm, my days, my nights,
" Scenes vanish'd now, and past delights."—

* Anaxagoras.

Distance for *absence* you mistake——
Here, days and nights their circuits make:
Here, Nature walks her beauteous round,
And friendship may—perhaps—be found.

If times grow dark, or wealth retires,
Let Reason check your proud desires:
Virtue the humblest garb can wear,
And loss of wealth is loss of care.

Thus half unwilling, half resign'd,
Desponding, why, the generous mind?—
Think right,—nor be the hour delayed
That flies the sun, to seek the shade.

Though injured, exiled, or alone,
Nobly presume the world your own,
Convinced that, since the world began,
Time, only, makes *The Banish'd Man.*

COLUMBUS TO FERDINAND.

Columbus was a considerable number of years engaged in soliciting the Court of Spain to fit him out, in order to discover a new Continent, which he imagined to exist somewhere in the western parts of the ocean. During his negociations, he is here supposed to address king Ferdinand in the following stanzas.

ILLUSTRIOUS monarch of Iberia's soil,
Too long I wait permission to depart;
Sick of delays, I beg thy listening ear—
Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.

While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,
Grant his request to pass the western main:
Reserve this glory for thy native soil,
And what must please thee more—for thy own reign.

Of this huge globe, how small a part we know—
Does heaven their worlds to western suns deny?—
How disproportion'd to the mighty deep
The lands that yet in human prospect lie!

Does Cynthia, when to western skies arriv'd,
Spend her moist beam upon the barren main
And ne'er illume with midnight splendor, she,
The natives dancing on the lightsome green?—

Should the vast circuit of the world contain
Such wastes of ocean, and such scanty land?——
'Tis reason's voice that bids me think not so;
I think more nobly of the Almighty hand.

Does yon' fair lamp trace half the circle round
To light mere waves and monsters of the seas?—
No—be there must, beyond the billowy waste,
Islands, and men, and animals, and trees.

An unremitting flame my breast inspires
To seek new lands amidst the barren waves,
Where falling low, the source of day descends,
And the blue sea his evening visage laves.

Hear, in his tragic lay, Cordova's sage:*
"*The time may come, when numerous years are past,*
"*When ocean will unloose the hands of things,*
"*And an unbounded region rise at last;*

"*And* TYPHIS *may disclose the mighty land*
"*Far, far away, where none have roved before;*
"*Nor will the world's remotest region be*
"*Gibraltar's rock, or* THULE'S *savage shore.*"

Fired at the theme, I languish to depart,
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail,
He fears no storms upon the untravell'd deep;
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.

Nor does he dread to miss the intended course,
Though far from land the reeling galley stray,
And skies above, and gulphy seas below
Be the sole objects seen for many a day.

---

* Seneca the Poet, native of Cordova in Spain.—*Venient annis secula seris, quibus oceanus vincula rerum laxet, et ingens pateat tellus, Typhisque novos detegat orbes; nec sit terris ultima Thule*
——————Seneca. Med. Act III. V. 375.

Think not that Nature has unveiled in vain
The mystic magnet to the mortal eye:
So late have we the guiding needle planned
Only to sail beneath our native sky?

Ere this was known, the ruling power of all
Formed for our use an *ocean in the land*,
Its breadth so small, we could not wander long,
Nor long be absent from the neighbouring strand.

Short was the course, and guided by the stars,
But stars no more must point our daring way;
The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drowned,
And great *Arcturus* scarce escape the sea,

When southward we shall steer——O grant my wish,
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail,
He dreads no tempests on the untravelled deep,
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.

THE DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

THIS antique dome the insatiate tooth of time
Now level with the dust has almost laid;—
Yet ere 'tis gone, I seize my humble theme
From these low ruins, that his years have made.

Behold the unsocial hearth!—where once the fires
Blazed high, and soothed the storm-stay'd traveller's woes;
See the weak roof, that abler props requires,
Admits the winds, and swift descending snows.

Here, to forget the labours of the day,
No more the swains at evening hours repair,
But wandering flocks assume the well known way
To shun the rigours of the midnight air.

In yonder chamber, half to ruin gone,
Once stood the ancient housewife's curtained bed—
Timely the prudent matron has withdrawn,
And each domestic comfort with her fled.

The trees, the flowers that her own hands had reared,
The plants, the vines, that were so verdant seen,—
The trees, the flowers, the vines have disappear'd,
And every plant has vanish'd from the green.

So sits in tears on wide Campania's plain
ROME, once the mistress of a world enslaved;
That triumph'd o'er the land, subdued the main,
And Time himself, in her wild transports, braved.

So sits in tears on Palestina's shore
The Hebrew town, of splendour once divine——
Her kings, her lords, her triumphs are no more;
Slain are her priests, and ruin'd every shrine.

Once, in the bounds of this deserted room,
Perhaps some swain nocturnal courtship made,
Perhaps some *Sherlock* mused amidst the gloom;
Since Love and Death forever seek the shade.

Perhaps some miser, doom'd to discontent,
Here counted o'er the heaps acquired with pain;
He to the dust—his gold, on traffick sent,
Shall ne'er disgrace these mouldering walls again.

Nor shall the glow-worm fopling, sunshine bred,
Seek, at the evening hour this wonted dome——
Time has reduced the fabrick to a shed,
Scarce fit to be the wandering beggar's home.

And none but I its dismal case lament—
None, none but I o'er its cold relics mourn,
Sent by the muse—(the time perhaps mispent—)
To write dull stanzas on this dome forlorn.

THE DEBTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

(Written under the Character of HEZEKIAH SALEM.*)*

ALLURED by trust, from shop to shop I ran,
Gazed at the windows deck'd with gaudy gear
Muslins and lawns, and laces; papers, books,
And, cloths the finest from Britannia's looms;
Too tempting to the eye!—Much did I talk
With that thrice happy wight, who constant stands
Musing behind the counter—all his aim
To catch the pence of lady or of squire.
Most things I bought, but always sigh'd for more,
I bought, indeed—but not one ounce of wit;
Mark that, and mark it down to my confusion—
O credit, credit, what a cheat art thou!——
I paid no cash—'twas noted for a crime
By that recording hand, which WASTE-BOOK keeps.
Nor *that* alone; but cruelly transfers
To *Journal*, *Ledger*,—and the Lord knows what.
Away I went; my buyings safely stowed,
Whether on negro's head, or dray—no matter—
Soft pass'd the joyous months that intervened,
While yet the busy hours ran sweetly on,
While yet no 'prentice boys approach'd my door
With lectures short, but serious as the grave,
Preaching up mournful truths from beardless chin!
But PAY-DAY came at last—and with it brought
Unnumber'd plagues and cares, and doubts, and fears,
And grunts, and growls, and grumblings without end,
And quirks, and quibbles, lies and subterfuges,
Billets and notes with compliments cut short;
Ay——such as scarcely said,—*Your humble servant!*
Whene'er I walk'd the streets, I found no rest—
And rather would have met (horn'd, tail'd, and hoof'd,)
Old Satan's self, than faced one creditor——
The knocker had no interval of pause,
And every man that came, came with a dun,
And saucy looks, and stiff impertinence.

And heavy lowering brow, that spoke no good!
Toss'd to and fro' upon a sea of debt
Each day beheld me more and more distress'd;—
A paper-kite amidst the raging storms,
A school boy's boat upon the Atlantic wave!
What could I more?——I bundled up my duds,
Pull'd to the door, that stood upon a jar,
Beneath the threshold laid the landlord's key,
And at the hour when ghosts are said to walk
March'd off, and left even *Master Snip* unpaid!
Blame me, ye men of cold philosophy,
That fear no sheriffs, constables, or writs——
Blame me who will—I relish not a jail,
And, be my trotters in what plight they may,
(Even though my *ponderous jack-boots* were unsoal'd)
Still should they bear me from those dull retreats
Where want of spirit keeps the prisoner fast,
And wretches pine, and harpies turn the key.

THE NEW ENGLAND

SABBATH-DAY CHACE.

(Written under the Character of HEZEKIAH SALEM.*)*

ON a fine Sunday morning I mounted my steed
And southward from HARTFORD had meant to proceed;
My baggage was stow'd in a cart very snug,
Which RANGER, the gelding, was destined to lug;
With his harness and buckles, he loom'd very grand,
And was drove by young DARBY, a lad of the land—
On land, or on water, most handy was he,
A jockey on shore, and a sailor at sea,
He knew all the roads, he was so very keen
And the *Bible* by heart, at the age of fifteen.

As thus I jogg'd on, to my saddle confined,
With *Ranger* and *Darby* a distance behind;
At last in full view of a steeple we came
With a *cock* on the spire (I suppose he was game;
A dove in the pulpit may suit your grave people,
But always remember—a cock on the steeple)
Cries Darby—"Dear master, I beg you to stay;
Believe me, there's danger in driving this way;
Our deacons on Sundays have power to arrest
And lead us to church—if your honour thinks best—
Though still I must do them the justice to tell,
They would choose you should pay them the fine—
full as well."
The fine (said I) Darby, how much may it be—
A shilling or sixpence?—why, now let me see,
Three shillings are all the small pence that remain,
And to change a half joe would be rather PROFANE.
Is it more than three shillings, the fine that you speak on; [con.
What say you good Darby—will that serve the dea-
"Three shillings (cried Darby) why, master, you're jesting!—
Let us *luff* while we can and make sure of our *westing*—
Forty shillings, excuse me, is too much to pay [say.
It would take my month's wages—that's all I've to.
By taking *this road* that inclines to the right
The squire and the sexton may bid us good night,
If once to old Ranger I give up the rein
The parson himself may pursue us in vain."
"Not I, my good Darby (I answer'd the lad)
Leave the church on the left! they would think we were mad;
I would sooner rely on the heels of my steed,
And pass by them all, like a *Jehu* indeed:—
As long as I'm able to lead in the race
Old Ranger, the gelding, will go a good pace,
As the deacon pursues, he will fly like a swallow,
And you in the cart must, undoubtedly, follow,"
Then approaching the church, as we pass'd by the door
The sexton peep'd out, with a saint or two more,

A deacon came forward and waved us his hat,
A signal to drop him some money—mind that!—
" Now, Darby (I halloo'd) be ready to skip,
Ease off the curb bridle—give Ranger the whip:
While you have the rear, and myself lead the way,
No doctor or deacon shall catch us this day."
By this time the deacon had mounted his poney
And chaced for the sake of our souls and—our money:
The saint, as he followed, cried—" Stop them, halloo!"
As swift as he followed, as swiftly we flew—
"Ah master! (said Darby) I very much fear
We must drop him some money to check his career,
He is gaining upon us and waves with his hat
There's nothing, dear master, will stop him but that.
Remember the Beaver (you well know the fable)
Who flying the hunters as long as he's able,
When he finds that his efforts can nothing avail
But death and the puppies are close at his tail,
Instead of desponding at such a dead lift
He bites off *their object*, and makes a free gift—
Since fortune all hope of escaping denies
Better give them a little, than lose the whole prize."
But scarce had he spoke, when we came to a place
Whose muddy condition concluded the chace,
Down settled the cart—and old Ranger stuck fast
Aha! (said the Saint) have I catch'd ye at last?

* * * * * * *

Cætera desunt.

THE

MONUMENT OF PHAON.

Phaon, the admirer of Sappho, both of the isle of Lesbos, privately forsook this first object of his affections, and sat out to visit foreign countries. Sappho, after having long mourned his absence (which is the subject of one of Ovid's finest epistles) is here supposed to fall into the company of Ismenius, a traveller, who informs her that he saw the tomb of a certain Phaon in Sicily, erected to his memory by a lady of the island, and gives her the inscription, hinting to her that in all probability, it belonged to the same person she bemoans. She thereupon in a fit of rage and despair, throws herself from the famous Leucadian rock, and perishes in the gulph below.—

Sappho.

NO more I sing by yonder shaded stream,
Where once intranced I fondly pass'd the day,
Supremely blest, when Phaon was my theme,
But wretched now when Phaon is away!

Of all the youths that graced our Lesbian isle
He, only he, my heart propitious found,
So soft his language, and so sweet his smile,
Heaven was my own, when Phaon clasp'd me round!

But soon, too soon, the faithless lover fled,
To wander on some distant barbarous shore—
Who knows if Phaon is alive or dead,
Or wretched Sappho shall behold him more.

Ismenius.

As late in fair Sicilia's groves I stray'd,
Charm'd with the beauties of the vernal scene
I sate me down amid the yew tree's shade,
Flowers blooming round, with herbage fresh and green.

Not distant far a monument arose
Among the trees, and form'd of Parian stone,
And, as if there some stranger did repose,
It stood neglected, and it stood alone,

Along its sides dependent ivy crept,
The cypress bough, Plutonian green, was near,
A sculptured Venus on the summit wept,
A pensive Cupid dropt the parting tear:

Strains deep engraved on every side I read,
How Phaon died upon that foreign shore—
Sappho, I think your Phaon must be dead?
Sad were the strains that did his fate deplore:

Sappho

Ah faithless Phaon, thus from me to rove,
And bless my rival in a foreign grove!
Could Sicily more charming forests show
Than those that in thy native Lesbos grow—
Did fairer fruits adorn the bending tree
Than those that Lesbos did present to thee!
Or didst thou find through all the charming fair
One beauty that with Sappho could compare!
So soft, so sweet, so charming and so kind—
A face so fair, such beauties of the mind—
I'll go? and from the high Leucadian steep
Take my last farewell in the lover's leap,
I charge thee, Phaon, by this deed of woe,
To meet me in the Elysian shades below,
No rival beauty shall pretend a share,
Sappho alone can match with Phaon there.
She spoke, and downward from the mountain's [height
Plunged in the plashy wave to everlasting night.

ODE TO FANCY.

WAKEFUL, vagrant, restless thing,
Ever wandering, on the wing,
Who thy wonderous source can find,
FANCY, regent of the mind;
A spark from Jove's resplendent throne,
But thy nature all unknown.

This spark of bright, celestial flame,
From Jove's seraphic altar came,
And hence mankind in man may trace,
Resemblance to the immortal race
Ah! what is all this mighty WHOLE,
These suns and stars that round us roll!
What are they all, where'er they shine,
But *Fancies* of the Power Divine!
What is this *globe*, these *lands*, and *seas*,
And *heat*, and *cold*, and *flowers*, and *trees*,
And *life*, and *death*, and *beast*, and *man*,
And *time*—that with the *sun* began—
But thoughts on reason's scale combined,
Ideas of the Almighty mind!
Fancy, thou the muse's pride,
In thy painted realms reside
Endless images of things,
Fluttering each on golden wings,
Ideal objects, such a store,
The universe can hold no more:
Fancy, to thy power we owe
Half our happiness below;
By thee Elysian groves were made,
Thine were the notes that Orpheus play'd;
By thee was Pluto charmed so well
While rapture seiz'd the crowds of hell—
Come, O come—perceived by none,
You and I will walk alone.

THE PRAYER OF ORPHEUS.

SAD monarch of the world below,
Stern guardian of this drowsy shade,
Through these unlovely realms I go
To seek a captive thou hast made,
O'er Stygian waters have I pass'd,
Contemning Jove's severe decree,

" But they in brighter seasons please,
" Winter can find no charms in these,
" While less ambitious, we admire,
" And more esteem domestic fire.
" O could I there a mansion find
" Suited exactly to my mind
" Near that industrious, heavenly train
" Of rustics honest, neat, and plain;
" The days, the weeks, the years to pass
" With some good-natured, longing lass,
" With her the cooling spring to sip,
" And seize, at will, her damask lip;
" The groves, the springs, the shades divine,
" And all Arcadia should be mine!
" Steep me, steep me, some poppies deep
" In beechen bowl, to bring on sleep;
" Love hath my soul in fetters bound,
" Through the dull night no sleep I found;——
" O gentle sleep! bestow thy dreams
" Of fields, and woods, and murmuring streams,
" Dark, tufted groves, and grottoes rare,
" And Flora, charming Flora, there.
" Dull Commerce, hence, with all thy train
" Of debts, and dues, and loss, and gain;
" To hills, and groves, and purling streams,
" To nights of ease, and heaven-born dreams
" While wiser Damon hastes away,
" Should I in this dull city stay,
" Condemn'd to death by slow decays
" And care that clouds my brightest days?
" No——by *Silenus'* self I swear,
" In rustic shades I'll kill that care."
So spoke *Lysander*, and in haste
His clerks discharg'd, his goods re-cased,
And to the western forests flew
With fifty airy schemes in view;
His ships were set to public sale——
But what did all this change avail?—
In three short months, sick of the *heavenly train*,
In three short months—he moved to town again.

LOVE's SUICIDE

STANZES INTENDED FOR THE TOMB STONE OF A PERSON WHO KILLED HIMSELF IN CONSEQUENCE OF HIS SUIT BEING REJECTED BY A YOUNG LADY.

UNDERNEATH this lofty oak
Rests one who Nature's debt has paid——
What sent him hence?—A serious joke,
Love and the rigour of a maid:
Conceive his pains,
Then mourn, ye swains,
And say, he loved sincerely.
But still forbear
To upbraid the fair,
Had he—(now gone)
More courage shewn
She would have loved him dearly

Ye swains, whose brains no cares have rack'd,
Forgive this wretch for such an act:
Oppress'd with care
For CYNTHIA fair
Love gave a shock that caused despair.—
Her hand to him she would not give!—
He, HERO-LIKE, refused to live!
Hence is he laid,
In this cold shade
An instance of distraction rare.

Here, with a grace,
And solemn face
Behold the effects of love!
Adieu, ye plains
Ye nymphs and swains,
He said—'till we shall meet above.

Ye nymphs and swains, who love no more,
Appointed to Fate's gloomy shore,
Assemble near his plaintive ghost;
There contemplate
The works of fate;—
Say, Love controuls
The strength of souls—
Then drink him in a toast—
Yes—drink him in a toast!

TRANSLATION, FROM OVID'S TRISTIA.

BOOK 3d. ELEGY 3d.

OVID AT TOMOS TO HIS WIFE IN ROME, AFTER BEING SEVERAL YEARS IN BANISHMENT.

" Hæc mea, si casu miraris, epistola quare
Alterius digitis scripta sit: æger eram;
Æger in extremis ignoti partibus orbis;" &c.

MUCH will you wonder that these lines I send,
This sad epistle, in a stranger's hand:
Disease and weakness rend this frame of mine,
On the last limits of the world I pine.—
O, dear ASPASIA!—on my couch I lie,
And all uncertain if to live or die.
What heart have I to pen one thought, one word,
Among this Scythian and Sarmatian herd?——
No rivers here, no skies afford delight,
The lands, the woods, are hateful in my sight;
The huts, each house, I from my soul detest—
Vile meats they bring to their departing guest!
No mild physician has approach'd my bed
To touch my pulse, or raise my languid head,
No friend advances with consoling powers,
To waste with me the dull declining hours!
Tired, on the world's remotest bounds I lie
With barbarous men, beneath a frozen sky!
All past attachments meet me for the worse,
And all things smite me with redoubled force—
Of all things absent, what can rank with you?—
Your dear resemblance lives before my view.

Your heavenly form commands my fluttering heart,
You hold it, bind it, rule its every part:
Yourself, as absent, present I address,
Your name alone, with anguish, I express!
No night, no day advances or retreats
But all my soul your much-loved image meets:
Things foreign to my purpose I proclaim
To find some subject that may catch your name.—
Should my parched tongue to its dry mansion cleave
And but one drop of wine its powers retrieve,
Then, should they say, *Your spouse is at the door!*
New nerves would brace me, and all strength restore;
The hope to clasp you! seize that hand again!
Would drive youth's vigour through each glowing vein!—
Of life thus doubtful, plunged in griefs, oh say
Do you now smile, or pass one cheerful day?—
No, my dear lady, something in me says
Your days, without me, are but dismal days!—
If fate had marked the boundary of my years,
And death now smote me, to relieve these tears,
The gods, all potent, I would beg, implore
To send me, instant to my native shore,
There sink—sequestered in eternal gloom—
And, near yourself, enjoy a Roman tomb.—
Oh! must my miseries be for years delayed,
Or will Fate's instant arrow strike me dead?
Why thus concealed the doom I wish to know,
Why not allowed to anticipate the blow?
This frail existence—can I call it mine?—
I would to Nature, as her right, resign:
But life seems lengthened to protract my woes,
To die an exile in a land of foes.
Ah! must I die on this secluded shore,
And see my country and my friends no more?
Here must I languish on a stranger's bed,
None to bewail me when this breath is fled!
No kind attendant to bestow a tear,
Or calm my spirit, while I linger here!
Shall I no order give to inhume my bones,
Shall no kind partner soothe my dying moans!

Will this barbarian, this detested place
With no sepulchral rites my relics grace!
  This when you hear, how will your bosom swell—
How will your lips my cruel story tell!—
With trembling hand I see you smite your breast—
Your arms extended to the Scythian waste!
I hear your tongue pronounce the empty name
Of that lost partner you no longer claim.
But why disfigure your sweet face!—forbear!
Nor rend the lovely ringlets of your hair;
This day the fates do not my lot decide,
When I first left you, then, indeed, I died:
Then was my real death, that heavier fate
The doom, the heaviest doom, that I could meet.
Rejoice, dear woman, if rejoice you can
That death now ends what banishment began;
Oh, if you can, in your mild bosom bear
These woes with patience and a heart severe.
  And may that soul which animates this clay
Be lost, extinguished on my funeral day;
For, if the mind a future world can view,
As said the Samian sage, if he said true,
My Roman ghost forever must remain
With these Sarmatian brutes, this hateful train—
Oh, if I die, and friendship aught bestows,
In a small urn let my cold bones repose,
To Rome be wafted—then it may be said,
Though exiled living, he's not exiled dead.
None will forbid this last, this fond request;
The Theban maid her friendship thus confess'd,
Against a tyrant's frown, she dared inhume
And place a brother in the quiet tomb!
  In leaves and spices shroud my poor remains,
Let Rome inter what earth of me retains,
And on the marble bid the traveller read
These verses, sacred to your consort dead:
  Here lies the Bard, who sung of love, and loved,
To whom his own fierce fires all fatal proved:
Oh stranger! if Love ever swayed your breast,
Thus say, May Ovid's shade in quiet rest.——
  Such be the inscription—but a nobler fame
Springs from my verses, and preserves my name;

Though these proved fatal, and were held my crime;
Still, they can waft me down the stream of time!—
Bring to my tomb your funeral verses!—bring
Your tears, your garlands—all the fragrant spring!
What though my inferior part in flames remove
My wasting ashes will confess your love!
More could I write, but strength within me dies,
My tongue an utterance to my heart denies!
Read these—perhaps the last sad lines I send,
My last sad farewell to my dearest friend!*——

* Ovid was banished from Italy in the fifty second year of the reign of Augustus, and died at Tomos in the fifth year of Tiberius: from which dates it may be ascertained, that he continued in banishment eight years and several months. Eusebius relates, that his body was interred in or near the city of Tomos.

THE

RISING GLORY OF AMERICA.

Being part of a Dialogue pronounced on a public occasion.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed—The discovery of America by Columbus—A philosophical enquiry into the origin of the savages of America—The first planters from Europe—Causes of their migration to America—The difficulties they encountered from the jealousy of the natives—Agriculture descanted on—Commerce and navigation—Science—Future prospects of British usurpation, tyranny, and devastation on this side the Atlantic—The more comfortable one of Independence, Liberty and Peace—Conclusion.

Acasto.

NOW shall the adventurous muse attempt a theme
More new, more noble, and more flush of fame
Than all that went before—
Now through the veil of ancient days renew
The period famed when first Columbus touched
These shores so long unknown—through various toils,
Famine, and death, the hero forced his way,
Through oceans pregnant with perpetual storms,
And climates hostile to adventurous man.
But why, to prompt your tears, should we resume
The tale of *Cortez*, furious chief, ordained
With Indian blood to dye the sands, and choak,
Famed *Mexico*, thy streams with dead? or why
Once more revive the tale so oft rehearsed
Of *Atabilipa*, by thirst of gold,
(Too conquering motive in the human breast)
Deprived of life, which not Peru's rich ore

Nor *Mexico's* vast mines could then redeem?
Better these northern realms demand our song
Designed by nature for the rural reign,
For agriculture's toil.—No blood we shed
For metals buried in a rocky waste.——
Cursed be that ore, which brutal makes our race
And prompts mankind to shed their kindred blood.

Eugenio.

——————————— But whence arose
That vagrant race who love the shady vale,
And choose the forest for their dark abode?—
For long has this perplext the sages' skill
To investigate.—Tradition lends no aid
To unveil this secret to the human eye,
When first these various nations, north and south,
Possest these shores, or from what countries came,—
Whether they sprang from some primæval head
In their own lands, like Adam in the east,—
Yet this the sacred oracles deny,
And reason, too, reclaims against the thought:
For when the general deluge drowned the world
Where could their tribes have found security,
Where find their fate, but in the ghastly deep?—
Unless, as others dream, some chosen few
High on the Andes 'scaped the general death,
High on the Andes, wrapt in endless snow,
Where winter in his wildest fury reigns,
And subtile æther scarce our life maintains.
But here philosophers oppose the scheme:
This earth, say they, nor hills nor mountains knew
Ere yet the universal flood prevailed;
But when the mighty waters rose aloft,
Roused by the winds, they shook their solid base,
And, in convulsions, tore the deluged world,
'Till by the winds assuaged, again they fell,
And all their ragged bed exposed to view.
Perhaps far wandering toward the northern pole
The streights of Zembla, and the frozen zone,
And where the eastern Greenland almost joins
America's north point, the hardy tribes
Of banished Jews, Siberians, Tartars wild

Came over icy mountains, or on floats
First reached these coasts, hid from the world beside.—
And yet another argument more strange,
Reserved for men of deeper thought, and late,
Presents itself to view:—*In Peleg's* days*,
(So says the Hebrew seer's unerring pen)
This mighty mass of earth, this solid globe
Was cleft in twain,—"*divided*" east and west,
While then perhaps the deep Atlantic roll'd,—
Through the vast chasm, and laved the solid world;
And traces indisputable remain
Of this primæval land now sunk and lost.—
The islands rising in our eastern main
Are but small fragments of this continent.
Whose two extremities were Newfoundland
And St. Helena.—One far in the north,
Where shivering seamen view with strange surprize
The guiding pole-star glittering o'er their heads;
The other near the southern tropic rears
Its head above the waves—Bermuda's isles,
Cape Verd, Canary, Britain, and the Azores,
With fam'd Hibernia, are but broken parts
Of some prodigious waste, which once sustain'd
Nations and tribes, of vanished memory,
Forests, and towns, and beasts of every class,
Where navies now explore their briny way.

Leander.

Your sophistry, Eugenio, makes me smile;
The roving mind of man delights to dwell
On hidden things, merely because they're hid:
He thinks his knowledge far beyond all limit,
And boldly fathoms Nature's darkest haunts——
But for uncertainties, your broken isles,
Your northern Tartars, and your wandering Jews,
(The flimsy cobwebs of a sophist's brain)
Hear what the voice of history proclaims—
The Carthagenians, ere the Roman yoke

* Gen. x. 25.

Broke their proud spirits, and enslaved them too,
For navigation were renowned as much
As haughty Tyre with all her hundred fleets,
Full many a league their venturous seamen sailed
Through streight Gibraltar, down the western shore
Of Africa, to the Canary isles:
By them called Fortunate; so Flaccus* sings,
Because eternal spring there clothes the fields
And fruits delicious bloom throughout the year.—
From voyaging here, this inference I draw,
Perhaps some barque with all her numerous crew
Falling to leeward of her destined port,
Caught by the eastern *Trade*, was hurried on
Before the unceasing blast to Indian isles,
Brazil, La Plata, or the coasts more south—
There stranded, and unable to return,
Forever from their native skies estranged
Doubtless they made these virgin climes their own,
And in the course of long revolving years
A numerous progeny from these arose, [call
And spread throughout the coasts—those whom we
Brazilians, Mexicans, Peruvians rich,
The tribes of Chili, Patagon, and those
Who till the shores of Amazon's long stream.—
When first the power of Europe here attained,
Vast empires, kingdoms, cities, palaces
And polished nations stock'd the fertile land.
Who has not heard of Cusco, Lima, and
The town of Mexico—huge cities form'd
From Indian architecture; ere the arms
Of haughty Spain disturb'd the peaceful soil.——
But *here*, amid this northern dark domain
No towns were seen to rise.—No arts were here;
The tribes unskill'd to raise the lofty mast,
Or force the daring prow thro' adverse waves,
Gazed on the pregnant soil, and craved alone
Life from the unaided genius of the ground,—
This indicates they were a different race;
From whom descended, 'tis not ours to say—
That power, no doubt, who furnish'd trees, and plants,

* Hor. Epod, 16.

And animals to this vast continent,
Spoke into being man among the rest,——
But what a change is here!—what arts arise!
What towns and capitals! how commerce waves
Her gaudy flags, where silence reign'd before!

Acasto.

Speak, learned Eugenio, for I've heard you tell
The dismal story, and the cause that brought
The first adventurers to these western shores!
The glorious cause that urged our fathers first
To visit climes unknown, and wilder woods
Than e'er Tartarian or Norwegian saw,
And with fair culture to adorn a soil
That never felt the industrious swain before.

Eugenio.

All this long story to rehearse, would tire,
Besides, the sun towards the west retreats,
Nor can the noblest theme retard his speed.
Nor loftiest verse—not that which sang the fall
Of Troy divine, and fierce Achilles ire.——
Yet hear a part:—By persecution wrong,
And sacerdotal rage, our fathers came
From Europe's hostile shores to these abodes,
Here to enjoy a liberty in *faith*,
Secure from tyranny and base controul.
For this they left their country and their friends,
And plough'd the Atlantic wave in quest of peace;
And found new shores, and sylvan settlements,
And men, alike unknowing and unknown.
Hence, by the care of each adventurous *chief*
New governments (their wealth unenvied yet)
Were form'd on liberty and virtue's plan.
These searching out uncultivated tracts
Conceived new plans of towns, and capitals,
And spacious provinces—Why should I name
Thee, PENN, the Solon of our western lands;
Sagacious legislator, whom the world
Admires, long dead: an infant *colony*,
Nursed by thy care, now rises o'er the rest
Like that tall pyramid in Egypt's waste
Oe'r all the neighbouring piles, they also great.

Why should I name those heroes so well known,
Who peopled all the rest from Canada
To Georgia's farthest coasts, West Florida,
Or Apalachian mountains?—Yet what streams
Of blood were shed! what Indian hosts were slain,
Before the days of peace were quite restored!

Leander.

Yes, while they overturn'd the rugged soil
And swept the forests from the shaded plain
'Midst dangers, foes, and death, fierce Indian tribes
With vengeful malice arm'd, and black design,
Oft murdered, or dispersed, these colonies—
Encouraged, too, by Gallia's hostile sons,
A warlike race, who late their arms display'd
At *Quebec*, *Montreal*, and farthest coasts
Of *Labrador*, or *Cape Breton*, where now
The British standard awes the subject host.
Here, those brave chiefs, who, lavish of their blood,
Fought in Britannia's cause, in battle fell!—
What heart but mourns the untimely fate of *Wolfe*
Who, dying, conquered!—or what breast but beats
To share a fate like his, and die like him!

Acasto.

But why alone commemorate the dead,
And pass those glorious heroes by, who yet
Breathe the same air, and see the light with us?—
The dead, Leander, are but empty names,
And they who fall to-day the same to us
As they who fell ten centuries ago!—
Lost are they all that shined on earth before;
Rome's boldest champions in the dust are laid,
Ajax and great Achilles are no more,
And *Philip's* warlike son, an empty shade!——
A WASHINGTON among our sons of fame
Will rise conspicuous as the morning star
Among the inferior lights——
To distant wilds Virginia sent him forth—
With her brave sons he gallantly opposed
The bold invaders of his country's rights,
Where wild *Ohio* pours the mazy flood,
And mighty meadows skirt his subject streams.—

But now, delighting in his elm tree's shade,
Where deep *Potowmac* laves the enchanting shore,
He prunes the tender vine, or bids the soil
Luxuriant harvests to the sun display.——
Behold a different scene—not thus employed
Were *Cortez*, and *Pizarro*, pride of Spain,
Whom blood and murder only satisfied,
And all to glut their avarice and ambition!——

Eugenio.

Such is the curse, Acasto, where the soul
Humane is wanting—but we boast no feats
Of cruelty like Europe's murdering breed—
Our milder epithet is merciful,
And each American, true hearted, learns
To conquer, and to spare; for coward souls
Alone seek vengeance on a vanquished foe.
Gold, fatal gold, was the alluring bait
To Spain's rapacious tribes—hence rose the wars
From Chili to the Caribbean sea,
And Montezuma's Mexican domains:
More blest are we, with whose unenvied soil
Nature decreed no mingling gold to shine,
No flaming diamond, precious emerald,
No blushing sapphire, ruby, chrysolite,
Or jasper red—more noble riches flow
From agriculture, and the industrious swain,
Who tills the fertile vale, or mountain's brow,
Content to lead a safe, a humble life,
Among his native hills, romantic shades
Such as the muse of Greece of old did feign,
Allured the Olympian gods from chrystal skies,
Envying such lovely scenes to mortal man.

Leander.

Long has the rural life been justly fam'd,
And bards of old their pleasing pictures drew
Of flowery meads, and groves, and gliding streams:
Hence, old Arcadia—wood-nymphs, satyrs, fawns;
And hence Elysium, fancied heaven below!—
Fair agriculture, not unworthy kings,
Once exercised the royal hand, or those
Whose virtues raised them to the rank of gods.

See, old *Laertes** in his shepherd weeds
Far from his pompous throne and court august,
Digging the grateful soil, where round him rise,
Sons of the earth, the tall aspiring oaks,
Or orchards, boasting of more fertile boughs,
Laden with apples red, sweet scented peach,
Pear, cherry, apricot, or spungy plumb;
While through the glebe the industrious oxen draw
The earth-inverting plough.—Those Romans too,
Fabricius and Camillus, loved a life
Of neat simplicity and rustic bliss,
And from the noisy Forum hastening far,
From busy camps, and sycophants, and crowns,
'Midst woods and fields spent the remains of *life*,
Where full enjoyment still awaits the wise.
How grateful, to behold the harvests rise,
And mighty crops adorn the extended plains!—
Fair plenty smiles throughout, while lowing herds
Stalk o'er the shrubby hill or grassy mead,
Or at some shallow river slake their thirst.——
The *inclosure*, now, succeeds the shepherd's care,
Yet milk-white flocks adorn the well stock'd farm,
And court the attention of the industrious swain—
Their fleece rewards him well; and when the winds
Blow with a keener blast, and from the north
Pour mingled tempests through a sunless sky
(Ice, sleet, and rattling hail) secure he sits
Warm in his cottage, fearless of the storm,
Enjoying now the toils of milder moons,
Yet hoping for the spring.——Such are the joys,
And such the toils of those whom heaven hath bless'd
With souls enamoured of a country life.

Acasto.

Such are the visions of the rustic reign—
But this alone, the fountain of support,
Would scarce employ the varying mind of man;
Each seeks employ, and each a different way:
Strip Commerce of her sail, and men once more
Would be converted into savages—

* Hom. Odyss. B. 24.

No nation e'er grew social and refined [prow,
'Till Commerce first had wing'd the adventurous
Or sent the slow-paced caravan, afar,
To waft their produce to some other clime,
And bring the wished exchange—thus came, of old,
Golconda's golden ore, and thus the wealth
Of *Ophir*, to the wisest of mankind.

Eugenio.

Great is the praise of Commerce, and the men
Deserve our praise, who spread the undaunted sail,
And traverse every sea—their dangers great,
Death still to combat in the unfeeling gale,
And every billow but a gaping grave :—
There, skies and waters, wearying on the eye,
For weeks and months no other prospect yield
But barren wastes, unfathomed depths, where not
The blissful haunt of human form is seen
To cheer the unsocial horrors of the way——
Yet all these bold designs to Science owe
Their rise and glory——Hail, fair Science ! thou,
Transplanted from the eastern skies, dost bloom
In these blest regions——Greece and Rome no more
Detain the Muses on *Cithæron's* brow,
Or old *Olympus*, crowned with waving woods,
Or *Hæmus'* top, where once was heard the harp,
Sweet *Orpheus'* harp, that gained his cause below,
And pierced the souls of Orcus and his bride,
That hushed to silence by its voice divine
Thy melancholy waters, and the gales
O *Hebrus !* that o'er thy sad surface blow.——
No more the maids round Alpheus' waters stray,
Where he with *Arethusa's* stream doth mix,
Or where swift *Tiber* disembogues his waves
Into the Italian sea, so long unsung ;
Hither they wing their way, the last, the best
Of countries, where the arts shall rise and grow,
And arms shall have their day—even now we boast
A *Franklin*, prince of all philosophy,
A genius piercing as the electric fire,
Bright as the lightning's flash, explained so well

By him, the rival of Britannia's sage.*—
This is the land of every joyous sound,
Of liberty and life, sweet liberty!
Without whose aid the noblest genius fails,
And Science irretrievably must die.

Leander.

But come, Eugenio, since we know the past——
What hinders to pervade with searching eye
The mystic scenes of dark futurity!
Say, shall we ask what empires yet must rise, [seen
What kingdoms, powers and STATES, where now are
Mere dreary wastes and awful solitude,
Where Melancholy sits, with eye forlorn,
And time anticipates, when we shall spread
Dominion from the north and south, and west,
Far from the Atlantic to Pacific shores,
And people half the convex of the main!——
A glorious theme!—but how shall mortals dare
To pierce the dark events of future years
And scenes unravel, only known to fate?

Acasto.

This might we do, if warmed by that bright coal
Snatch'd from the altar of cherubic fire
Which touched Isaiah's lips—or if the spirit
Of Jeremy and Amos, prophets old,
Might swell the heaving breast——I see, I see
Freedom's established reign; cities, and men,
Numerous as sands upon the ocean shore,
And empires rising where the sun descends!—
The *Ohio* soon shall glide by many a town
Of note; and where the *Missisipi* stream,
By forests shaded, now runs weeping on,
Nations shall grow, and states not less in fame
Than Greece and Rome of old!—we too shall boast
Our Scipio's, Solon's, Cato's, sages, chiefs
That in the lap of time yet dormant lie,
Waiting the joyous hour of life and light——
O snatch me hence, ye muses, to those days
When, through the veil of dark antiquity,

* Newton.

A race shall hear of us as things remote,
That blossomed in the morn of days——Indeed,
How could I weep that we exist so soon,
Just in the dawning of these mighty times,
Whose scenes are painting for eternity!
Dissentions that shall swell the trump of fame,
And ruin hovering o'er all monarchy!

Eugenio.

Nor shall these angry tumults here subside
Nor murders* cease, through all these provinces,
Till foreign crowns have vanished from our view
And dazzle here no more——no more presume
To awe the spirit of fair Liberty—
Vengeance must cut the thread—And Britain, sure
Will curse her fatal obstinacy for it!
Bent on the ruin of this injured country,
She will not listen to our humble prayers,
Though offered with submission:
Like vagabonds and objects of destruction,
Like those whom all mankind are sworn to hate,
She casts us off from her protection,
And will invite the nations round about,
Russians and Germans, slaves and savages,
To come and have a share in our perdition——
O cruel race, O unrelenting Britain,
Who bloody beasts will hire to cut our throats,
Who war will wage with prattling innocence,
And basely murder unoffending women!——
Will stab their prisoners when they cry for quarter.
Will burn our towns, and from his lodging turn
The poor inhabitant to sleep in tempests!——
These will be wrongs, indeed, and all sufficient
To kindle up our souls to deeds of horror,
And give to every arm the nerves of *Sampson*—
These are the men that fill the world with ruin,
And every region mourns their greedy sway,——
Nor only for ambition——————
But what are this world's goods, that *they* for them

* The English massacre at Boston, March 5th, 1770, is here more particularly glanced at.

Should exercise perpetual butchery?
What are these mighty riches we possess,
That they should send so far to plunder them—?—
Already have we felt their potent arm—
And ever since that inauspicious day,
When first Sir *Francis Bernard*
His ruffians planted at the *council door*,
And made the assembly room a home for vagrants,
And soldiers, rank and file—e'er since that day
This wretched land, that drinks its children's gore,
Has been a scene of tumult and confusion—!
Are there not evils in the world enough?
Are we so happy that they envy us?
Have we not toiled to satisfy their harpies,
Kings deputies, that are insatiable;
Whose practice is to incense the royal mind
And make us despicable in his view?—
Have we not all the evils to contend with
That, in this life, mankind are subject to,
Pain, sickness, poverty and natural death—
But into every wound that nature gave
They will a dagger plunge, and make them mortal!

Leander.

Enough, enough!—such dismal scenes you paint,
I almost shudder at the recollection——
What! are they dogs that they would mangle us?—
Are these the men that come with base design
To rob the hive, and kill the industrious bee!——
To brighter skies I turn my ravished view,
And fairer prospects from the future draw—
Here independent power shall hold her sway,
And public virtue warm the patriot breast:
No traces shall remain of tyranny,
And laws, a pattern to the world beside,
Be here enacted first.————

Acasto.

And when a train of rolling years are past,
(So sung the exiled seer in Patmos isle)
A new Jerusalem, sent down from heaven,
Shall grace our happy earth,—perhaps this land,

Whose ample bosom shall receive, though late,
Myriads of saints, with their immortal king,
To live and reign on earth a thousand years,
Thence called *Millennium*. Paradise anew
Shall flourish, by no second Adam lost,
No dangerous tree with deadly fruit shall grow,
No tempting serpent to allure the soul
From native innocence.——A *Canaan* here,
Another *Canaan* shall excel the old,
And from a fairer *Pisgah's* top be seen.
No thistle here, nor thorn, nor briar shall spring,
Earth's curse before: the lion and the lamb
In mutual friendship linked, shall browse the shrub,
And timorous deer with softened tygers stray
O'er mead, or lofty hill, or grassy plain;
Another Jordan's stream shall glide along,
And Siloah's brook in circling eddies flow:
Groves shall adorn their verdant banks, on which
The happy people, free from toils and death,
Shall find secure repose. No fierce disease,
No fevers, slow consumption, ghastly plague,
(Fate's ancient ministers) again proclaim
Perpetual war with man: fair fruits shall bloom,
Fair to the eye, and sweeter to the taste;
Nature's loud storms be hushed, and seas no more
Rage hostile to mankind—and, worse than all,
The fiercer passions of the human breast
Shall kindle up to deeds of death no more,
But all subside in universal peace.——
——————Such days the world,
And such AMERICA at last shall have
When ages, yet to come, have run their round,
And future years of bliss alone remain.

[A. D. 1775]

ON RETIREMENT:

[BY HEZEKIAH SALEM.]

A HERMIT'S house beside a stream
With forests planted round,
Whatever it to you may seem
More real happiness I deem
Than if I were a monarch crown'd.

A cottage I could call my own
Remote from domes of care;
A little garden walled with stone,
The wall with ivy overgrown,
A limpid fountain near,

Would more substantial joys afford,
More real bliss impart
Than all the wealth that misers hoard,
Than vanquished worlds, or worlds restored——
Mere cankers of the heart!

Vain foolish man! how vast thy pride,
How little can your wants supply!——
'Tis surely wrong to grasp so wide——
You act as if you only had
To vanquish—not to die!

DISCOVERY.

SIX thousand years in these dull regions pass'd
'Tis time, you'll say, we knew their bounds at last,
Knew to what skies our setting stars retire,
And where the wintry suns expend their fire;
What land to land protracts the varied scene,
And what extended oceans roll between;
What worlds exist beneath *antarctic* skies,
And from *Pacific* waves what verdant islands rise.

In vain did Nature shore from shore divide:
Art formed a passage and her waves defied:
When his bold plan the master pilot drew
Dissevered worlds stept forward at the view,
And lessening still the intervening space.
Disclosed new millions of the human race.
Proud even of toil, succeeding ages joined
New seas to vanquish, and new worlds to find;
Age following age still farther from the shore,
Found some new wonder that was hid before,
'Till launched at length, with avarice doubly bold,
Their hearts expanding as the world grew old,
Some to be rich, and some to be renowned,
The earth they rifled, and explored it round.
Ambitious Europe! polished in thy pride,
Thine was the art that toil to toil allied
Thine was the gift, to trace each heavenly sphere,
And seize its beams, to serve ambition here:
Hence, fierce *Pizarro* stock'd a world with graves,
Hence *Montezuma* left a race of slaves——
Which project suited best with heaven's decree
To force new doctrines, or to leave them free?——
Religion only feigned to claim a share,
Their riches, not their souls, employed your care——
Alas! how few of all that daring train
That seek new worlds embosomed in the main,
How few have sailed on virtue's nobler plan,
How few with motives worthy of a man!——
While through the deep-sea waves we saw them go
Where'er they found a *man* they made a foe;
Superior only by superior art,
Forgot the social virtues of the heart,
Forgetting still, where'er they madly ran,
That sacred friendship binds mankind to man,
Fond of exerting power untimely shewn,
The momentary triumph all their own!
Met on the wrecks and ravages of time,
They left no native master of his clime,
His trees, his towns, with hardened front they claimed,
Seized every region that a despot named
And forced the oath that bound him to obey
Some prince unknown, ten thousand miles away.

Slaves to their passions, man's imperious race
Born for contention, find no resting place,
And the vain mind, bewildered and perplext,
Makes this world wretched to enjoy the next.
Tired of the scenes that Nature made their own,
They rove to conquer what remains unknown:
Avarice, undaunted, claims what e'er she sees,
Surmounts earth's circle, and foregoes all ease;
Religion, bolder, sends some *sacred* chief
To bend the nations to her own belief.-
To their vain standard Europe's sons invite,
Who hold no other *world* can think aright.
Behold their varied tribes, with self applause,
First in religion, liberty, and laws,
And while they bow to cruelty and blood,
Condemn the Indian with his milder god——
Ah, race to justice, truth, and honour blind,
Are thy convictions to convert mankind——!
Vain pride—convince them that your own are just,
Or leave them happy, as you found them first.
What charm is seen through Europe's realms of strife
That adds new blessings to the savage life?—
On them warm suns with equal splendor shine,
Their each domestic pleasure equals thine,
Their native groves as soft a bloom display,
As self-contented roll their lives away,
And the gay soul, in fancy's visions blest,
Leaves to the care of chance her heaven of rest.——
What are the arts that rise on Europe's plan
But arts destructive to the bliss of man?
What are all wars, where'er the marks you trace,
But the sad records of our world's disgrace?
Reason degraded from her tottering throne,
And precepts, called divine, observed by none.
Blest in their distance from that bloody scene,
Why spread the sail to pass the gulphs between?—
If winds can waft to ocean's utmost verge,
And there new islands and new worlds emerge—
If wealth, or war, or science bid thee roam,
Ah, leave religion and thy laws at home,

Leave the free native to enjoy his store,
Nor teach destructive arts, unknown before—
Woes of their own those new found worlds invade,
There, too, fierce passions the weak soul degrade,
Invention there has winged the unerring dart,
There the swift arrow vibrates to the heart,
Revenge and death contending bosoms share,
And pining envy claims her subjects there.—
Are these too few?—then see despotic power
Spends on a throne of logs her busy hour.
Hard by, and half ambitious to ascend,
Priests, interceding with the gods, attend—
Atoning victims at their shrines they lay,
Their crimson knives tremendous rites display,
Or the proud despot's gore remorseless shed,
Through life detested, or adored when dead.
Born to be wretched, search this globe around,
Dupes to a few the race of man is found!
Seek some new world in some new climate plac'd,
Some gay *Ta-ia** on the watery waste,
Though Nature clothes in all her bright array,
Some proud tormentor steals her charms away:
Howe'er she smiles beneath those milder skies,
Though men decay the monarch never dies!
Howe'er the groves, howe'er the gardens bloom,
A *monarch* and a *priest* is still their doom!

EPITAPH,

INTENDED FOR THE TOMB STONE OF PATRICK BAY, INN-HOLDER, KILLED BY AN IGNORANT PHYSICIAN——[*The dead man speaking.*]

"NOT Fate or Death—but Doctor ROWE,
"Advanced to give the deadly blow
"That smote me to the shades below.

* Commonly called Otaheite, an Island in the Southern Pacific Ocean, noted for the natural civilization of its inhabitants.

" Had Death alone approached too nigh,
" Had Fate or Nature bid me die,
" I must have borne it patiently.

" But to be robb'd of life and ease
" By such infernal quacks as these,
" And pay, besides, their *modest* fees,

" And leave a world of joys behind!—
" Doctor, if I may speak my mind,
" It was not fair, it was not kind.

" Now folks that travel by this way
" Pointing towards my tomb, shall say
" There lies the bones of *Patrick Bay*,

" Who ne'er a cheerful glass deny'd,—
" All force of arms and wine defied—
" And by a vile Jack Pudding died!"

EPITAPH OF PIERRE ABELARD:

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

Petrus in hoc petro latitat, &c.

PETER lies low beneath this humble stone
Whom mankind for a second Homer own
Great in his fame, unconquered in distress;
But now the stars this brilliant star possess.——
He shined a sun to illume the wits of France,
But now, alas! the heavens have snatched him hence
And thus, fair Gallia's land is left to moan
Her brightest sun to endless slumbers gone,
He gained all knowledge in the reach of man,
And learn'd whate'er the race of mortals can;
Science by him was from no master bought,
He conquered artists in the arts they taught:
To Gallia's land a Socrates was he,
A Plato of the west in him I see,
Excelling all that e'er in logic shined,
Our Aristotle of exalted mind;
Prince of all genius on this earthly sphere,
Of reason piercing, subtile, and severe—

By soft persuasion, that no art can teach,
He gained all triumphs, by the powers of speech;
But now he triumphs, and surpasses more
Than ever man or angel did before:
Quitting the world, gay courts, and brilliant fame
A monk of *Cluni* this great man became,
Where, ending well a tiresome length of days,
No sage for wisdom e'er had greater praise—
The sweetest *daughter* of the blooming spring—
Sweet *May* to heaven our *Abelard* did wing!
Enough!—within this tomb, in narrow space,
Rests *Peter Abelard*, in death's embrace,
Who conquered arts, who made all learning plain,
And reached all knowledge mortals can attain.

MARS AND HYMEN:

OCCASIONED BY THE SEPARATION OF A YOUNG WIDOW FROM A YOUNG MILITARY LOVER, OF THE TROOPS SENT TO ATTACK FORT CHAMBLEE, IN CANADA; IN WHICH EXPEDITION HE LOST HIS LIFE.——[1775.]

PERSONS OF THE POEM.

Lucinda—Damon—Thyrsis.

Damon.

WHY do we talk of shaded bowers,
When frosts, my fair one, chill the plain,
And nights are cold, and long the hours
That damp the ardour of the swain,
Who, parting from his rural fire,
All pleasure doth forego—
And here and there,
And every where
Pursues the invading foe.——
Yes—we must rest on frosts and snows!
No season shuts up our campaign!
Hard as the rocks, we DARE oppose
The autumnal, or the wintery reign—
Alike to us, the winds that blow
In summer's season, gay,

Or those that rave
On Hudson's wave,
And drift his ice away.——

Winter and war may change the scene!
The ball may pierce, the frost may chill;
And dire misfortunes intervene,
But FREEDOM must be powerful, still,
To drive these BRITONS from our shore
Who come with sail, who come with oar,
So cruel and unkind,
With servile chain, who strive in vain
Our freeborn souls to bind.——————[*Exit.*

Lucinda, (two months after.)

They scold me, and tell me I must not complain
To part a few weeks with my favourite swain!—
He goes to the battle!—and leaves me to mourn—
And tell me—and tell me—and will he return?—

When he left me, he kiss'd me—and said, My sweet dear,
In less than a month I again will be here—
But still I can hardly my sorrows adjourn—
You may call me a witch—if ever I return.

I said, my dear soldier, I beg you would stay;
But he, with his farmers, went strutting away—
With anguish and sorrow my bosom did burn,
And I wept—for I thought he would never return.

Thyrsis.

Fairest of the female train,
You must seek another swain
Damon will not come again!
All his toils are over!
As you prized him, to excess,
Your loss is great I will confess,
But, lady, yield not to distress—
I will be your lover.

Lucinda.

Not all the swains the land can shew,
(If Damon is not living now)

Can from my bosom drive my woe,
Or bid a second passion glow ;—
For Damon has possession ;
Not all the gifts that wealth can bring,
Nor all the airs that you can sing,
Nor all the music of the string
Can banish his impression.

Thyrsis.

Wedlock and death too often prove
Pernicious to the fires of Love :
With equal strength they both combine
Hearts best united to disjoin :
Hence ardent loves too soon remit ;
Thus die the fires that Cupid lit.
Female tears and April snow
Sudden come and sudden go.
Since his head is levelled low,
Cease remembrance of your woe.
Can it be in reason found
To be crazy for Love's wound ?
Must you live in sorrows drowned
For a lover under ground.

Lucinda.

What a picture have I seen !
What can all these visions mean !
Wintry groves and vacant halls
Coffins hid by sable palls
Monuments and funerals !
Forms terrific to the sight,
Ghastly phantoms clad in white ;
Streams that ever seemed to freeze,
Shaded o'er by willow trees—
Ever drooping—hardly green—
What a vision have I seen !
One I saw of angel kind
From the dregs of life refined ;
On her visage such a smile—
And she talk'd in such a style !—
All was heaven upon her brow—
Yes—I think I see her now !
All in beams of light arrayed ;
And these cheering words she said :

Fair Lucinda, come to me;
What has grief to do with thee?
O forsake your wretched shore
Crimsoned with its children's gore!
Could you but a moment stray
In the meadows where I play,
You would die to come away.—
Come away, and speed your wing—
Here we love, and here we sing!

Thyrsis.

You will not yet forget your glooms,
The heavy heart, the downcast eye,
The cheek that scarce a smile assumes
The never-ending sigh!

Lucinda.

Had you the secret cause to grieve
That in this breast doth lie,
Instead of wishing to relieve
You would be just as I.

Thyrsis.

What secret cause have you to grieve?—
A lover gone astray?—
If one was able to deceive,
Perhaps another may.

Lucinda.

My lover has not me deceived,
An act he would disdain—
Oh! he is gone—and I am grieved—
He'll never come again!
He'll never come again!

Thyrsis.

The turtle on yon' withered bough
Who lately moaned her murdered mate,
Has found another partner now,
Such changes all await.
Again her drooping plume is dress'd,
Again she wishes to be bless'd,
And takes a husband to her nest.

If nature has decreed it so
With some above, and all below,
Let us, Lucinda, banish woe
Nor be perplext with sorrow:
If I should leave your arms this night,
And die before the morning light,
I would advise you—and you might
Wed again to-morrow.

Lucinda.

The turtle on yon' withered tree ! ! !—
That turtle never felt like me !
Her grief is but a moment's date,
Another day, another mate:
And true it is, the feathered race
Hold many a partner no disgrace.
How would the world my fault display—
What would censorious Sally say,
Would say, while grinning malice sneers,—
She made a conquest by her tears !

Thyrsis.

My Polly !—once the pride of all
That shepherd lads their charmers call,
Too early parted with her bloom,
And sleeps in yonder sylvan tomb:
Her death has set me free—
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
But what is that to me !
Since all must bow to fate's arrest
No love deceased, shall rack my breast—
Come, then, Lucinda, and be blest.

Lucinda.

My Damon, Oh !—can I forget
The hour you left these moistened eyes,
O'er northern lakes to wander far
To colder climes and dreary skies !
There, vengeful, in their wastes of snow
The BRITONS guard the frozen shore,
And Damon there is perished now,
The swain that shall return no more !

Thyrsis.

Weep, weep no more, My Jersey lass,
The pang is past that fixed his doom—
THEY, too, shall to destruction pass,
Perhaps—and hardly find a tomb.
Refrain your tears—enough are shed—
They, too, shall have their share of woe:
Fled is their fame, their honours fled;
And WASHINGTON shall lay them low.—

Lucinda.

If you had but yon' sergeant's size,
His mien and looks, so *debonaire*,
You might seem lovely in my eyes,
Nor should you quite despair.

There's something in your looks, I find,
Recalling Damon to my mind—
He is dead—and I must be resigned!
His lively step, his sun-burnt face;
His nervous arm in you I trace—
Indeed,—I think you no disgrace.

Thyrsis.

On this dismal, cloudy day,
In these fighting times, I say,
Will you Yea, or will you Nay?

Lucinda.

Oh! I will not tell you Nay,
You have such a coaxing way!

Thyrsis.

Call the music!—half is done
That my heart could count upon—
From the grave I seize a prize!
Here SHE is—and where HE lies,
She or I but little care!
O, what ANIMALS we are!—
For YOU!—I would forego all ease,
And traverse sands or travel seas.—
Of all they sent us from above,
Nothing, nothing is like love!

Happiest passion of the mind,
Sent from heaven to bless mankind,
Though at variance with your charms
Fate's eternal mandate stands,
Hymen, come!—unite our hands,
And give LUCINDA to my arms!

THE DYING ELM.

SWEET, lovely Elm, who here dost grow
Companion of unsocial care,
Lo! thy dejected branches die:
Amidst this torrid air—
Smit by the sun or blasting moon,
Like fainting *flowers*, their verdure gone.

Thy withering leaves, that drooping hang,
Presage thine end approaching nigh;
And lo! thy amber tears distill,
Attended with that last departing sigh—
O charming tree! no more decline,
But be thy shades and love-sick whispers mine.

Forbear to die—this weeping eve
Shall shed her little drops on you,
Shall o'er thy sad disaster grieve,
And wash your wounds with pearly dew,
Shall pity you, and pity me,
And heal the langour of my tree!

Short is thy life, if thou so soon must fade,
Like angry Jonah's gourd at Nineveh,
That, in a night, its bloomy branches spread,
And perished with the day.—
Come, then, revive, sweet lovely Elm, lest I,
Thro' vehemence of heat, like Jonah, wish to die.

LINES ON A

DISTREST ORATOR,

[AT A PUBLIC EXHIBITION.]

SIX weeks and more, he taxed his brain,
And wrote petitions to the Muses—
Poor orator! 'twas all in vain,
For what they lent your memory loses——
Now hear the culprit's self confess,
In strain of woe, his sad distress:—

"I went upon the public stage,
"I flounced and floundered in a rage,
"I gabbled like a goose:
"I talk'd of *custom*, *fame*, and *fashion*,
"Of *moral evil*, and *compassion*,
"And pray what more?

"My words were few, I must confess,
"And very silly my address,
"A melancholy tale!
"In short, I knew not what to say,—
"I squinted this and the other way,
"Like Lucifer.

"Alack a day! my friends, quoth I,
"I guess you'll get no more from me—
"In troth I have forgot it!—
"O my Oration! thou art fled;
"And not a trace within my head
"Remains to me!

"What could be done?—I gaped once more,
"And set the audience in a roar,
"They laughed me out of face——
"I turned my eyes from north to south—
"I clapt my fingers in my mouth—
"And down I came!"

ADVICE TO THE LADIES,

NOT TO NEGLECT THE DENTIST.

(Written by particular request.)

SINCE Time too soon the race of man impairs,
And age comes on, with all its pains and cares,
Why then, by nature subject to decay,
Ah! why invite what art might long delay?—
Foes to the bloom of health, neglect and sloth
Corrode the ivory of the loveliest tooth,
And that coarse breath, where every sweet might dwell,
Tempts the nice beau to slight his careless belle,
And think no longer 'tis his heaven to sip
Love's draft of pleasure from the damask lip.
The DENTIST's care, bright maids, can shield from harms,
And to your kisses lend a thousand charms;
Safe from the ills of torture and decay,
Love there would perch, and half his flames display—
Low at *their* shrine more constant lovers fall
Who leave not *Nature* to accomplish all——
Revere that art which thus prevents your pain,
Which ages past have sought, but sought in vain;—
So shall your lovers to their oaths be true,
And, years elapsed, each beauty still be new;
While SHE, who proudly would the art despise,
And trusts alone to conquests of the eyes,
Too soon beholds her wonted influence lost,
Neglected wit, and love congealed to frost;
In vain her paints the mask of health restore,——
No more her *lovers* sigh, her *slaves* adore:
Insulting prudes no more a rival fear,
But cruel whispers thus insult her ear;
"*In love's bright circle why should they be seen,*
"*Whose toothless charms encroach on gay sixteen?*"

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG AMERICAN LADY; WHO DIED SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN LONDON, 1784.

THOU, who shalt rove to that sequestered place
Where vanished thousands rest in death's embrace;
While wandering there, with sympathetic sighs,
Pass not the turf where lovely *Catharine* lies,
Lost, early lost! her memory held most dear;—
Virtue and beauty lodged in darkness there!
Thus, on some plain, the fairest flower that blows
To dust returning, takes a long repose!
No art restores the lovely stranger lost,
Nipt in her bloom, and bound in endless frost!
Escaped deep seas, she reached the British shore
Doomed a fond father's arms to meet no more:
No more with smiles his evening hours employ,
Nor share the embraces of a mother's joy——
Lost are those fruits, in early seasons sown,
And fled that sweetness, which was all her own,—
Each native charm, fine sense, and every grace,
That won the soul, or wantoned on the face,
Returned to earth! congenial with decay,
The lamp extinguished, and eclipsed her day!
How many pains our fancied bliss destroy—
How many griefs annul a moment's joy——
Nature! great parent of our race below,
Impartial Nature, claims the debt we owe,
Mingles with kindred dust the virgin bloom,
And the warm heart lays frozen in the tomb!

HUMANITY AND INGRATITUDE;

A COMMON CASE.

[*Translated from the French.*]

BY the side of the sea, in a cottage obscure,
There lived an old fellow named Charlot Boncœur,
Who was free to his neighbour and good to the poor,
Catching fish was his trade,
And all people said,
That mischief to nothing but Fish he design'd,
To all *people* else he was candid and kind.

One day as he went to the brink of the lake,
Persuading the fishes their dinner to take,
(The last he intended they ever should make)
While his hooks he employed to their sorrow and woe,
A grunting he heard in the waters below,
And casting his eyes to the bottom (for here
We'll suppose that the water was perfectly clear)
He saw on the bed of the liquid profound
An unfortunate wight who was drowning, or drowned.

That the man to the surface once more might ascend,
He took up his pole, with a hook at the end,
And to it he fell,
And managed so well,
That soon to the margin the carcase was drawn,
And who should it be but his old neighbour JOHN?
Now, some how or other, it popp'd in his head,
That in spite of his drowning the man was not dead,
And while he was thinking what means to devise
That his friend might recover and open his eyes,
He saw with vexation and sorrow, no doubt,
That, in lugging him up, he had put one eye out—
However, convinced, from what he had heard,
That John might be living, for aught that appeared;
To his cottage he took him, and there had him bled,
Rubb'd, roll'd on a barrel, and then put to bed.
So in less than a week (to his praise be it said)

In less than a week, the man was as sound
(Excepting the loss of his eye and the wound)
As if in his life he had never been drowned.
But when John had begun to travel about,
He was sadly chagrined that his eye was put out,
And forgetting what service his neighbour had done him,
Went off to a lawyer, and clapt a writ on him.
Talked much of the value of what he had lost,
That Charlot must pay all the damage and cost,
And if with such sentence he would not comply,
He swore he would have his identical eye.

That Charlot was vexed, we hardly need say,
Yet he urged what he could in a moderate way,
Declared to the judges, by way of defence,
"That the action was wrought without malice prepense.
That his conscience excused him for what he had done,
That fortune was only to blame—and that John
Might have thought himself happy (when death was so nigh)
To purchase his life with the loss of an eye—
That the loss of an eye is a serious affair
Was certain—and yet he'd be bold to declare,
That the man who can shew but one eye in his head,
Is better by far than a man that is dead."

In answer to all the defendant's fine pleading,
John said "He had never yet found in his reading
A people, or nation, or senator sage,
Or a law, or a custom, in whatever age,
Permitting (unpunished) by force or surprise
One neighbour to put out his next neighbour's eyes."

The lawyers and judges were all at a stand
Which way to conclude on the matter in hand,
'Till a half-witted fellow, who chanced to be there,
Undertook to decide on this weighty affair;
And cry'd, "Can you doubt in a case that's so plain?
Be guided by me, and you'll ne'er doubt again:
The plea of the plaintiff rests wholly on this;
In fishing him up he takes it amiss,

That Charlot manœuvred with so little skill,
So awkwardly fumbled, and managed so ill
As thus with his bungling to ruin John's look,
And put out an eye with the point of his hook—
Well, now, my lord judges, attend my decree,
Straitway let the plaintiff be thrown in the sea,
And, after reposing awhile on the bottom,
If he get out alone from where Charlot got him,
Safe, sound, and undamaged—why, then 'tis my sentence
That Charlot be punished and brought to repentance.
But if, after gasping and flouncing about,
He drowns in the water, and fails getting out,
Why, then, it is justice, it must be confest,
That Charlot forthwith be discharged from arrest,
Absolved from all punishment due to the wound,
And paid in the bargain, 'cause John was not drowned."

The audience were struck with a world of surprize,
To find that a fool could give counsel so wise.
The judges themselves the sentence espoused,
And freely consented that John should be soused.
John, finding that matters had took a wrong turn,
Not waiting to see if the court would adjourn,
Sneaked out of the house, with a hiss of disgrace,
In dread—lest the sentence should quickly take place—
Grown pliant at last, his cause he withdrew—
His plea was so bad, and his friends were so few,
It was needless, he thought, on the cast of a die
To venture his life for the sake of an eye,
And concluded 'twas better to give up the suit,
Than risk the one left, and be smothered to boot.

THE SILENT ACADEMY.

SUBJECTED to despotic sway,
Compelled all mandates to obey,
Once in this dome I humbly bowed,
A member of the murmuring crowd,

Where *Pedro Blanco* held his reign,
The tyrant of a small domain.
By him a numerous herd controuled,
The smart, the stupid, and the bold,
Essayed some little share to gain
Of the vast treasures of his brain—
Some learned the Latin, some the Greek,
And some in flowery style to speak—
Some writ their themes, while others read,
And some with Euclid stuffed the head—
Some toiled in verse, and some in prose,
And some in logick sought repose—
Some learned to cypher, some to *draw*,
And some began to study LAW.
But all is ruined, all is done,
The tutor to the shades is gone,
And all his pupils, led astray,
Have each found out a different way.
Some are in chains of wedlock bound,
And some are hanged, and some are drowned;
Some are advanced to posts and places,
And some in pulpits screw their faces;
Some at the bar a living gain,
Perplexing what they should explain—
To soldiers turned, a bolder band
Repel the invaders of the land;
Some to the arts of physic bred,
Despatch their patients to the dead;—
Some plough the land, and some the sea,
And some are slaves, and some are free;
Some court the great, and some the muse,
And some subsist by mending shoes———
While others—but so vast the throng,
The Coblers shall conclude my song.

Full early taught the arts of gain,
No sharping knave that walks the street,
(Though versed in all the tricks of trade)
No city nymph, or powdered swain,
With all their art, can hope to cheat
A BARGAIN from this country maid.

The market done, her cash secured,
She homeward takes her wonted way:
The painted chest, behind the door,
(With many a GOLDEN GUINEA stored)
Receives the gainings of the day;
Laid up—to see the sun no more!

Sweet nymph! why all this ceaseless pain,
Such early toil, such evening care,
This hoarding for the age to come!
If he that courts you, courts in vain,
And you, regardless of an heir,
Refuse—dear girl, to take him home!

THE DYING INDIAN:

TOMO-CHEQUI.

"ON yonder lake I spread the sail no more!
Vigour, and youth, and active days are past—
Relentless demons urge me to that shore
On whose black forests all the dead are cast:—
Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,
For I must go to shades below,
Where all is strange and all is new;
Companion to the airy throng!—
What solitary streams,
In dull and dreary dreams,
All melancholy, must I rove along!

To what strange lands must *Cheyui* take his way!
Groves of the dead departed mortals trace:
No deer along those gloomy forests stray,
No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chace,

But all are empty unsubstantial shades,
That ramble through those visionary glades;
No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend.
But sickly orchards there
Do fruits as sickly bear,
And apples a consumptive visage shew,
And withered hangs the hurtle-berry blue.

Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,
Where shall I brook or real fountain find?
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow—
Such is the picture in my boding mind!
Fine tales, indeed, they tell
Of shades and purling rills,
Where our dead fathers dwell
Beyond the western hills,
But when did ghost return his state to shew;
Or who can promise half the tale is true?

I too must be a fleeting ghost!—no more—
None, none but shadows to those mansions go;
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
For emptier groves below!
Ye charming solitudes,
Ye tall ascending woods,
Ye glassy lakes and prattling streams,
Whose aspect still was sweet,
Whether the sun did greet,
Or the pale moon embraced you with her beams—
Adieu to all!
To all, that charmed me where I strayed,
The winding stream, the dark sequestered shade;
Adieu all triumphs here!
Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,
Adieu, thou little verdant hill,
And seas, and stars, and skies—farewell,
For some remoter sphere!

Perplexed with doubts, and tortured with despair,
Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep?
Nature at last these ruins may repair, [weep;
When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to

Some real world once more may be assigned,
Some new born mansion for the immortal mind!
Farewell, sweet lake; farewell surrounding woods,
To other groves, through midnight glooms, I stray,
Beyond the mountains, and beyond the floods,
Beyond the Huron bay!
Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,
My trusty bow and arrows by my side,
The cheerful bottle and the venison store;
For long the journey is that I must go,
Without a partner, and without a guide."
He spoke, and bid the attending mourners weep,
Then closed his eyes, and sunk to endless sleep!

LINES

WRITTEN ON A PUNCHEON

OF

JAMAICA SPIRITS.

WITHIN these wooden walls, confined,
The ruin lurks of human kind;
More mischiefs here, united, dwell,
And more diseases haunt this cell
Than ever plagued the Egyptian flocks,
Or ever cursed Pandora's box.
Within these prison-walls repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose;
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath;
The fist for fighting, nothing loth;
The passion quick, no words can tame,
That bursts like sulphur into flame;
The nose with diamonds glowing red,
The bloated eye, the broken head!
Forever fastened be this door—
Confined within, a thousand more

Destructive fiends of hateful shape,
Even now are plotting an escape,
Here, only by a cork restrained,
In slender walls of wood contained,
In all their dirt of death reside
Revenge, that ne'er was satisfied;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming, and dispute;
ASSAULT, *that innocence assails,*
The IMAGES *of gloomy jails*
The GIDDY THOUGHT, *on mischief bent,*
The midnight hour, in folly spent,
ALL THESE *within this cask appear,*
And JACK, *the hangman, in the rear!*
Thrice happy he, who early taught
By Nature, ne'er this poison sought;
Who, friendly to his own repose,
Treads under foot this worst of foes,—
He, with the purling stream content,
The beverage quaffs that Nature meant;
In Reason's scale his actions weighed,
His spirits want no foreign aid—
Not swell'd too high, or sunk too low,
Placid, his easy minutes flow;
Long life is his, in vigour pass'd,
Existence, welcome to the last,
A spring, that never yet grew stale——
Such virtue lies in—ADAM'S ALE!

ELEGIAC LINES.

ONCE in these groves, divine AURELIA stray'd!
Then, conscious Nature, smiling, looked more gay;
But soon she left the dear delightful shade,
The shade, neglected, droops and dies away.

And pines for her return, but pines in vain,—
In distant isles beloved Aurelia died,
Pride of the plains, adored by every swain,
Sweet warbler of the woods, and of the woods the pride.

Philander early left this rural maid,
Nor yet returned, by fate compelled to roam,
But absent from the heavenly girl he strayed,
Her charms forgot, forgot his native home.

O fate severe, to seize the nymph so soon,
The nymph, for whom a thousand bosoms sigh,
And, in the space of one declining moon
To doom the fair one and her swain to die.

O! could thy care have shielded still from harms
Aurelia, she, the loveliest of her kind!
Lucretia's virtue with a Helen's charms,
Charms of the face, and beauties of the mind.

The blushy cheek, the lively sparkling eye,
The ruby lip, the flowing jetty hair,
The stature tall, the aspect so divine,
All beauty, you had thought, was centered there.

Each future age her virtues shall extol,
Nor the just tribute to her worth refuse:
Famed to the stars URANIA bids her rise,
Theme of the moral and the tragic muse.

Sweet as the fragrance of the vernal morn,
Nipt in its bloom, this faded flower I see;
The inspiring angel from that breast is gone
And life's warm tide forever chilled in thee!

Such charms shall greet my longing soul no more,
Her radiant eyes are closed in endless shade;
Torpid she rests on yonder marble floor,
Approach—and see what havoc death has made!

THE
PICTURES OF COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS SURVEYING A MAP.

AS o'er his charts Columbus ran,
Such disproportion he surveyed,
He thought he saw in art's mean plan
Blunders that Nature never made;
The *land* in one poor corner placed,
And all beside a swelling waste—!
"It can't be so," Columbus said;

"Far to the west, what lengthened seas!—
"Are no gay islands found in these,
"No sylvan worlds, by Nature meant
"To balance Asia's vast extent?

"Who knows but HE that hung this ball
"In the clear void, and governs all,
"On those dread scenes, remote from view,
"Has traced some mighty region too.

"What can these idle charts avail—
"O'er real seas I wish to sail;
"If fortune aids the grand design,
"Worlds, yet unthought of, shall be mine.

"But, how shall I this country find?
"Gay, painted picture of the mind!
"Religion* holds my project vain,
"And owns no world beyond the main.

If Neptune on my prowess smiles,
And I detect his hidden isles,
I hear some warning spirit say,
"*No monarch will your toils repay:*

* The Inquisition made it criminal to assert the existence of the Antipodes.

" For this the ungrateful shall combine,
" And hard misfortune must be thine ;
" For this the base reward remains
" Of cold neglect and galling chains !
" In a poor solitude forgot,
" Reproach and want shall be the lot
" Of him that gives new worlds to Spain,
" And westward spreads her golden reign.
" On thy design what woes attend !
" The nations at the ocean's end,
" No longer destined to be free,
" Shall owe distress and death to thee !
" The seats of innocence and love
" Shall soon the scenes of horror prove :
" But why disturb these Indian climes,
" The pictures of more happy times !
" Has avarice, with unfeeling breast,
" Has cruelty thy soul possess'd ?
" May ruin all thy projects blast ?—
" And sorrow crown thy toils at last !"

COLUMBUS ADDRESSES KING FERDINAND.

PRINCE, and the pride of Spain! while meaner crowns,
Pleas'd with the shadow of monarchial sway,
Exact obedience from some paltry tract
Scarce worth the pain and toil of governing,
Be thine the general care to send thy fame
Beyond the knowledge, or the guess of man.
This gulphy deep (that bounds our western reign
So long by civil feuds and wars disgraced)
Must be the passage to some other shore
Where nations dwell, children of early time,
Basking in the warm sunshine of the west,
Who some false deity, no doubt, adore,
Owning no virtue in the potent cross :
What honour, Sire, to plant your standard there,
And souls recover to your holy faith

That now in paths of dark perdition stray
Warped to his worship by the evil one!
Think not that Europe and the Asian waste,
Or Africa, where barren sands abound,
Are the sole gems in Neptune's bosom placed:
Think not the world a vast extended plain:
See yon' bright orbs, that through the ether move,
All globular;—this earth a globe like them
Walks her own rounds, attended by the moon,
Bright comrade, but with borrowed lustre bright.
If all the surface of this mighty round
Be one wide ocean of unfathomed depth
Bounding the little space already known,
Nature must have forgot her wonted wit,
And made a monstrous havoc of proportion.
If her proud depths were not restrained by lands,
And broke by continents of vast extent
Existing somewhere under western skies,
Far other waves would roll before the storms
Than ever yet have burst on Europe's shores,
Driving before them deluge and confusion.
But Nature will preserve what she has planned:
And the whole suffrage of antiquity,
Platonic dreams, and reason's plainer page
All point at something that we ought to see
Buried behind the waters of the west,
Clouded with shadows of uncertainty:
The time is come for some sublime event,
Of mighty fame:—mankind are children yet,
And hardly dream what treasures they possess
In the dark bosom of the fertile main,
Unfathomed, unattempted, unexplored.
These, mighty prince, I offer to reveal,
And by the magnet's aid, if you supply
Ships, and some gallant hearts, engage to bring
From distant climes, news worthy of a king.

FERDINAND AND HIS FIRST MINISTER.

Ferdinand.

WHAT would this madman have, this bold projector!
A wild address I have to-day attended,
Mingling its folly with our great affairs,
Dreaming of islands and new hemispheres
Placed on the ocean's verge, we know not where—
What shall I do with this petitioner?

Minister.

Even send him, Sire, to perish in his search:
He has so pestered me these many years
With idle projects of discovery——
His name—I almost dread to hear it mentioned:
He is a Genoese, of vulgar birth,
And has been round all Europe with his plans
Presenting them to every potentate;——
What pains me too, is, that our royal lady
Lends him her ear, and reads his mad addresses,
Opposed to reason and philosophy.

Ferdinand.

He acts the devil's part in Eden's garden:
Knowing the man was proof to his temptations
He whispered something in the ear of Eve,
And promised much, but meant not to perform.

Minister.

I've treated all his schemes with such contempt
That any but a rank, mad-brained enthusiast,
Pushing his purpose to extremities,
Would have forsook your empire, royal Sir,
Discouraged, and forgotten long ago.

Ferdinand.

Has he so long been busy at his projects?—
I scarcely heard of him 'till yesterday:
A plan pursued with so much obstinacy

Looks not like madness:—wretches of that stamp
Survey a thousand objects in an hour,
In love with each, and yet attached to none
Beyond the moment that it meets the eye—
But him I honour, though in beggars' garbs,
Who has a soul of so much constancy
As to bear up against the hard rebuffs,
Sneers of great men, and insolence of power,
And through the opposition of them all
Pursues his object:—Minister, this man
Must have our notice:—Let him be commissioned
Viceroy of all the lands he shall discover,
Admiral and general in the fleets of Spain;
Let three stout ships be instantly selected,
The best and strongest ribbed of all we own,
With crews to man them, patient of fatigue:
But stay, attend! how stands our treasury?——

Minister.

Empty—even to the bottom, royal sir!
We have not coin for bare necessities,
Much less, (so pardon me) to spend on madmen.

COLUMBUS ADDRESSES QUEEN ISABELLA.

While Turkish queens, dejected, pine,
Compelled sweet freedom to resign;
And taught one virtue, *to obey*,
Lament some eastern tyrant's sway,

Queen of all hearts, bright Isabell!
A happier lot to you has fell,
Who make a nation's bliss your own,
And share the rich Castilian throne.

Exalted thus, beyond all fame,
Assist, fair lady, that proud aim
Which would your native reign extend
To the wide world's remotest end.

From science, fed by busy thought,
New wonders to my view are brought:
The vast abyss, beyond our shore,
I deem impassable no more.

Let those that love to dream or sleep
Pretend no limits to the deep:
I see beyond the rolling main
Abounding wealth reserved for Spain.

From Nature's earliest days concealed,
Men of their own these climates yield,
And sceptered dames, no doubt, are there,
Queens like yourself, but not so fair.

But what should most provoke desire
Are the fine pearls that they admire,
And diamonds bright, and coral green,
More fit to grace a Spanish queen.

Their yellow shells, and virgin gold,
And silver, for our trinkets sold,
Shall well reward this toil and pain
And bid our commerce shine again.

As men were forced from Eden's shade
By errors that a woman made,
Permit me, at a woman's cost,
To find the climates that we lost.

He, that with you, partakes command;
The nation's hope, great Ferdinand,
Attends, indeed, to my request,
But wants no empires in the west.

Then, queen, supply the swelling sail,
For eastward breathes the steady gale
That shall the meanest barque convey
To regions richer than Cathay.*

Arrived upon that flowery coast
Whose towns of golden temples boast,
While these bright objects strike our view
Their wealth shall be reserved for you.

* The ancient name of China.

Each swarthy king shall yield his crown,
And, smiling, lay his sceptre down,
When they, untamed by force of arms,
Shall hear the story of your charms.

Did I an empty dream pursue
Great honour still must wait on you,
Who sent the lads of Spain to keep
Such vigils on the untravelled deep,

Who fixed the bounds of land and sea,
Traced Nature's works through each *degree*,
Imagined some unheard-of shore
But proved that there was nothing more.

Yet happier prospects, I maintain,
Shall open on your female reign,
While ages hence, with rapture, tell
How much they owe to Isabell!

QUEEN ISABELLA'S SECRETARY WRITING A REPLY TO COLUMBUS.

Your yellow shells and coral green,
And gold, and silver—not yet seen,——
Have had such influence on a woman's mind
The queen could almost pillage from the crown,
And add some costly jewels of her own,
Thus sending you that charming coast to find
Where all these heavenly things abound,
Queens in the west, and chiefs renowned.
But then no great men take you by the hand,
Nor are the nobles busied in your aid;
The clergy have no relish for your scheme,
And deem it madness—one archbishop said
You were bewildered in a paltry dream
That led directly to undoubted ruin,
Your own and other men's undoing:—
And our confessor says, it is not true,
(And calls it heresy in you)

Thus to assert the world is round,
And that the *Antipodes* are found
Held to the earth, we can't tell how.——
But you shall sail; I heard the queen declare
That mere geography is not her care;——
And thus she bids me say,
"Columbus, haste away,
"Hasten to Palos, and if you can find
"Three barques, of structure suited to your mind,
"Straight make a purchase in the royal name;
"Equip them for the seas without delay,
"Since long the journey is (we heard you say)
"To that rich country which we wish to claim—
"Let them be small—for know the crown is poor,
"Though basking in the sunshine of renown,
"Long wars have wasted us: the pride of Spain
"Was ne'er before so high, nor purse so mean;
"Giving us ten years war, the humbled *Moor*
"Has left us little else but victory:
"Time must restore past splendour to this reign."

COLUMBUS AT THE HARBOUR OF PALOS IN ANDALUSIA.

Columbus.

In three small barques to cross so vast a sea,
Held to be boundless, even in learning's eye—
It is a bold attempt:——Yet I must go,
Travelling the surge to its great boundary;
Far, far away beyond the reach of men,
Where never galley spread her milk-white sail
Or weary pilgrim bore the christian name!
But though I were confirmed in my design,
And saw the whole event with certainty,
How shall I so exert my eloquence,
And hold such arguments with vulgar minds
As to convince them I am not an idiot

Chacing the visions of a shattered brain,
Ending in their perdition and my own?
The world, and all its wisdom is against me;
The dreams of priests; philosophy in chains;
False learning, swoln with self-sufficiency;
Men seated at the helm of royalty
Reasoning like idiots;—what discouragements!
Experience holds herself mine enemy,
And one weak woman only hears my story!——
I'll make a speech———— "Hear, jovial sailors,
"hear!
"Ye, that would rise beyond the rags of fortune,
"Struggling too long with hopeless poverty,
"Coasting your native shores on shallow seas
"Vexed by the gallies of the Ottoman;
"Now meditate with me a bolder plan,
"Catching at fortune in her plenitude!
"He that shall undertake this voyage with me
"Shall be no longer held a vulgar man:
"Princes shall wish they had been our companions,
"And Science blush she did not go along
"To learn a lesson that might humble pride
"Now grinning idly from a pedant's cap,
"Lurking behind the veil of cowardice.
"Far in the west a golden region lies
"Unknown, unvisited for many an age,
"Teeming with treasure to enrich the brave.
"Embark, embark—Columbus leads the way——
"Why, friends, existence is alike to me
"Dear and desireable, with other men;
"What good could I devise in seeking ruin?
"Embark, I say; and he that sails with me
"Shall reap a harvest of immortal honour:
"Wealthier he shall return than they that now
"Lounge in the lap of principalities,
"Hoarding the gorgeous treasures of the east."——
Alas, alas! they turn their backs upon me,
And rather choose to wallow in the mire
Of want, and torpid inactivity,
Than, by one bold and masterly exertion,
Themselves ennoble, and enrich their country!

A SAILOR'S HUT NEAR THE SEA SHORE.

THOMAS AND SUSAN.

Thomas.

I WISH I was over the water again!
'Tis pity we cannot agree;
When I try to be merry 'tis labour in vain,
You always are scolding at me;
Then what shall I do
With this termagant Sue;
Though I hug her and squeeze her
I never can please her——
Was there ever a devil like you?

Susan.

If I was a maid, as I now am a wife,
With a sot and a brat to maintain,
I think it would be the first care of my life,
To shun such an insect again:
Not one of the crew
Is so hated by Sue
Though they always are bawling,
And pulling, and hauling——
Not one is so noisy as you.

Thomas.

Dear Susan, I'm sorry that you should complain:
There is nothing indeed to be done;
If a war should break out, not a sailor in Spain
Would sooner be found at his gun;
Arriving from sea
I would kneel on one knee,
And the plunder presenting
To Susan relenting——
Who then would be honoured like me?

Susan.

To-day as I came by the sign of the *ship*,
A mighty fine captain was there,
He was asking for sailors to take a small trip,
But I cannot remember well where:

He was hearty and free,
And if you can agree
To leave me, dear honey,
And bring me some money!——
How happy—indeed—I shall be!

Thomas.

The man that you saw not a sailor can get,
'Tis a captain Columbus, they say;
To fit out a ship he is running in debt,
And our wages he never can pay:
Yes, yes, it is he,
And, Sue, do ye sée,
On a wild undertaking
His heart he is breaking——
The devil may take him for me!

BERNARDO, A SPANISH FRIAR, IN HIS CANONICALS.

Did not our holy book most clearly say
This earth is built upon a pillared base;
And did not REASON add convincing proofs
That this huge world is one continued plain
Extending onward to immensity,
Bounding with oceans these abodes of men;
I should suppose this dreamer had some hopes,
Some prospects built on probability
What says our lord, the pope——he cannot err——
He says *our world is not orbicular*,
And has rewarded some with chains and death
Who dared defend such wicked heresies.
But we are turning heretics indeed!——
A foreigner, an idiot, an impostor,
An infidel (since he dares contradict
What our most holy order holds for truth)
Is pouring poison in the royal ear;
Telling him tales of islands in the moon,
Leading the nation into dangerous errors,
Slighting instruction from our brotherhood!—
O Jesu! Jesu! what an age is this!

OROSIO, A MATHEMATICIAN, WITH HIS SCALES AND COMPASSES.

This persevering man succeeds at last!
The last gazette has published to the world
That *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* grant
Three well-rigged ships to *Christopher Columbus*;
And have bestowed the noble titles too
Of *Admiral* and *Vice-Roy*——great indeed!
Who will not now project, and scrawl on paper—
Pretenders now shall be advanced to honour;
And every scribbler that can pen a problem,
And every lad that can draw parallels
Or measure the subtension of an angle,
Shall now have ships to make discoveries!
This simple man would rove he knows not where;
Building on fables, schemes of certainty—
Visions of *Plato*, mixed with idle tales
Of later date, intoxicate his brain:
Let him advance beyond a certain point
In his fantastic voyage, and I foretell
He never can return: ay, let him go!——
There is a line towards the setting sun
Drawn on an ocean of tremendous depth,
(Where nature placed the limits of the day)
Haunted by dragons, fond of solitude,
Red serpents, fiery forms, and yelling hags,
Fit company for mad adventurers——
There, when the sun descends, 'tis horror all;
His angry globe through vast abysses gliding
Burns in the briny bosom of the deep,
Making a havoc so unconscionable,
And causing such a wasteful ebullition,
That never island green, or continent
Could find foundation, there, to grow upon!

COLUMBUS AND A PILOT.

Columbus.

To take on board the sweepings of a jail
Is inexpedient, in a voyage like mine,
That will require most patient fortitude,
Strict vigilance and staid sobriety,
Contempt of death, on cool reflection founded;
A sense of honour, motives of ambition,
And every sentiment that sways the brave.——
Princes should join me now:—not those I mean
Who lurk in courts, or revel in the shade
Of painted cielings:—those I mean, more worthy,
Whose daring aims and persevering souls
Soaring beyond the sordid view of fortune,
Bespeak the lineage of true royalty.

Pilot.

A fleet arrived last month at Carthagene
From Smyrna, Cyprus, and the neighbouring isles:
Their crews released from long fatigues at sea,
Have spent their earnings in festivity,
And hunger tells them they must out again:—
Yet nothing instantly presents itself
Except your new and noble expedition:
The fleet must undergo immense repairs,
And numbers will be unemployed awhile:
I'll take them in the hour of dissipation
(Before reflection has made cowards of them,
Suggesting questions of impertinence)
When desperate plans are most acceptable,
Impossibilities are possible,
And all the spring and vigour of the mind
Is strained to madness and audacity:
If you approve my scheme, these ninety men
(The number you pronounce to be sufficient)
Shall all be entered in a week, at most.

Columbus.

Go, pilot, go—and every motive urge
That may put life into this expedition.
Early in August we must weigh our anchors,
Time wears apace—bring none but willing men,
So shall our orders be the better borne,
The people less inclined to mutiny.

DISCONTENTS AT SEA.

Antonio. (A Sailor.)

DREADFUL is death in his most gentle forms!—
More horrid still on this mad element,
So far remote from land—from friends remote!
So many hundred leagues already sailed
In quest of visions!—what remains to us
But perishing in these moist solitudes;
Where many a day our corpses on the sea
Shall float unwept, unpitied, unentombed!
O fate most terrible!—undone Antonio!
Why didst thou listen to a madman's dreams,
Pregnant with mischief—why not, comrades, rise!—
See, Nature's self prepares to leave us here;
The needle, late so faithful to the pole,
Now quits his object and bewilders us;
Steering at random, just as chance directs——
O fate most terrible!—undone Antonio!———

Hernando. (A Sailor.)

Borne to creation's uttermost verge, I saw
New stars ascending, never viewed before!
Low sinks the Bear!—O land, my native land,
Clear springs and shady groves! why did I change
Your aspect fair for these infernal wastes,
Peopled by monsters of another kind;
Ah me! designed not for the haunt of man!

Columbus.

Cease, dastards, cease; and be informed, that *man*
Is Nature's lord, and wields her to his will:
If her most noble works obey our aims,
How much more so ought worthless scum, like you,
Whose whole existence is a morning dream,
Whose life is sunshine on a wintry day,
Who quake at shadows, struck with palsied fear;
Measuring the limit of your lives by distance.

Antonio.

Columbus, hear! when with the land we parted,
You *thirty days* agreed to plough the main,
Directing westward.——Thirty have elapsed,
And thirty more have now begun their round,
No land appearing yet, nor trace of land,
But distant fogs that mimic lofty isles,
Painting gay landscapes on the vaporous air,
Inhabited by fiends, that mean our ruin—
You persevere, and have no mercy on us—
Then perish by yourself—we must return—
And know our firm resolve is fixed for Spain;
In this resolve we are unanimous!——

JUAN DE VILLA-REAL TO COLUMBUS.

(A billet.)

"I HEARD them, over night, a plot contriving,
"Of fatal purpose——have a care, Columbus!——
"They have resolved, as on the deck you stand,
"Aiding the vigils of the midnight hour,
"To plunge you headlong in the roaring deep,
"And slaughter such as favour your design
"Still to pursue that western continent."

Columbus, solus.

Why, Nature, hast thou treated those so ill,
Whose souls, capacious of immense designs,
Leave ease and quiet for a nation's glory,

Thus to subject them to these little things,
Insects, by heaven's decree, in shape of men!
But so it is, and so we must submit,
Bending to thee, the heaven's great chancellor!
But must I fail!—and by timidity!
Must thou to thy green waves receive me, Neptune,
Or must I basely with my ships return,
Nothing accomplished!—not one pearl discovered,
One bit of gold to make our queen a bracelet,
One diamond for the crown of Ferdinand!
How will their triumph be confirmed, who said
That I was mad!—Must I then change my course,
And quit the country that would straight appear
If one week longer we pursued the sun!

(He addresses the crew.)

" Assemble, friends; attend to what I say:
" Signs unequivocal, at length, declare
" That some great continent approaches us:
" The sea no longer glooms unmeasured depths,
" Small motes I see, from ebbing rivers borne,
" And Neptune's waves a greener aspect wear.
" The setting sun discovers clouds that owe
" Their origin to fens and woodland wastes,
" Not such as breed on ocean's salt domain.——
" Vast flocks of birds attend us on our way,
" These all have haunts amidst the watery void,
" Sweet scenes of ease, and sylvan solitude,
" And springs, and streams, that we shall share with them.
" Now, hear my most importunate request:
" I call you all my friends, you are my equals,
" Men of true worth and native dignity,
" Whose spirits are too mighty to return
" Most meanly home, when nothing is accomplished—
" Consent to sail our wonted course with me,
" But one week longer, and if that be spent,
" And nought appear to recompence our toil,
" Then change your course, and homeward haste away—
" Nay, homeward not!—for that would be too base—
" But to the depths below, where we may hide,
" And never think of Ferdinand again."

Hernando.

One week !—too much—it shall not be, Columbus !
Already are we on the verge of ruin,
Warmed by the sunshine of another sphere,
Fanned by the breezes of the burning zone,
Launched out upon the world's extremities !——
Who knows where one week more might carry us ?

Antonio.

Nay, talk not to the traitor !—Base Columbus,
To thee our ruin and our deaths we owe !
Away, away !—friends !—men at liberty,
Now free to act as best befits our case,
Appoint another pilot to the helm,
And *Andalusia* be our port again !

Columbus.

Friends, is it thus you treat your admiral,
Who bears the honours of great Ferdinand,
The royal standard, and the arms of Spain !
Three days allow me—and I'll shew new worlds.

Hernando.

Three days !——one day will pass too tediously—
But in the name of all our crew, Columbus,
Whose speaker and controuler I am owned ;
Since thou, indeed, art a most gallant man,
Three days we grant—but ask us not again !

COLUMBUS AT CAT ISLAND.

Columbus, solus.

HAIL, beauteous land ! the first that greets mine eye,
Since, sad, we left the cloud-capped *Teneriffe*,
The world's last limit long supposed by men.—
Tired with dull prospects of the watery waste,
And midnight dangers that around us grew,
Faint hearts, and feeble hands, and traitors vile,
Thee, HOLY SAVIOUR, on this foreign coast
We still adore, and name this land from thee !*

* He called the island San Salvador (Holy Saviour.) It lies about 90 miles S. E. from Providence ; is one of the Bahama cluster, and to the eastward of the Grand Bank.

In these green groves who would not wish to stay
Where guardian Nature holds her quiet reign,
Where beardless men speak other languages,
Unknown to us, ourselves unknown to them.

Antonio.

In tracing o'er the isle no gold I find——
Nought else but barren trees and craggy rocks
Where screaming sea-fowl mix their odious loves,
And fields of burning marle, where devils play,
And men with copper skins talk barbarously—
What merit has our chief in sailing hither
Discovering countries of no real worth!
Spain has enough of barren sands, no doubt
And savages in crowds are found at home;—
Why then surmount the world's circumference
Merely to stock us with this Indian breed?

Hernando.

Soft!—or Columbus will detect you murmuring—
This new found isle has re-instated him
In all our favours——see you yonder sands?——
Why, if you see them, swear that they are gold,
And gold like this shall be our homeward freight,
Gladding the heart of Ferdinand the great,
Who, when he sees it, shall say smilingly,
"Well done, adventurous fellows, you have brought
"The treasure we expected, and deserved!"
Hold! I am wrong—there goes a savage man
With gold suspended from his ragged ears:
I'll brain the monster for the sake of gold;
There, savage, try the power of Spanish steel—
'Tis of *Toledo*†—true and trusty stuff!
He falls! he falls! the gold, the gold is mine!
First acquisition in this golden isle!——

Columbus, solus.

Sweet sylvan scenes of innocence and ease,
How calm and joyous pass the seasons here!
No splendid towns or spiry turrets rise,
Nor lordly palaces——no tyrant kings

† The best steel-blades in Spain are manufactured at *Toledo* and *Bilboa*.

Enact hard laws to crush fair freedom here ;——
No gloomy jails to shut up wretched men ;
All, all are free !—here God and Nature reign ;
Their works unsullied by the hands of man——
Ha ! what is this—a murdered wretch I see,
A Spanish ponyard thro' his entrails driven——
His blood yet warm—O hapless islander,
Who could have thus so basely mangled *thee*,
Who, never offered insult to our shore—
Was it for those poor trinkets in your ears
Which by the custom of your tribe you wore,—
Now seized away—and which would not have weigh'd
One poor piastre !
Is this the fruit of my discovery !
If the first scene is murder, what shall follow
But havock, hatred, chains, and devastation
In every dress and form of cruelty !
O injured Nature, whelm me in the deep,
And let not Europe hope for my return,
Or guess at worlds upon whose threshold now
So black a deed has just been perpetrated !—
We must away—enjoy your woods in peace.
Poor, wretched, injured, harmless islanders ;
On *Hayti's** isle you say vast stores are found
Of this destructive gold—which without murder
Perhaps, we may possess !—away ! away !
And southward, pilots, seek another isle,
Fertile, they say, and of immense extent :
There we may fortune find, without a crime.

COLUMBUS *in a Tempest, on his return to Spain.*

THE storm hangs low ; the angry lightning glares
And menaces destruction to our masts ;
The *Corposant*† is busy on the decks,

* This island is now called Hispaniola ; but is of late recovering its ancient name.

† A vapour common at sea in bad weather, something larger and rather paler than the light of a candle ; which, seeming to rise out of the sea, first moves about the decks, and then ascends or descends the rigging in proportion to the increase or decrease of the storm Superstition formerly imagined them to be the souls of drowned men, or dead commanders.

The soul, perhaps, of some lost admiral
Taking his walks about most leisurely,
Foreboding we shall be with him to-night;
See, now he climbs the shrouds—as he ascends
The gale grows bolder!—all is violence!
Seas, mounting from the bottom of their depths,
Hang o'er our heads, with all their horrid curls,
Threatening perdition to our feeble barque.
Which three hours longer cannot bear their fury,
Such heavy strokes already shatter her;
Who can endure such dreadful company!—
Then, must we die with our discovery!
Must all my labours, all my pains be lost
And my new world in old oblivion sleep?—
My name forgot, or if it be remembered,
Only to have it said, "He was a madman
"Who perished as he ought—deservedly—
"In seeking what was never to be found!"——
Let's obviate, what we can, this horrid sentence,
And, lost ourselves, perhaps preserve our fame.
'Tis easy to contrive this painted casket,
(Caulked, pitched, secured with canvas compassed)
That it may float for months upon the main,
Bearing the freight within secure and dry:
In this will I an abstract of our voyage,
And islands found, in little space enclose:—
The western winds in time may bear it home
To Europe's coasts: or some wild wandering ship
By accident, may meet it tossed about,
Charged with the story of another world.

COLUMBUS *visits the* COURT *at Barcelona.*

Ferdinand.

LET him be honoured like a God, who brings
Tidings of islands at the ocean's end!
In royal robes let him be, quick, attired
And seated next ourselves, the noblest Peer.

Isabella.

The merit of this gallant deed is mine:
Had not my jewels furnished out the fleet
Still had his world been latent in the main——
Since on his project every man looked cold,
A woman, as his patroness shall shine;
And through the world the story shall be told,
A woman gave new continents to Spain.

Columbus.

A world, great prince, bright queen and royal lady,
Discovered now, has well repaid our toils:
We to your bounty owe all that we are;
Men of renown and to be famed in story.
Islands of vast extent we have discovered
With gold abounding: see a sample here
Of those most precious metals we admire;
And Indian men, natives of other climes,
Whom we have brought to do you princely homage,
Owning they hold their diadems from you.

Ferdinand.

To fifteen sail your charge shall be augmented:
Hasten to *Palos*, and prepare again
To sail in quest of this fine golden country,
The *Ophir*, never known to Solomon;
Which shall be held the brightest gem we have,
The richest diamond in the crown of Spain.

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.*

Are these the honours they reserve for me,
Chains for the man that gave new worlds to Spain!
Rest here, my swelling heart!—O kings, O queens,

* During his third voyage, while in San Domingo, (in Hispaniola) such unjust representations were made of his conduct, to the Court of Spain, that a new admiral, Bovadilla, was appointed, to supersede him, who sent Columbus home in irons.

Patrons of monsters, and their progeny,
Authors of wrong, and slaves to fortune merely!
Why was I seated at my prince's side,
Honoured, caressed like some first peer of Spain.
Was it, that I might fall most suddenly
From honour's summit to the sink of scandal!
Thus do I come from oceans dark and deep,
My hair all brine, my bosom racked with care!
'Tis done, 'tis done!—what madness is ambition;
What is there in that little breath of men,
Which they call *Fame*, that should induce the brave,
To forfeit ease, and that domestic bliss,
Which is the lot of happy ignorance,
Less glorious aims, and dull humility.——
Whoe'er thou art, that shalt aspire to honour,
And on the strength and vigour of the mind
Vainly depending, court a monarch's favour,
Pointing the way to vast extended empire;
First count your pay to be ingratitude,
Then chains, and prisons, and disgrace like mine!
Each wretched pilot now shall spread his sails,
And treading in my footsteps, hail new worlds,
Which but for me, had still been empty visions.

COLUMBUS AT VALLADOLID.*

How sweet is sleep, when gained by length of toil!
No dreams disturb the slumbers of the dead——
To snatch existence from this scanty soil,
Were these the hopes deceitful fancy bred;
And were her painted pageants nothing more
Than this life's phantoms by delusion led?

* After he found himself in disgrace with the Court of Spain, he retired to Valladolid, a town of Old Castile, where he died, it is said, more of a broken heart than any other disease, on the 20th of *May, 1506.*

The winds blow high: one other world remains;
Once more, without a guide, I find the way;
In the dark tomb to slumber with my chains—
Praised by no poet on my funeral day,
Nor even allowed one dearly purchased claim——
My new found world not honoured with my name!

Yet, in this joyless gloom while I repose,
Some comfort will attend my pensive shade,
When memory paints, and golden fancy shews
My toils rewarded, and my woes repaid;
When empires rise where lonely forests grew,
Where Freedom shall her generous plans pursue.

To shadowy forms, and ghosts, and sleepy things,
Columbus, now, with dauntless heart repair;
You lived to find new worlds for thankless kings;
Write this upon my tomb—yes—tell it there——
Tell of those chains that sullied all my glory—
Not mine but theirs—ah, tell the shameful story!

THE INDIAN STUDENT;

OR,

FORCE OF NATURE.

FROM Susquehanna's farthest springs
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
(His blanket tied with yellow strings,)
A shepherd of the forest came.

Not long before, a wandering priest
Expressed his wish, with visage sad—
"Ah, why (he cried) in Satan's waste,
"Ah, why detain so fine a lad?

"In white-man's land there stands a town
"Where learning may be purchased low—
"Exchange his blanket for a gown,
"*And let the lad to college go.*"——

From long debate the council rose,
And viewing *Shalum's* tricks with joy
To *Cambridge Hall*, o'er wastes of snows,
They sent the copper-coloured boy.

One generous chief a bow supplied,
This gave a shaft, and that a skin;
The feathers, in vermillion dyed,
Himself did from a turkey win:

Thus dressed so gay, he took his way
O'er barren hills, alone, alone!
His guide a star, he wandered far,
His pillow every night a stone.

At last he came, with foot so lame,
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,
And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,
To please the Muses,—twice a week.

Awhile he writ, awhile he read,
Awhile he conned their grammar rules —
(An Indian savage so well bred
Great credit promised to the schools.)

Some thought he would in *law* excel,
Some said in *physic* he would shine;
And one that knew him, passing well,
Beheld, in him, a sound Divine.

But those of more discerning eye
Even then could other prospects show,
And saw him lay his *Virgil* by
To wander with his dearer *bow*.

The tedious hours of study spent,
The heavy-moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went,
Through lonely wastes he walked, he run.

No mystic wonders fired his mind;
He sought to gain no learned degree,
But only sense enough to find
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
The woody wild his heart possessed,
The dewy lawn, his morning dream
In fancy's gayest colours dressed.

"And why (he cried) did I forsake
"My native wood for gloomy walls;
"The silver stream, the limpid lake
"For musty books and college halls.

"A little could my wants supply—
"Can wealth and honour give me more;
"Or, will the sylvan god deny
"The humble treat he gave before?

"Let seraphs gain the bright abode,
"And heaven's sublimest mansions see——
"I only bow to NATURE's GOD——
"The land of shades will do for me.

"These dreadful secrets of the sky
"Alarm my soul with chilling fear—
"Do planets in their orbits fly,
"And is the earth, indeed, a sphere?

"Let planets still their *course* pursue,
"And comets to the CENTRE run—
"In HIM my faithful friend I view,
"The image of my God—the SUN.

"Where Nature's ancient forests grow,
"And mingled laurel never fades,
"My heart is fixed;—and I must go
"To die among my native shades."

He spoke, and to the western springs,
(His gown discharged, his money spent,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,)
The shepherd of the forest went.

May that fine spark, which Nature lent to man,
Reason, be thou extinguished in his brain;
Sudden his doom, contracted be his span,
Ne'er to exist, or spring from dust again.

May no kind genius save his step from harms:
Where'er he sails, may tempests rend the sea;
May never maiden yield to him her charms,
Nor prattling infant hang upon his knee!

Retire, retire, forget the inhuman shore:
Dark is the sun, when woes like these dismay;
Resign your groves, and view with joy no more
The fragrant orange, and the floweret gay."

ON THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

WHEN suns are set, and stars in view,
Not only *man* to slumber yields;
But Nature grants this blessing too,
To yonder *plants*, in yonder fields.

The Summer heats and lengthening days
(To them the same as toil and care)
Thrice welcome make the evening breeze,
That kindly does their strength repair.

At early dawn each plant survey,
And see, revived by Nature's hand,
With youthful vigour, fresh and gay,
Their blossoms blow, their leaves expand.

Yon' garden plant, with weeds o'er-run,
Not void of *thought*, perceives its hour,
And, watchful of the parting sun,
Throughout the night conceals her flower.

Like us, the slave of cold and heat,
She too enjoys her little span—
With *Reason*, only less complete
Than *that* which makes the boast of *man*.

Thus, moulded from one common clay,
A varied life adorns the plain;
By nature subject to decay,
BY NATURE MEANT TO BLOOM AGAIN!

THE PARTING GLASS.

(Written at an inn.)

[BY HEZEKIAH SALEM.]

THE man that joins in life's career
And hopes to find some comfort here;
To rise above this earthly mass,
The only way's to drink his GLASS.

But, still, on this uncertain stage,
Where hopes and fears the soul engage;
And while, amid the joyous band,
Unheeded flows the measured sand,
Forget not as the moments pass,
That TIME *shall bring the parting glass!*

In spite of all the mirth I've heard,
This is the glass I always feared;
The glass that would the rest destroy,
The farewell cup, the close of joy!

With YOU, whom Reason taught to *think*,
I could, for ages, sit and drink:
But with the fool, the sot, the ass,
I haste to take the parting glass.

The luckless wight, that still delays
His draught of joys to future days,
Delays too long—for then, alas!
Old age steps up, and—breaks the glass!

The nymph, who boasts no borrowed charms,
Whose sprightly wit my fancy warms;
What tho' she tends this country inn,
And mixes wine, and deals out *gin?*

No landlords here, with saucy eye,
Distrain our goods—and make us cry,

If states decline, or empires fail,
What odds to us, who live in jail:
Since freedom can be our's no more
'Twere mad to ask, *Who bolts the door?*

When sickness comes, so blest are we,
The doctor scarce expects a fee——:
What station can with our's compare,
Who, with our keys—thus lock out care!

QUINTILIAN TO LYCIDAS

"WHILE other lads their books forsake,
Or sigh to meet the hours of play:
You, LYCIDAS, no leisure take,
But still through learned volumes stray:—
With years so few, ah why so grave;
Why every hour to books a slave?

Hence, Lycidas, I pray, retire:
Go with your mates, and take your play—
Not him I prize, or much admire,
Who, curious, hangs on all I say:
The lad that's wise before his time,
Will be a coxcomb in his prime.

Stay not too close in learning's shop;——
'Till time a riper mind prepares,
The *ball*, the *marble*, and the *top*
Are *books*, that should divide your cares——
The lads that life's gay morn enjoy,
I'm pleased to see them act the boy.

I hate the pert, I hate the bold,
Who, proud of years but half a score,
With none but men would converse hold,
And things beyond their reach explore:
Like the famed Cretan, soaring high,
To melt their waxen wings and die.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

BOOK II.

ING ORIGINAL PIECES, WITH SOME RELA-
:O THE MORE EARLY EVENTS OF THE
:AN REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

antes licet usque, minus via lædet, eamus.

VIRGIL.

OCCASIONED BY A MELANCHOLY SURVEY
OLD ENGLISH TOBACCO BOX, INSCRIBED

in a dearth of tobacco, by HEZEKIAH SALEM.

ut what this box contained
d Queen ANNE in Britain reigned,
iness would be increased
perhaps, than she possessed.

, in many a pocket worn
e used by some unborn)
unfilled a week or more,
es the tobacco store,

ow has had its turn to fail;
shut up, the man in jail
behind the counter stood
ed what was pretty good.

e you here?—the turnkey said,
would have seen you dead!"—
am here—the man replied—
r so than to have died!]

again, in spite of that,
epackt with—I know what—
l fill its empty chest
VIRGINIA's very best.

rance of that mild perfume
all cheer the reading room,

Again delight your men of wit
Who have the taste to relish it.

This box I deem a small estate
Where all my prospects are complete,
Whose oval round, and clasp, confines
The riches of Potosi's mines.

My best ideas here are sown,
(And best expressed when most alone)
Here, every muse can find a place
Yet take no atom of its space.

TOBACCO! what to thee we owe,
Is what alone true smokers know:
To thee they owe the lively thought,
And joys without repentance bought.

To thee they owe the moral song,
The night that never seems too long,
The pleasant dream, refreshing sleep,
And sense that all should strive to keep.

It cures the pride of self-debate,
And pensive care, and deadly hate;
And love itself would nearer bring,
Did females love this coaxing thing.—

But they, the slaves of custom's rule,
Are ever to the smoker cool,
And hate the plant, whose gentle sway
Bids us their noisy tongues obey.

The happy days I would recall
When JANE to me was all in all!
The firm we to the town did show
Was, SALEM, JANE, SEGAR, and Co.

The sanded box was near us placed
Which held the dregs we chose to waste;
Thus pleased to pass the winter's eve,
And thus the lingering hours deceive.

No wrangling was permitted there—
'Twas friendship all, and love sincere;
And they received affronts enough
Who entered with the CLOVEN HOOF.

The social whiff went cheerly on!—
But JANE is to that people gone
Where dear tobacco!—strong and sound—
Is not upon their invoice found!—

It sheds a magic on my pen
To deaden all despotic men,
A charm that can the soul command,
Nor kings, nor courtiers shall withstand:

Such, vested with imperial sway,
O'er bodies reign, dull, stupid, blind;
But us the nobler powers obey,
We reign, despotic, o'er the mind!

It aids us in the tuneful art
To catch the ear, or move the heart;
An hour with Nancy can beguile,
But meets not her approving smile!

Of northern pine her floors were made,
A carpet on the boards was spread;
And who shall dare this floor prophane,
Which Nancy keeps without a stain?—

The watchful demon in her eye
The smallest speck can there espy;
And he shall curse his natal hour
Who spits upon this velvet floor:

I saw her anger waxing hot,
I heard her threaten, Do it not,
Or, instant, quit these doors of mine,
And be converted into swine.—

This powerful plant, if fortune frown,
Can make the bitter draught go down;
It keeps me warm in Greenland's frost,
And gives me more than all I lost.

The joys of wine, without its bane,
That kindles frenzy in the brain;
All these are here—and more than these
In this tobacco box I'll squeeze.

It holds a part of all I prize
Within this world that bounded lies;

And when the ashes only shows,
The spirit into æther goes.

Dismissed to that SERENE ABODE,
Where no TOBACCO is allowed!———
The comfort is, that free from care,
We neither wish, nor want it THERE.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

ON A YOUNG GALLANT DROWNED IN A MILL-POND.

LOST in the pool, the bloom upon his cheek
And matted in the wave, his hair so sleek—
His India vest, and coat of bottle-green,
No more at church, or play-house, shall be seen.
No more shall *Chloes* that complexion praise,
No more the buckle shine, the button blaze.—
How will BELINDA, when this loss she hears,
Mourn her ADONIS in a flood of tears!
Drowned in a *pool*, and scarce a fathom deep,
(A shallow grave)—how will Belinda weep!
"*Had this but hap'd* (the pensive maiden cries)
"*Far on the Atlantic main, where billows rise,*
"*And stormy gales the foundering vessel chace,*
"*I might have borne it with a better face:*
"*But, to be drowned where only cat-fish play,*
"*And slippery eels pursue their groveling way;*
"*Where shepherd Damon scours his lousy goats,*
"*Or truant school-boys sail their baby boats—*
"*This breaks my heart—this prompts the heavy sigh—*
"*Was ever wretched girl so plagued as I,*
"*Condemned to pass* THREE DAYS *in grief and pain—*
"*Go* Jackey, *go—dear boy—and haul the sein!*"

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND.

IN spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The *posture*, that *we* give the dead,
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.*

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
ACTIVITY, that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit—
Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not *lie*, but here they *sit*.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played!

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale *Shebah*, with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

* The North American Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture; decorating the corpse with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds, &c: And (if that of a warrior) with bows, arrows, tomhawks, and other military weapons.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

THE ALMANAC MAKER.

WHILE others dwell on mean affairs,
Monarchs, their councils, and their wars,
Philaster roves among the stars.

In melancholy silence, he
Travels alone, and cannot see
An equal for his company.

Not one of all the learned train
Like him can manage *Charles's wain*,
Or motion of the moon explain.

He tells us when the sun will rise,
Points out fair days, or clouded skies;—
No matter if he sometimes lies.

An annual almanac to frame,
And publish with fictitious name,
Is all his labour, all his aim.

He every month has something new,
And mostly deals in what is true,
Informing all, and cheating few.

Our sister moon, the stars, the sun,
In measured circles round him run;
He knows their motions—every one.

The solar system at his will—
To mortify such daring skill,
The comets—they are rebels still.

Advancing in its daily race,
He calculates each planet's place;
Nor can the moon elude his chace.

In dark eclipse when she would hide
And be awhile the cloystered bride,
He pulls her veil of crape aside.

Each passing age must have its taste:—
The sun is in the centre placed,
And fuel must supply his waste;

But how to find it he despairs,
Nor will he leave his idle cares,
Or Jove to mind his own affairs.

He prophesies the sun's decay;
And while he would his fate delay,
New sorrows on his spirits prey.

The pole has left its ancient track,
The signs are all a going back,
Indeed they are a stubborn pack.

So much upon his shoulders laid,
He reads what Aristotle said;
Then calls the comets to his aid,

The people of the lunar sphere
(As he can plainly make appear)
Are coming nearer, year by year.

Though others often gaze in vain,
Not one of all the starry train
Could ever puzzle his strong brain.

The ram, the twins, the shining goat,
And Argo, in the skies afloat,
To him are things of little note:

And that which now adorns the bear,
(I heard him say) the sailor's star,
Will be, in time, the lord knows where;

Will shine, he says, in southern skies,
And be observed, by other eyes,
Which now to see him he defies.

Thus Nature waiting at his call,
His book, in vogue with great and small,
Is sought, admired, and read by all.

How happy thus on earth to stay,
The planets keeping him in pay—
And when 'tis time to post away,

Old *Saturn* will a bait prepare,
And hook him up from toil and care
To make new calculations *there*.

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

[BY HEZEKIAH SALEM.]

DRESSED out in all her gay attire,
Who sees, but seeing, must admire
The nymph, with all her cruel arts,
Bound on a cruise, to capture hearts.

Aloft her silken streamers play,
The ensigns of unbounded sway:
For her the wretched victim burns,
Yet she no love for love returns.

Young Jocky, from the isle of Kent,
In vain pursuit a year had spent,
And owned at last some knight or peer
Could only hope to conquer her.

Proud of the artillery of her eyes
She would not own so poor a prize,
But, disregarding force or prayer,
She struck him dumb, and left him there.

Thus, huntsmen of their prowess boast,
Who, hunting on the Spanish coast,
No deer at once by them is slain,
But left to languish on the plain.

When first this heavenly form I passed,
She backed her topsails to the mast—

re was no chance to fly,
she bade me yield or die.

at such a strange attack,
l my course, and hurried back;
a fatal arrow met
:d me deep, and pains me yet.

ı, what a strange mistake
thus, for *ruin's* sake,
lelude us in distress,
the prize you should possess:

.y advance, with silent pace,
that form of every grace,
our conquests be repaid——
ague O'Murphy, and his spade.

E VISION OF THE NIGHT.

[A FRAGMENT.]

ers draw from smiling skies their theme
of climes, that boast unceasing light:
darker scene replete with gloom,
: horrors, and the shades of night.

, believe the truth experience tells,
eams are of a livelier cast
se, which o'er the sober brain diffused,
ıe images of some action past.

own thy power! when sunk in sleep,
yest thy wild delusive part so well,
: us into immortality,
:w heavens, or draw dark scenes of hell.

sad means, when reason holds no sway,
roved at midnight o'er a plain
ıurmuring streams, and mingling rivers flow
their springs, and seek the sea again.

Sweet vernal *May*—tho' then thy woods, in bloom,
Flourished, yet nought of this could Fancy see:
No wild pinks blessed the meads, no green the fields,
And naked seemed to stand each lifeless tree.

Dark was the sky, and not one friendly star
Shone from the zenith, or horizon clear;
Mist sate upon the plains, and darkness rode
In her dark chariot, with her ebon spear.

And from the wilds, the late resounding note
Issued, of the loquacious whipperwill*
Hoarse, howling dogs, and nightly-roving wolves
Clamoured from far-off cliffs, invisible.

Rude, from the deep, vast foaming Chesapeke
I heard the winds the dashing waves assail:
And saw from far, by picturing fancy formed,
The black ship travelling thro' the adverse gale.

At last, by chance, and guardian fancy, led,
I reached a noble dome, raised fair and high,
And saw the light from upper-windows glare,
Presage of mirth and hospitality.

And, by that light, around the dome appeared
A mournful garden of autumnal hue,
Its lately pleasing flowers, all drooping, stood
Amidst high weeds, that in rank plenty grew.

The primrose there, the violet darkly blue,
Daisies, and fair narcissus ceased to rise;
Gay spotted pinks their charming bloom withdrew,
And polyanthus quenched its thousand dyes.

No pleasant fruit, or blossom gaily smiled—
Nought but unhappy plants and trees were seen,
The yew, the myrtle, and the gloomy elm,
The cypress, with her melancholy green:

There cedars dark, the osier, and the pine,
Shorn tamarisks, and weeping willows grew;
The poplar tall, the lotos, and the lime,
And pyracantha, did her leaves renew:

* *A bird* peculiar to America; of a solitary nature, that never *sings but in* the night. Her note resembles the above name, given *to her by* the country people.

he poppy, there, companion to repose,
splayed her blossoms, that began to fall;
id there the purple amaranthus rose,
ith mint, strong-scented, for the funeral.

id here and there, with laurel shrubs between,
tombstone lay, inscribed with strains of woe;
id stanzas sad, throughout the dismal green,
mented for the dead, that slept below.

nong the graves a spiry building stood,
hose tolling bell, resounding through the shade,
ng doleful ditties to the adjacent wood;
nd many a dismal, drowsy thing it said:

This fabric tall, with towers and chancels graced,
Was raised by churchmen's hands, in ages fled;
The roof they painted, and the beams they braced,
And texts from *Moses* o'er the walls they spread:

But wicked were their hearts, for they refused
To aid the helpless orphan, when distrest;
The shivering, naked stranger they mis-used,
And banished from their doors the starving guest.

By laws protected, cruel and prophane,
The poor man's ox these monsters drove away;—
And left distress to attend the infant train,
No friend to comfort, and no bread to stay!

But heaven looked on, with keen resentful eye,
And doomed them to perdition and the grave;
That, as they felt not for the wretch distrest,
So heaven no pity on their souls would have.

In pride they raised this building, tall and fair;
Their hearts were on perpetual mischief bent:
With pride they preached, and pride was in their prayer;
With pride they were deceived——and so to hell they went."

THE WILD HONEY SUCKLE.

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between, is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

THE VANITY OF EXISTENCE.

TO THYRSIS.

IN youth, gay scenes attract our eyes,
And not suspecting their decay
Life's flowery fields before us rise,
Regardless of its winter day.

But vain pursuits, and joys as vain,
Convince us life is but a dream.
Death is to wake, to rise again
To that true life you best esteem.

So nightly on some shallow tide,
Oft have I seen a splendid show;
Reflected stars on either side,
And glittering moons were seen below.

But when the tide had ebbed away,
The scene fantastic with it fled,
A bank of mud around me lay,
And sea-weed on the river's bed.

MAY TO APRIL.

WITHOUT your showers, I breed no flowers;
Each field a barren waste appears;
If you don't weep, my blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay made room for *May*,
So I must part with all that's mine:
My balmy breeze, my blooming trees
To torrid suns their sweets resign!

O'er *April* dead, my shades I spread:
To her I owe my dress so gay——
Of daughters three, it falls on me
To close our triumphs on one day:

Thus, to repose, all Nature goes;
Month after month must find its doom:
Time on the wing, May ends the Spring,
And Summer dances on her tomb!

THE SEXTON'S SERMON,

AT THE BURIAL OF A DEIST.

A FEW short years, at most, will bound our span;
" (*Wretched* and *few*," the Hebrew patriarch said)
Live while you may, be jovial while you can;
Too soon our debt to Nature, must be paid.

When Nature fails, the man exists no more,
And death is nothing but an empty name,
Spleen's odious offspring, in some gloomy hour;—
The coward's tyrant, and the bad man's dream.

You ask me, where those numerous hosts have fled
That once existed on this changeful ball?
If aught remains, when mortal man is dead,*
Where ere their birth they were, they now are all.

Seek not for Paradise!—'tis not for you
Where, high in heaven, its sweetest blossoms blow;
Nor even, where gliding to the Persian main,
Your waves, *Euphrates*, through the garden flow.

What is this DEATH, ye thoughtless mourners, say?
Death is no more than never-ceasing change:
New forms arise, while other forms decay,
Yet, all is life throughout creation's range.

The towering *Alps*, the haughty *Apinenine*,
The *Andes*, wrapt in everlasting snow,
The *Apalachian*, and the *Ararat*,
Sooner or later, must to ruin go.

Hills sink to plains, and man returns to dust;
That dust supports a reptile or a flower;
Each changeful atom, by some other nursed,
Takes some new form, to perish in an hour.

When Nature bids thee from the world retire,
With joy thy lodging leave, a sated guest,
In sleep's blest state (our DULLMAN'S fond desire)
Existing always——always to be blest.

* Quæris quo loco jaceant omnes mortui?—
——Ubi non nata jacent. Seneca Trag.

Like insects busy in a summer's day,
We toil and squabble, to increase our pain:
Night comes at last, and weary of the fray,
To dust and silence all are sent again!

Beneath my hand what numerous crowds retire—
By the cold turf for ages, now, oppressed!
Millions have fallen—and millions must expire,
Doomed by the impartial POWER to endless rest.

In vain with stars *He* decked yon' spangled skies,
And bade the mind to heaven's bright regions soar,
And brought so far to your admiring eyes
A glimpse of glories, that shall blaze no more!

What is there here, that man should wish to bear
A weight of years?—such rage to madness vext;
Wan, wasting, grief, and ever musing care,
Distressful pain, and poverty perplext?——

What is there here, but tombs and monuments—
Tyrants——who misery spread through every shore;
Wide wasting wars, the scourge of innocence;
Fevers and plagues, with all their noxious store?

Before we called this wrangling world our home,
In undisturbed abodes we sweetly slept:
But when dame Nature made that world our doom,
'Twas then our troubles came—and then we wept!

Though humbled now, disheartened, or distressed,
Yet, when returning to the peaceful ground,
With heroes, kings, and conquerors we shall rest;
Shall sleep as sweetly, and no doubt, as sound.

Ne'er shall we hope to see the day-light spring
Or from the up-lifted window lean to hear
(Fore-runner of the scarlet-mantled morn)
The early note of wakeful *Chanticleer!*

Oblivion there, expands her raven wing:—
We soon must go where all the dead are gone,
Trace the dull path, explore the gloomy road
To that dark country, where I see no dawn.

Then why these sobs, these useless floods of woe,
That vainly flow for the departed *dead?*
If doomed to wander on the coasts below,
What are to *them* these floods of grief you shed?

Since heaven in rapture doth *their* hours employ—
If empty sighs, or groans, could reach them there,
These funeral howls would damp their heaven of joy:
Would make them wretched, and renew their care.

The joys of wine, immortal as my theme,
To days of mirth the aspiring soul invite:
Life, void of this, a punishment I deem,
A Greenland winter, robbed of heat and light.

Ah! envy not, ye sages too precise,
The drop from life's gay tree, that kills our woe—
NOAH himself, the wary and the wise,
A vineyard planted—and the vines did grow.

(Of social soul was he)—the grape he pressed,
And drank the juice, oblivious to his care:
Sorrow he banished from his place of rest,
And sighs, and *sextons*, had no business there.

Such bliss be our's through every changing scene:
The jovial face bespeaks the glowing heart;
If heaven be joy, wine is to heaven a-kin,
Since, wine, on earth, can heavenly joys impart.

Mere glow-worms are we all—a moment shine!—
I, like the rest, in giddy circles run,
And grief shall say, when I this breath resign,
HIS GLASS IS EMPTY, AND HIS SERMON DONE!

THE DISH OF TEA.

LET some in beer place their delight,
O'er bottled porter waste the night,
  Or sip the rosy wine:
A dish of TEA more pleases me,
Yields softer joys, provokes less noise,
  And breeds no base design.

rom China's groves, this present brought,
nlivens every power of thought,
Riggs many a ship for sea:
ld maids it warms, young widows charms;
nd ladies' men, not one in ten
But courts them for their TEA.

hen throbbing pains assail my head,
nd dullness o'er my brain is spread,
(The muse no longer kind)
single sip dispels the hyp:
o chace the gloom, fresh spirits come,
The flood-tide of the mind.

hen worn with toil, or vext with care,
et *Susan* but this draught prepare,
And I forget my pain.
his magic bowl revives the soul;
ith gentlest sway, bids care be gay;
Nor mounts, to cloud the brain.——

learned men the truth would speak
hey prize it far beyond their GREEK,
More fond attention pay;
o HEBREW root so well can suit;
lore quickly taught, less dearly bought,
Yet *studied* twice a day.

his leaf, from distant regions sprung,
uts life into the female tongue,
And aids the cause of love.
ch power has TEA o'er bond and free;
hich *priests* admire, delights the *'squire*,
And *Galen's* sons approve.

AN

APOLOGY FOR INTEMPERANCE

[BY HEZEKIAH SALEM.]

"You blame the blushes on my nose,
"And yet admire the blushing rose;
"On Nancy's cheek the bloom you prize,
"And yet, on mine, that bloom despise.

"The world of spirits you admire,
"To which all holy men aspire:
"Yet, me with curses you requite,
"Because in *spirits* I delight.

"Whene'er I fall, and crack my crown,
"You blame me much for *falling down*——
"Yet to some *god*, that you adore,
"You, too, fall prostrate on the floor.

"You call me fool for drinking hard;
"And yet old HUDSON you regard,
"Who fills his jug from yonder bay,
"And drinks his guts-full, every day!"—

MODERN DEVOTION.

[BY H. SALEM.]

TO church I went, with good intent,
To hear *Sangrado* preach and pray;
But objects there, black, brown, and fair,
Turned eyes and heart a different way.

Miss Patty's fan, miss Molly's man,
With powdered hair and dimpled cheek;
Miss Bridget's eyes, that once made prize
Of Fopling with his hair so sleek:

mbroidered gowns, and play-house tunes
stranged all hearts from heaven too wide:
felt most odd, this house of God
ıould all be flutter, pomp, and pride.

ow, pray be wise, no prayers will rise
o heaven—where hearts are not sincere.
o church was made for Cupid's trade;
hen why these arts of ogling here?

ince time draws nigh, when you and I,
t *church*, must claim the sexton's care!—
eave pride at home, whene'er you come
o pay to heaven your offerings, *there!*

ON A PAINTER,

HO WAS ENDEAVOURING TO RECOVER, FROM MEMORY, THE FEATURES OF A DECEASED LADY.

HILE health supplies the swelling veins,
nd youth's warm blush the face retains,
second life the pencil gives,
nd beauty on the canvas lives.

he artist views, with fond surprize,
om Nature stolen, the glossy eyes,
he blushing cheek, the forehead fair,
he damask lip, the auburn hair.

he nymph, by Nature meant to please,
er other self on canvas sees;
er face, that now so frail appears,
enewed, to last a thousand years.—

ll this was gained from *Flemish* schools,
rom *Raphael's* plans, or *Titian's* rules:
lan did to man his gift impart,
nd age to age transferred the art.

n schemes, derived from reason's law;
hey copied well whate'er they saw,

Of breathing forms the semblance drew;
To Nature's type each picture true.

But O! the cheek, that glows no more.
On canvas how can you restore!
Where death his frozen hand hath laid,
No art recalls the face decayed!

By memory's help, from ocean's urn
Can you the gentle maid return;
With her closed eyes, the bosom warm;
Nor cheat us with a meaner form?

Here, only here, within this breast,
Not wronged by art, her beauties rest;
Not for the vulgar view designed,
And painted merely for the mind!

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE;

OR, THE RUN-A-WAY MATCH:

A REAL STORY.

BORN in the woods, in neighbouring cabbins br
Two lovers long a mutual passion swayed:
When vexed with lice, *she* fondly combed his hea
He often helped her at the hoe and spade.

Her spinning weeel if accidents befell,
He straight with joy repaired the frail machine;
And once a week, not led by sound of bell,
At country church was each fond lover seen.

Amidst these joys ambition had no share,
No hopes of splendid domes, no pride had they—
Amidst these joys, this loving, longing pair
What could have tempted to have run-a-way?—

Both poor alike; no gold had they in store,
No wealthy kin gave hopes of future prize:
Scarce once a year her muslin gown she wore,
Scarce once a month a *shilling* blessed his eyes.

parents stern had e'er refused consent :
by and *Joan* their growing loves approved——
m and *Sawney* oft their present made
tail tobacco—to the nymph beloved.——

gossip *Kate's she* hardly knew the road :
to the market and the mill had been ;
ir names unknown beyond the adjacent wood ;
had no towns, and she no cities seen.

nidnight hour, when troubled ghosts patrol,
silent, to the cellar window came :
from her nest of straw, to meet him stole ;
mounted on his nag, bore off the dame.

ere were ye dogs, when this unfeeling wight
air a Helen stole from such a bed ?
y did not Nanny from her usual height
tow some citron water on his head ?

traggling parson tied the sacred knot——
uick pursuit the trembling couple feared ;
en moved again, and forced the steed a-trot——
d's angry voice in every breath she heard.

break-of-day be-wildered and be-swamped,
ep in the mire, this couple and their nag
ere lodged—she snuffled, while he swore and stampt,
rse-whipt the horse, and called the bride—a hag.

w, and on foot, with shame returning home,
th from their gaping friends forgiveness pray :
en to his spade he turns, and she her loom ;——
d when they're asked the reason of their flight
answers straight (as many others might)
urs, 'tis the fashion now to run-a-way !"

THE BRIDGE OF DELAWARE.

A VIEW IN JANUARY.

March 20, 1784.

WHILE hid from day the wandering *Lehigh* weeps,
Mantled in frost, romantic *Schuylkill* sleeps;
While ruffian HUDSON takes a long repose,
The frozen DELAWARE wraps his breast in snows:
His wave, that bore the pile of mighty freight,
Now wafts the new-formed sailor on the skait;
Where once the pilot spread the shivering sail,
Or hauled his bow-lines, to embrace the gale,
There now he walks, repining at his lot,
Nor cares a farthing if it blows or not.—
Here, where whole fleets, safe moored, at anchor lay,
Now *Jersey* nymphs with *Southwark* ladies stray:
Where lofty ships with streamers cut a dash,
They show their ribbons and the huge *calash*.
Some, by themselves—some convoyed by a beau,
All wander, careless of the gulph below;
Devoid of fear, on NATURE'S BRIDGE they float,
And scorn the aid of *Charon*, and his boat.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF TWO YOUNG PERSONS (TWIN BROTHERS) *ROBERT SEVIER* AND *WILLIAM SEVIER*, WHO WERE KILLED BY THE SAVAGES ON CUMBERLAND RIVER, IN NORTH-CAROLINA, IN ATTEMPTING TO ASSIST A NEW SETTLER, WHO WAS THEN PASSING THE RIVER WITH A NUMEROUS FAMILY.

IN the same hour two vigorous youths were born,
Nature, with care, had moulded either clay.
In the same hour, from this world's limits torn,
The murderous Indian seized their lives away.

Distress to aid, impelled each generous breast;
With nervous arm they braved the adverse tide,
In friendship's cause encountered death's embrace
Blameless they lived, in honour's path they died.

But ah! what art shall dry a father's tears!
Who shall relieve, or what beguile his pain!
Clouds shade his sun, and griefs advance with years—
Nature gave joys, to take those joys again.

Thou, that shalt rove to these sequestered streams,
When times to come their story shall relate;
Let the warm heart, that native worth esteems,
Record their virtues, and bemoan their fate.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE POPPY.

——*Opifer per Orbem dicor.*

"In this the God, benevolent to man,
Lulls every woe, and deadens every pain."

WHEN the first men to this world's climates came
Smit by the winter's rude inclement blast,
Unskilled to raise the wall, or wake the fire,
Badly, in narrow huts, their lives they passed.

Conscious of pains they knew not how to cure,
In vain they sighed, and sighing begged relief,
No druggist came, by art or reason taught
With strength of potent herbs, to calm their grief.

Fierce tortures to allay, some reverend sage
Preach'd PATIENCE to the pangs, that could not hear;
For restless anguish doomed her victim still
To groan thro' life, and sigh from year to year.

At length from Jove, and heaven's etherial dome
Sky-walking Hermes came to view these plains:
He looked—and saw what fate or gods had done,
And gave the POPPY, to relieve all pains.

Then to the sons of grief his speech addressed,
" Through this dull flower is shed such potent dew,
" When pain distracts—drink this—and drown in sleep
" All ills, that Nature sent to torture you.

" From other worlds, by other beings trod,
" To these bleak climes this plundered plant I bore;
" Receive a gift, all worthy of a god,
" *Since pain, when hushed to sleep,—is pain no more.*"

MINERVA'S ADVICE.

AS from the port, in airy trim,
Old ARGO first was seen to glide,
With sails so white and masts so slim,
The moving wonder of the tide;—
As down the stream she made her way,
With all so new, and all so gay,
Thus Neptune whispered in the ear,
" *Who know not danger, know not fear.*
" Bred up to sail on Meles' stream,
" These wights at length would grow more wise;
" The ocean has such waves, they deem,
" As on that gentle river rise;
" For songs and dances they prepare,
" But *Fortune is the child of care.*"

Arrived upon the vast domain,
Where tempests rave and monsters play,
Strange feelings seized each gallant swain,
As stretched upon the decks they lay
The gale grew high, the barque was tossed,
The pilot cried, The ship is lost!
The chaplain left his cards, and cup;
The boatswain spewed his entrails up;
When forth Minerva shone confest,
And thus the trembling chief addressed:

Ah Jason, why those sighs and tears,
Why is that nervous arm unstrung,
To honour, best, true courage steers,
When thickest dangers round her throng,
Sighs ne'er will hush the waves to peace,
Nor gain for you, the GOLDEN FLEECE.

Would you the gentle nymph review,
Who hopes and sighs for your return,
To action drive the skulking crew,
That now their speedy ruin mourn:
Love hates the wretch whom storms appall:
But smiles on him who scorns them all.

Would you surmount old Neptune's snares,
Unfathomed seas that gape to drown,
Send not to Jove those sneaking prayers,
But bring the yards and topmasts down;
When storms blow high, such shrimps as you,
Should learn to set their canvas low."

Mused by a voice that seemed divine,
So more the chief, dejected, lay:
Convinced 'twas idle to repine,
He boldly faced the stormy day,
Through lurking dangers steered his barque,
And, landing, made this grave remark;
Ruin the ruffian rarely meets,
As he grows saucy, she retreats!

A POLITICAL LITANY.

Libera nos, Domine—DELIVER US, O LORD, *not only from British Dependence, but also,*

FROM a junto that labour with absolute power,
Whose schemes disappointed, have made them look sour,
From the lords of the council, who fight against freedom,
Who still follow on where delusion shall lead them.

From the group at St. James's who slight our petitions,
And fools that are waiting for further submissions—
From a nation whose manners are rough and severe,
From scoundrels and rascals,—do keep us all clear.

From pirates sent out by command of the king
To murder and plunder, but never to swing;
From *Wallace*, and *Greaves*, and *Vipers*, and *Roses*,*
Whom, if heaven pleases, we'll give bloody noses.

From the valiant *Dunmore*, with his crew of banditti,
Who plunder Virginians at *Williamsburg* city,
From hot-headed *Montague*, mighty to swear,
The little fat man, with his pretty white hair.

From bishops in Britain, who butchers are grown,
From slaves, that would die for a smile from the throne,
From assemblies, that vote against *Congress proceedings*,
(Who now see the fruit of their stupid misleadings.)

From *Tryon* the mighty, who flies from our city,
And swelled with importance disdains the committee;
(But since he is pleased to proclaim us his foes,
What the devil care we where the devil he goes.)

From the caitiff, lord *North*, who would bind us in chains,
From a royal king Log, with his tooth-full of brains,
Who dreams, and is certain (when taking a nap)
He has conquered our lands, as they lay on his map.

From a kingdom that bullies, and hectors, and swears,
We send up to heaven our wishes and prayers
That we, disunited, may freemen be still,
And Britain go on—to be damned if she will.

New-York, June 1775.

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* Captains and ships in the British navy, then employed on the American coast.

GENERAL GAGE'S SOLILOQUY.

Scene, Boston, besieged by the men of Massachusetts.

Written, and published in New-York, 1775.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart, unwounded, play—
Or some must WRITE, while some must SPEAK;
So runs the world away!

SHAKESPEARE.

DESTRUCTION waits my call!—some demon say
Why does destruction linger on her way!
Charlestown is burnt, and Warren is deceased—
Heavens! shall we never be from war released?
Ten years the Greeks besieged the walls of Troy!
But when did Grecians their own towns destroy?
Yes! that's the point—Let those who will, say, No;
GEORGE and NORTH decree—it must be so.
Doubts, black as night, disturb my loved repose—
Even that were once my friends have turned my foes—
What if we conquer this *rebellious town*,
Suppose we burn it, storm it, tear it down—
This land's like *Hydra*, cut off but *one* head,
And TEN shall rise, and dare you in its stead.
To subdue a league or two of coast
Requires a navy, and so large a host,
How shall a length of twice seven hundred miles
Be brought to bend to two European isles?—
And *that*, when all their utmost strength unite,
When twelve* dominions swear to arm and fight,
When the same spirit darts from every eye,
One fixed resolve to gain their point or die?
As for myself—true—I was born to fight
As George commands, let him be wrong or right,

* Georgia had not at this time acceded to the Union of the Thirteen States.

While from his hand I squeeze the golden prize
I'll ask no questions, and he'll tell no lies—
But did I swear, I ask my heart again,
In their base projects monarchs to maintain?—
Yes—when REBELLION her artillery brings
And aims her arrows at the best of kings,
I stand a champion in my monarch's cause—
The men are *rebels* that resist his laws.
A VICEROY I—like modern monarchs, stay
Safe in the town—let others guide the fray:
A life, like mine, is of no common worth:
'Twere wrong, by heaven, that I should sally forth!
A random bullet from a RIFLE sent
Might pierce my heart; and ruin NORTH's intent:
Let others combat in the dusty field,
Let petty captains scorn to live or yield,
I'll send my ships to neighbouring isles, where stray
Unnumbered herds, and steal those herds away,
I'll strike the women in this town with awe,
And make them tremble at my martial law.
Should gracious heaven befriend our troops and fleet,
And throw this vast dominion at my feet,
How would Britannia echo with my fame!
What endless honours would await my name!
In every province should the traveller see
Recording marble raised, to honour me——
Hard by the lakes, my sovereign lord would grant
A rural empire to supply my want,
A manour would but poorly serve my turn,
Less than an Empire, from my soul, I scorn!
An ample kingdom round Ontario's lake
By heaven, should be the least reward I'd take,
There might I reign, unrivalled and alone,
An ocean and an empire of my own!——
What though the scribblers and the wits might say,
He built his pile on vanquished LIBERTY——
Let others meanly dread the slanderous tongue,
While I obey my king, can I do wrong?—
Then, to accomplish all my soul's desire,
Let red-hot bullets set their towns on fire;

May heaven, if so the righteous judgment pass,
Change earth to steel, the sky to solid brass,
Let hosts combined, from Europe centering here,
Strike this base offspring with alarm and fear;
Let heaven's broad concave to the centre ring,
And blackest night expand her sable wing,
The infernal powers in dusky combat join,
Wing the swift ball, or spring the deadly mine;
(Since 'tis most true, though some may think it odd,
The foes of Britain are the foes of God:)
Let bombs, like comets, kindle all the air,
Let cruel famine prompt the orphan's prayer,
And every ill that war or want can bring
Be showered on subjects that renounce their king,
What is their plea?—our sovereign only meant
This people should be *taxed without consent.*
Ten years the court with secret cunning tried
To gain this point—the event their hopes belied:
How should they else than sometimes miss the mark
Who sleep at helm, yet think to steer the barque?
North, take advice; thy lucky genius show,
Dispatch Sir Jeffery* to the *states* below.
That gloomy prince, whom mortals *Satan* call,
Must help us quickly, if he help at all—
You strive in vain by force of bribes to tie;
They see through all your schemes with half an eye,
If open force with secret bribes *I* join,
The contest sickens—and the day is mine.
But hark the trumpet's clangor—hark—ah me!
What means this march of *Washington* and *Lee?*
When men, like these, such distant marches make,
Fate whispers something—that we can't mistake;—
When men like these defy my martial rule,
Good heaven! it is no time to play the fool——
Perhaps, they for their country's freedom rise;
North has, perhaps, deceived me with his lies.—
If George at last a tyrant should be found,
A cruel tyrant, by no sanctions bound,

* Sir Jeffery Amherst, who about this time, refused to act against the colonial cause.

And I, myself, in an unrighteous cause,
Be sent to execute the worst of laws,
How will those dead whom I conjured to fight—
Who sunk in arms to everlasting night,
Whose blood the conquering foe conspired to spill
At Lexington and Bunker's fatal hill,
Whose mangled corpses scanty graves embrace—
Rise from those graves, and curse me to my face!——
Alas! that e'er ambition bade me roam,
Or thirst of power forsake my native home—
What shall I do?—*there*, crowd the hostile bands;
Here, waits a navy to receive commands—
I speak the language of my heart—shall I
Steal off by night, and o'er the ocean fly,
Like a lost man to unknown regions stray,
And to oblivion leave this stormy day?—
Or shall I to Britannia's shores again,
And, big with lies, conceal my thousands slain?—
Yes—to some distant clime my course I steer,
To any country rather than be here,
To worlds, where Reason scarce exerts her law,
A branch-built cottage, and a bed of straw——
Even Scotland's coast seems charming in my sight,
And frozen *Zembla* yields a strange delight.—
But such vexations in my bosom burn,
That to these shores I never will return,
'Till fruits and flowers on Greenland's coast be known,
And frosts are thawed in climates once their own.
Ye souls of fire, who burn for chief command,
Come! take my place in this disastrous land;
To wars like these I bid a long good night—
Let North and George themselves such battles fight.

THE

EXPEDITION

OF

TIMOTHY TAURUS,

ASTROLOGER,

THE FALLS OF PASSAICK RIVER, IN NEW JERSEY:

ritten soon after an excursion to the village at that lace in August 1775, under the character of TIMO-HY TAURUS, a student in astrology; and formerly rinted in New-York.

Characters of the Poem.

ıothy Taurus, Astrologer, in ve with Tryphena.	Lawyer Ludwick.
›oots, a Quaker and his two laughters.	Parson Pedro.
lman, a City Broker.	Doctor Sangrado.
ıeon Samuel.	Saunders, a Horse Jockey.
gadier General Nimrod.	Gubbin, a Tavern Keeper.
	Scalpella Gubbin, his Wife.
	Milhollan, a Farmer.

Y morning of life is beclouded with care!
vill go to PASSAICK, I say and I swear—
› the falls of Passaick, that elegant scene,
here all is so pretty, and all is so green—
ıat river Passaick!—celestial indeed!
ıat river of rivers, no rivers exceed.——
Now why, I would ask, should I puzzle my brain,
ıe nature of stars, or their use to explain—
› trace the effects they may have on our earth,
›w govern our actions, or rule at our birth?
ve years have I been at these studies, and scanned
ll the books on the subject that sophists have planned!

I am sorry to say (yet it ought to be said)
The stars have not sent me one rye loaf of bread!
Not a shilling to purchase a glass of good beer,—
By my soul, it's enough to make ministers swear.
TRYPHENA may argue, and say what she will,
I am sure all my fortune is going down hill:
Dear girl! if you wait 'till the planets are for us
Your name will scarce alter to TRYPHENA TAURUS.
Tryphena! I love you—have courted you long—
But find all my labours will end in a song!——
"Will you play at *all-fours?*"—she said, very jolly—
I answered, The play at all-fours is all folly!
"Will you play, then, at whist"—she obligingly said—
I answered, the game is gone out of my head.—
Indeed, I am weary—I feel rather sick,
So, I leave you, Tryphena, to win the ODD TRICK.——
There's a music some talk of, that's play'd by th spheres:—
I wish him all luck who this harmony hears;
And the people who hear it, I hope they may find
It is not a music that fills them with wind.—
There's Saturn, and Venus, and Jove, and the rest;
Their music to me is not quite of the best.——
These orbs of the stars, and *that* globe of the moon
To me, I am certain, all play a wrong tune.
Not a creature that plods in, or ploughs up the dirt,
But from the mean clod gets a better support:
Then farewell to Mars, and the rest of the gang,
And the comets—I tell them they all may go hang;
I mean, if they only with music will *treat*,
It is not to me the best cooked of all meat.
They may go where they will, and return when the please,
—And I hope they'll remember to pay up my fees—
So I leave *them* awhile, to be cheerful below,
And away to Passaick most merrily go!
The month, it was August, and meltingly warm,
Not a cloud in the sky nor the sign of a storm;
So I jumped in the stage, with a freight of the FAIR,
And in less than a day at Passaick we were.——
Well, arrived at the FALLS, I procured me a bed
In a box of a house—you might call it a shed;

ıe best of the taverns were all pre-engaged,
I barely was lodged, or rather encaged;
:t, cage as it was, I enjoyed a regale
victuals three times every day, without fail:
ıere was poultry, and pyes, and a dozen things more
ıa. the damnable college had never in store:
easted, and lived on such fat of the place
ıat the college would not have remembered my face—
long had I fed on their trash algebraic,
deed, it was time I went to Passaick!—
The rocks were amazing, and such was the height,
ıey struck me at once with surprize and delight.
The waters rushed down with a terrible roar—
hat a pleasure it was to be lounging on shore!
ıey now were as clear as old Helicon's stream,
as clear as the clearest in poetry's dream.—
ıese FALLS were stupendous, the fountains so clear,
ıat another Narcissus might see himself here,
ɔr only Narcissus—some ill-featured faces
om the springs were reflected—not made up of graces.
But now I must tell you—what people were met:
ıey were, on my conscience, a wonderful sett;
me came for their health, and some came for their pleasure,
ıd to steal from the city a fortnight of leisure;
me came for a day, and yet more for a week,
me came from the college, tormented with Greek,
ɔ continue as long as their means would afford,
hat is, while the taverns would trust them their board:
)f the last mentioned class, I confess I was one,
ɔr why should I fib when the mischief is done?)
This age may decay, and another may rise,
:fore it is fully revealed to our eyes,
hat Latin, and Hebrew, Chaldaïc, and Greek,
o the shades of oblivion must certainly sneak;
oo much of our time is employed on such trash
/hen we ought to be taught to accumulate cash.
ıpposing I knew them as pat as my prayers
And to know them completely would cost me twelve years)

Supposing, I say, I had Virgil by rote,
And could talk with old Homer—'tis not worth a
groat;
If with RABBI BENSALEM I knew how to chat,
Where lies the advantage?—and what of all that?
Were this cart load of learning the whole that I knew,
I could sooner get forward by mending a shoe:
I could sooner grow rich by the axe or the spade,
Or thrive by the meanest mechanical trade,
The tinker himself would be richer than I,
For the tinker has something that people must buy—
While such as have little but Latin to vend,
On a shadow may truly be said to depend;
Old words, and old phrases that nothing bestow,
And the owners discarded ten ages ago.——
Here were people on people—I hardly know who—
There was MAMMON the merchant, and JAPHET the
Jew:
There was SLYBOOTS the Quaker, whose coat had no
flaps,
With two of his LAMBKINS, as plain in their caps.
In silks of the richest I saw them array,
But nothing was cut in *our* mode of the day,
They hung to old habits as firm as to rocks,
And are just what they were in the days of GEORGE
Fox.
They talked in a style that was wholly their own;
They shunned the *vain world*, and were mostly alone,
One talked in the Nay, and one talked in the Yea,
And of light in their lanthorns that no one could see:
They hated the crowd, and they hated the PLAY,
And hoped the *vain* actors would soon run away;—
No follies like that would the preachers allow;
And Tabitha said thee, and Rebecca said thou.
Here was DULLMAN, the broker, who looked as de-
mure
As if a false key had unlocked the shop door;
He seemed to enjoy not a moment of rest,
So unhappy to be—far away from his chest,
He was all on the fidgets to be with his gold:
Both honour and conscience he bartered, or sold—
The devil himself——excuse me, I pray—
Old Satan—oh no—take it some other way—

e GOD OF THIS WORLD had him fast by a chain,
d there let us leave him—and let him remain——
Here was SAMUEL, the Deacon, who read a large book,
ough few but himself on its pages would look;
ould you know what it was?——an abridgement of FLAVELL,*
ith BUNYAN'S whole war between *soul* and the *devil*—
eemed very old, and the worse for the wear,
d might last the next century, handled with care;
t if fashions and folly should not have a fall,
resume it will hardly be handled at all.——
Here was NIMROD the soldier—he wore a long sword,
d, of course, all the ladies his courage adored;
o fringed epaulettes on his shoulders displayed,
scovered the rank of this son of the blade.
'O la!" cried Miss Kitty, "how bold he must be!
pa! we must beg him to join us at tea!
w much like a *hero* he looketh—good me!
ll many a battle, no doubt, he has stood,
d waded shoe deep through a mill pond of mud!
hat heads have been sliced from the place they possessed
the sword at his side!—all, I hope, for the best!"
Then the soldier went out, to *refresh* at the inn—
rhaps he did not—if he did it's no sin——
made his congee, and he bowed to us all,
d said he was going to Liberty Hall:
s certain he went, but *certainly* where
annot inform, and the devil may care.
But now to proceed, in describing in rhyme
e folks that came hither to pass away time:
ere were more that had heads rather shallow than strong,
d more than had money to bear them out long.
short, there were many more ladies than gents,
d the latter complained of the *heavy expense!*

* An English divine of considerable note, who died about a tury ago.

And some I could see, with their splendour and show,
That their credit was bad, and their pockets were low;
Many females were gadding, I saw with concern,
Who had better been knitting, or weaving their yarn.
And many went into Passaick to lave
Whose hides were, indeed, a disgrace to the wave;
Who should have been home at their houses and farms,
Not here to be dabbling, to shew us their charms:
It would have been better to wash their own walls
Than here——to come here, to be washed in the falls.
A JUDGE of the court (in the law a mere goose)
Here wasted his time with a LAWYER LET LOOSE.
Their books were thrown by——so I begged of the fates
That the falls of Passaick might fall on their pates.
This lawyer was LUDWICK, who scarce had a suit,
And for once in his life was disposed to be mute,
But was mostly engaged in some crazy dispute:
A cause against SMYTH* he could never defend,
As well might the OLD ONE with MICHAEL contend.
The road was before him, the country was spacious,
And he knew an old fellow called *fieri facias*:—
I saw him *demurr*, when they asked him to pay—
With a *noli-pros-equi* he scampered away.—
Though his head was profusely be-plaistered with meal,
One sorrowful secret it could not conceal,
That he drew his first breath when a TWO PENNY STAR
Presided, and governed this son of the bar.
Here was PEDRO, the parson, who looked full as grave
As if he had lodged in *Trophonius's* cave.

---

* William Smyth, Esq. Before the Revolution, a celebrated lawyer in N. York, author of the History of N. Jersey, and other works. Afterwards, taking part with the British, he was made chief Justice of Lower Canada—He is since dead.

He talked of his wine, and he talked of his beer,
And he talked of his texts, that were not very clear;
And many suspected he talked very queer.—
He talked with SCALPELLA, the inn-holder's wife,
Then dwelt on her beauties, and called her his life!—
He ogled Scalpella!—and spake of her charms;
And oh! how he wished to repose in her arms:
He called her his deary, and talked of their loves;
And left her at last—a pair of old gloves!

I was sorry to see him deranged and perplext
That no one would ask him to handle a text:—
All gaped when he spoke, and incessantly gazed,
And thought him no witch, but a parson be-crazed.

Fine work did he make of MILLENNIUM, I trow,
Which he told us would come (tho' it comes very slow)
When earth with the pious and just will abound
And Eden itself at Egg-Harbour be found:
No musketoes to bite us, no rats to molest,
And lawyers themselves rocked into something like rest.

But most of us judged it was rather a whim,
Or, at least, that the prospect was distant and dim.
So I saw him pack up his polemical gown,
To retreat *while he could* from the *noise of the town**.
He said there was something in FALLS he admired,
But of constantly hearing the roar—*he was tired!*
With their damp exhalations his fancy was dimmed,
He would come the next spring with his *surplice new trimmed*,
Besides there were *fogs* in the morning (he said)
That rose on the river and *muddled his head!*—
Thus he quitted Passaick!—deserted her shore,
And the taverns that knew him shall know him no more!

One farmer Milhollan—I saw him come here,
Almost at the busiest time in the year;

* Passaick Village is at present called Patterson, noted for its unfortunate manufacturing establishments.

His intent might be good, but I never could learn
Who coaxed him away from his crib and his barn:
Each morning he tippled three glasses of *gin*
With as many, at least, as three devils therein.
He quarrelled with Jack, and he wrangled with Tom,
'Till scarcely a negro, but wished him at home;
He talked over much of the badness of times,
And read us a list of the governor's* crimes,
From which it was clearly predicted, and plain,
That his honour would hardly be chosen again.
He fought with Tim Tearcoat, and cudgelled with Ben,
And wrestled with Sampson—all quarrelsome men—
I was sorry to see him thus wasting his force
On fellows who kicked with the heels of a horse.
Tho' strong in my arms, and of strength to contest
With the youths of my age in the wars of the fist,
I thought it was better to let them pursue
The quarrels they had, than to be one of their crew;
I saw it was madness to join in the fray,
So I left them to wrangle—each dog his own way.
He spoke thrice an hour of his crop that had failed,
And losses, he feared, that would get him enjailed;
He mentioned his poultry, and mentioned his pigs,
And railed at some tories, converted to whigs.—
[Excuse me retailing so much in my rhymes
Of the chatt of the day and the stuff of the times;
'Tis thus in the acts of a play, we perceive
All the parts are not cast to the wise, or the brave;
Not all is discoursed by the famed or the fair,
The demons of dullness have also their share;
Statira in play-house has not all the chance,
For hags are permitted to join in the dance:
Not Cato's, or Plato's engross every play,
For clowns and clod-hoppers must, too, have their day;
Not the nobles of nature say all that is said,
And monarchs are frequently left in the shade;
There must be some nonsense, to step in between,
There must be some fools to enliven the scene.]

*William Franklin, Esq. then Governor of New Jersey.

Here was Doctor SANGRADO, with potion and pill,
ınd his price was the same, to recover or kill.
[e waddled about, and was vext to the soul
'o see so much health in this *horrible hole;*
[e seemed in a fret there was nobody sick,
ınd enquired of the landlord, " *What ails your son Dick?*"
" What ails him? (said Gubbins) why nothing at all!"
By my soul (said the quack) he's as white as the wall;
must give him a potion to keep down his *gall!*
'here is bile on his stomach—I clearly see that;
'his night he will vomit *as black as my hat:*
[ere's a puke and a purge—twelve doses of *bark;*
et him swallow them all—just an hour before dark!"
"O dear! (said the mother) the lad is quite well!"—
aid the Doctor, " No, no! he must take *calomel:*
will put him *to rights*, as I hope to be saved!"
" Or rather (said Gubbins) you hope him *engraved!!*
So, the Doctor walked off in a pitiful plight,
nd he lodged in a dog-house (they told me) that night.
Here were wives, and young widows, and matrons, and maids,
/ho came for their health, or to stroll in the shades,
ere were Nellies, and Nancies, and Hetties, by dozens,
/ith their neighbours, and nephews, and nieces, and cousins—
ll these had come hither to see the famed FALL,
nd you, pretty SALLY, the best of them all.
Here was SAUNDERS, the jockey, who rode a white horse,
is last, it was said, and his only resource;
nd the landlord was careful to put us in mind
hat *hell* and *destruction* were riding behind:
e often had told him, " Do, Saunders, take care,
his swilling of *gin* is a cursed affair:
deed—and it puts a man off from his legs,
nd brings us at last to be *pelted with* eggs—

The wit of your noddle should carry you through,—
—Break your bottle of rum—give the devil his due!
Keep the reason about you that nature designed,
And you have the respect and regard of mankind ! !—
This steed of poor Saunders was woefully lean,
And he looked, as we thought, like the *flying machine;*
And, in short, it appeared, by the looks of his hide,
That the stables he came from were poorly supplied
—A bundle of bones—and they whispered it round,
That he came from the hole where the Mammoth was found.*
They stuff'd him with hay, and they crammed him with oats
While Saunders was gaming and drinking with sots
(For the de'il in the shape of a bottle of rum
Deceived him with visions of fortune to come)
His landlady had on the horse a sheep's-eye,
So Saunders had plenty of whiskey and pye:
He had *gin* of the best, and he treated all round,
'Till care was dismissed and solicitude drowned,
And a reckoning was brought him of more than THREE POUND.
As he had not a groat in his lank looking purse,
The landlord made seizure of saddle and horse:—
SCALPELLA, the hostess, cried, "Fly from this room,
Or I'll sweep you away with my hickory broom!"
Thus Saunders sneaked off in a sorrowful way,
And the FALLS were his fall—to be beggar next day.—
The lady of ladies that governed the inn
Was a sharper indeed, and she kept such a din!—
Scalpella!—and may I remember the name!—
Could scratch like a tyger, or play a tight game.
A bludgeon she constantly held in her hand,
The sign of respect, and a sign of command:
She could scream like a vulture, or wink like an owl.
Not a dog in the street like Scalpella could howl.—
She was a Scalpella!—I am yet on her books,
But, oh! may I never encounter her looks!—

* These two lines were inserted since the first publication of this *Poem in* Sept. 1775.

I owe her FIVE POUNDS—I am THAT in her debt,
And my dues from the stars have not cleared it off yet.—
If she knew where I am!—I should fare very ill,
Instead of some beer she would drench me with swill;
I should curse and reflect on the hour I was born.—
If she thought I had fixed on the pitch of Cape Horn,
He would find me!—Scalpella! set down what I owe
In the page of bad debts—due to Scalpy and Co!——
Her boarders she hated, and drove with a dash,
And nothing about them she liked but their cash;
Except they were TORIES—ah, then she was kind—
And said to their honours, "You are men to my mind!
Sit down, my dear creatures—I hope you've not dined!"—
She talked of the king, and she talked of the qeeen,
And she talked of her floors—that were not very clean:—
He talked of the parson, and spoke of the 'squire,
He talked of her child that was singed in the fire—
The tories, poor beings, were wishing to kiss her—oh—
If they had—all the stars would have fought against —Cicero.*
He talked, and she talked—now angry, now civil,
Till the tories themselves wished her gone to the devil.
How I tremble to think of her tongue and her stick,—
Tryphena, Tryphena! *I've* played the ODD TRICK!
Now the SOLDIER re-entered—the ladies were struck:
And "she that can win him will have the best luck!"—
"La! father (said Kitty) observe the bold man!
I will peep at his phyz from behind my new fan!
What a lace on his beaver!—his buttons all shine!
In the cock of a hat there is something divine!

* They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Ancient History.

Since the days of Goliah, I'll venture to LAY
There never was one that could stand in his way:
What a nose!—what an eye!—what a gallant address!
If he's not a *hero*, then call me Black Bess!
What a gaite—what a strut—how noble and free!!
I'm ravished!—I'm ruined!—good father!—good me!!!"
"Dear Kitty, (he answered) regard not his lace,
The devil I see in the mould of his face:
Cockades have been famous for crazing your sex
Since Helen played truant, and left the poor Greeks;
And while her good husband was sleeping, and snored,
Eloped with Sir Knight from his bed and his board.—
Three things are above me, yea, four, I maintain,
Have puzzled the cunningest heads to explain!
The way of a snake on a rock—very sly—
The way of an eagle, that travels the sky,
The way of a ship in the midst of the sea,
And the way of a soldier—with maidens like thee."

At length, a dark fortnight of weather came on
And most of us thought it high time to be gone.—
The moon was eclipsed, and she looked like a fright;
Indeed—and it was s disconsolate night!
Our purses were empty—the landlord looked sour,
I gave them leg-bail in a terrible shower—
SCALPELLA!—her face was as black as the moon,
Her voice, was the screech of a harpy, or loon,—
I quitted Passaick—that elegant place,
While a hurricane hindered them giving me chace.

THE HERMIT OF SABA.

Hermit, First Mariner, Second Mariner, Third Mariner.

SCENE, THE ISLAND OF SABA.*

Hermit.

THOUGH many years on these tall cliffs residing
I recollect not such a dreadful quarrel
Between the seas and water-vexing tempests
As now torments my ears, and pains my eyes—
Clouds, low suspended, seem to embrace the foam
Of yonder angry ocean—bursting thunders,
With their pale sheets of lightning, are as busy
As though they meant to cleave this mass of nature,
Proving at once the world's mortality—
But am I safe on this sea-girded island,
Or can these shores, thus beaten, bear the shock
Of such a bold assault———— ?
When universal ruin shall approach,
Will the grand scene be more astonishing
When thou, sky-pointing Saba,
Shalt tremble on thy base most fearfully !——
Night comes !—I'll to my cavern in the mountain,
Far from the torrent's roar and bursting billow ;
That cavern, where I oft have found repose
Since on this barren isle, a shipwrecked stranger,
I made my sole escape.——Ha ! what are these !
A barque half buried in the spouting surge
Comes rushing towards the isle, impelled by winds
That scorn all motives of compassion.
Hark ! now she strikes the iron pointed reef

* One of the windward Islands in the W. Indies. It is small, and appears like an immense cone, or sugar loaf, rising out of the surrounding ocean.—The inhabitants are of Dutch origin, and are equally strangers to the luxury and tyranny of the Sugar Islands— Lat. 17° 30′ N. Lon. 63° 12′ W.

Foundering; the horrid surge that breaks upon her
Has sealed their doom, and hope itself forsakes them
Man is too weak to combat with the power
Of these mad elements, that conquer all,
Ending the day light of our misery!——
Yes, yes—I'll to my haunt, for scenes like these
Pain the shocked soul and damp all resolution;——
Or, shall I to the shore, while day remains,
And search among the shell-incrusted coral,
Lest if by some great chance or miracle
Some wretch survives upon the ragged rocks,
Who knowing not of human kind residing
On this sequestered, unfrequented isle,
Tired in contending with the angry billows
And beaten by the surge the whole night through
For want of such relief, may die ere morning——
Perdition! three I see upon the rocks
Clinging, to keep off death, while the rude billow
Swells o'er their heads, insultingly victorious:
Now from the reef upborne I see them struggle,
Heaven grant, successfully!—they labour on,
Now headlong to the shore, now back they go
Despairing to the main!— now, now they land
Safe in that calm recess, a narrow bay
To them the heaven from impending ruin——
So what are you?————

First Mariner.

If thou art an inhabitant of the isle,
Lend your kind aid to three half perished wretches
Of threescore souls, the only three remaining—
And if thou knowest of any sheltered spot
Where from these horrid blasts and water spouts
We may retire to pass the long dull night:
Or if thou knowest of any standing pool
Or running stream, or earth-supported spring,
O tell us! and, as nothing more remains,
Our gratitude must be thy sole reward.

Hermit.

Among the hills, on their declivities
Full many a sylvan haunt I have espied
Ere now, in wandering when the heaven was bright;
But springs or running streams abound not here,

The skies alone supply the hollowed rock
From whence I drain my annual full supply:
Yet to my cavern you shall all resort
To taste a hermit's hospitality——
If you have strength, ascend this winding path
And amongst these rugged rocks, still following me,
We soon shall reach a safe retreat, removed
Alike from noisy seas, and mountain torrents.

Second Mariner.

Lo! here the tall palmettoe, and the cedar,
The lime tree, and sweet scented shrubs abundant
With mingling branches, form a blest abode;
Here, bleating lambs crowd to the evening fold
And goats and kids, that wander o'er the hills,
Vext by the storm, herd to the social hermit;
In neighbouring groves the juicy lemon swells,
The golden orange charms the admiring eye,
And the rich cocoa yields her milky stream.

Hermit.

Here, strangers, here repose your wearied limbs
While some dead boughs I bring from yonder thicket,
To wake the friendly blaze.——To drain the dams
Of these impatient kids, be next my care:
The cocoa's milky flesh, dried pulse and roots
Shall be your fare to night; and when to-morrow
Dispells the gloom, and this tornado ceases,
We'll search along the shores, and find where lie
The bodies of your dear and lost companions,
That so we may commit them to the dust,
And thus obliterate from our remembrance
The horrid havock that this storm occasioned.

Third Mariner.

O good old man, how do I honour thee!
My future days, my services are your's;
For you, will I be earlier than the sun
To bring you sticks to light the morning fire;
For you, will I attempt these dangerous cliffs
And climb on high to pluck the blushing plum;
For you will I from yonder rocky height

Drain chrystal waters, to delight your taste:
But now be kind; I wish to hear you tell
What chance or fortune brought you to these shores
Whether alone on these rough craggs you dwell
Where wandering mist is gathered into showers,
Or whether town or village decks the plain;
Or is there sheltered port, where swelling sails
Lodge lofty ships, from hurricanes secure,
Fenced in by reefs, or locked by neighbouring hills?

Hermit.

No town or village owns this scanty soil,
Nor round its coast one safe recess is seen,
Where lofty ship, or barque of meaner freight
Might rest secure, untroubled by the winds,
Which still pursue the restless surge that pours,
And spits its venom, on these ragged shores;
Nor in these woody wilds, till you were wrecked,
Except myself, did Christian man reside,
Wandering from Europe to these Indian isles
So late discovered on the world's green end.—
All lies as Nature formed it, rough throughout,
And chance has planted here this garden wild,
For such as I, who wandering from the world;
Cities, and men, and civilized domains,
The farther distant, find the bliss more pure.

Third Mariner.

In such a sad retreat, and all alone!——
To hold no converse but with senseless trees,
To have no friendship but with wandering goats,
And worthless reptiles that infest the ground—
Can man be happy in so dull a scene?

Hermit.

To the steep summit of this slighted isle
I often climb at early dawn of day,
And o'er the vast expanse I throw my view,
Not idly thence the busy scene surveying—
Vast fleets I sometimes see, each kept at bay,
Or joining both in angry conversation,
There object avarice half, and half ambition——

What is it all to me? what are they seeking
That can give more than a sufficiency?—
That object I have here which they pursue,
Grasping it, miser-like, in my embraces——
The stream distilling from the shaded cliff,
And fruits mature from trees by Nature planted,
And contemplation, heaven-born contemplation!
These are my riches! I am wealthier far
Than Spain's proud fleets, that load the groaning ocean——
Wait you in yonder cave—I will return——
My herd of goats is wandering in the wild,
And I must house them, ere the close of day. *(Exit.)*

First Mariner.

Who can this hermit be—what doth he here?
In such a dismal cell who would inhabit
Thus lonely, who has crowds and cities seen—
Is he some savage offspring of the isle,
The mountain goat his food, his god the sun;
Some wretch produced from mingled heat and moisture.
Full brother to the hungry pelican;
His friend, some monster of the adjacent wood;
His wife, some sorceress, red haired hag from hell;
His children, serpents, scorpions, centipedes——

Third Mariner.

It was but now, (he spoke before he thought) he told me,
That he is richer than the fleets of Spain
That burden the wide bosom of the ocean;
And then he seemed so pleased and satisfied,
Boasting himself the happiest of mankind.

Second Mariner.

Where should this wealth be hid—his cave shows none:
A prayer book and a cross, a string of beads,
A bed of moss, a cap, an earthen jug,
And some few goat skins, furnish out his cave:
But still this humble guise of poverty

Vast sums of splendid riches may conceal:
The flooring of his den is a loose sand—
Searching a fathom deep may shew strange things,
While we, so long pursuing, hit on fortune.——
Perhaps this hermit is some bloody pirate,
Who having plundered friends and foes, alike,
Has brought his booty here, to bury it.

First Mariner.

Lo! there he comes, driving his goats before him:
He means to fence them from the tempest's rage
Under the shelter of those tufted cedars:
It does, indeed, appear most possible,
That in this cavern rests his plundered wealth:
When sleep has locked his senses in repose
We'll seize him on his couch, and binding him,
Cast him from yonder jutting promontory
That hangs a hundred fathoms o'er the deep—
Thus, shall his fate prevent discovery.

Second Mariner.

Your project pleases me—it is most wrong
That such a savage should enjoy such hoards
Of useful wealth, he has not heart to use:——
He builds no ships, employs no mariners;
But, like a miser, hides the ill-gotten store,
And had he died before we wandered hither
His gold had perished, and none been the wiser.

Third Mariner.

While you observe his motions, fellow sufferers,
Of twisted bark I'll make a sett of thongs
Wherewith to bind him at the midnight hour,
Lest waking, he should struggle to be free
And slip our hands before we gain the summit
From whence we mean to plunge hist awful carcase:—
There, there he comes—"Now, hermit, now befriend us,
"For cruel, merciless hunger gnaws our vitals,
"And every mischief that can man dishearten
"Is ripe to drive us into desperation!"

Hermit.

Have patience, till from yonder arched grotto
I bring my bowls of milk, and seasoned roots,
And fruits I plucked before the day was high:
Now, friends, enjoy my hospitality:
All's at your service, wretched shipwrecked men;
And when you've satisfied the rage of hunger
Repose on these soft skins; your sea-beat limbs
Demand the aid of kind refreshing sleep:
I'll to my evening prayers, as I am wont,
And early dreams;—for travelling o'er the hills,
And pelted by the storm the whole day past,
My knees grow feeble, and I wish for rest. *(Exit.)*

Second Mariner.

Yes, yes—first pray, and then repose in peace,
Hermit of Saba, ne'er to wake again!
Or should you wake, it must be in convulsions,
Tossed from the peak of yonder precipice,
Transfixt on pointed rocks, most bloodily.

Third Mariner.

Now, now's the time: he sleeps: I hear him snore—
This hidden gold has so possessed my brain,
That I, at all events, must handle it:
Yet should the hermit 'wake while thus engaged,
Sad mischief might ensue: his nervous arm
(More than a match for our exhausted vigour)
Might exercise most horrible revenge!
Long practising among these rugged mountains,
Pursuing goats, bounding from rock to rock,
And cleaving trees to feed his evening fire,
His nerves and blood are all activity:
And then he is of so robust a fabrick
That we should be mere children in his hands,
Whirling us from the precipice at pleasure,
(Thus turning on ourselves our own designs)
Or catching up some fragment of a rock
Grind into atoms our pale, quivering limbs;
Taking full vengeance on ingratitude.

First Mariner.

Fast bound in chains of sleep, I first assail him;
This knotty club shall give the unerring blow;
You follow on, and boldly second me!
Thus—comrades—thus!—that stroke has crushed his brain!
He groans! he dies?—now bear him to the summit
Of yon' tall cliff, and having thence dislodged him,
Uninterrupted we shall dig his riches,
Heirs to the wealth and plenty of his cave.

Second Mariner (conscience struck.)

'Tis done, 'tis done—the hermit is no more:——
Say nothing of this deed, ye hills, ye trees,
But let eternal silence brood upon it.
O base, base, base!!—why was I made a man,
And not some prowling monster of the forest,
The worst vile work of NATURE's journeymen!
Ye lunar shadows! no resemblance yield
From craggy pointed rock, or leafy bush,
That may remind me of this murdered hermit.

Third Mariner.

Deep have I fathomed in his cave, but find
No glimpse of gold——we surely did mistake him.
His treasures were not of that glittering kind;
Dryed fruits, and one good book; his goats, his kid
These were, indeed, his riches.——
Now, hermit, now I feel remorse within me:
While here we stay thy shadow will torment us,
From every haunted rock, or bush, projecting;
And when from hence we go, that too shall follow,
Crying—*Perdition on these fiends from Europe,*
Whose bloody malice, or whose thirst for gold,
Fresh from the slaughter-house of innocence
Unpeoples isles, and lays the world in ruin!

THE

MIDNIGHT CONSULTATIONS:

OR, A

TRIP TO BOSTON,

First published in 1775.

SMALL bliss is theirs, whom Fate's too heavy hand
Confines through life to some small square of land;
More wretched they, whom heaven inspires to roam,
Yet languish out their lives, and die at home.
Heaven gave to man this wide extended round,
No climes confine him, and no oceans bound;
Heaven gave him forest, mountain, vale and plain,
And bade him vanquish, if he could, the main;
But sordid cares our short-lived race confine,
Some toil at trades, some labour in the mine,
The miser hoards, and guards his shining store,
The sun still rises where he rose before—
No happier scenes his earth-born fancy fill
Than one dark valley, or one well-known hill.
To other shores, his mind, untaught to stray,
Dull and inactive, slumbers life away.
But by the aid of yonder glimmering beam
The pole-star, faithful to my vagrant dream,
Wild regent of my heart! in dreams convey
Where herded *Britons* their bold ranks display;
So late the pride of England's fertile soil,
(Her grandeur heightened by successive toil)
See, how they sicken in these hostile climes,
Themes for the stage, and subjects for our rhimes.
What modern poet have the muses led
To draw the curtain that conceals the *dead?*
What bolder bard to Boston shall repair,
To view the peevish, half-starved spectres there?
O thou wronged country! why sustain these ills?
Why rest thy navies on their native hills?

See, endless forests, shade the uncultured plain,
Descend, ye forests, and command the main:
A leafy verdure shades the mighty mast,
And the tall oak bends idly to the blast,
Earth's entrails teem with stores for your defence,
Descend, and drag the stores of war from thence;
Your fertile soil the flowing sail supplies,
And Europe's arts in every village rise——
No want is your's—Disdain unmanly fear.
And swear, *no tyrant shall reign master here;*
Know your own strength—in rocky desarts bred,
Shall the fierce tiger by the dog be led,
And bear all insults from that snarling race
Whose courage lies in impudence of face?——
No—rather bid the wood's wild native turn,
And from his side the unfaithful guardian spurn.
Now, pleased I wander to the dome of state
Where *Gage* resides, our western potentate—
Chief of ten thousand, all a race of slaves,
Sent to be shrouded in untimely graves;
Sent by our angry *Jove*, sent sword in hand
To murder, burn, and ravage through the land—
You dream of conquest—tell me how or whence——
Act like a man, and get you gone from hence;
A madman sent you to this hostile shore
To vanquish nations, that shall spill your gore—
Go, fiends, and in a social league combined
Destroy, distress, and triumph o'er mankind!—
'Tis not our peace this murdering hand restrains,
The want of power is made the monster's chains;
Compassion is a stranger to his heart,
Or, if it came, he bade the guest depart;
The melting tear, the sympathising groan
Were never yet to *Gage* or *Jefferies** known;
The seas of blood his heart fore-dooms to spill
Is but a dying serpent's rage to kill,
What power shall drive these vipers from our shore,
These monsters swoln with carnage, death, and gore!

* An inhuman, butchering English judge in the time of Charles the first.

Twelve was the hour—congenial darkness reigned,
And no bright star a mimic day-light feigned——
First, GAGE we saw—a crimson chair of state
Received the honour of his honour's weight,
This man of straw the regal purple bound,
But dullness, deepest dullness, hovered round.
Next *Graves*, who wields the trident of the brine,
The tall arch-captain of the embattled line
All gloomy sate—mumbling of flame and fire,
Balls, cannon, ships, and all their damned attire;
Well pleased to live in never-ending hum,
But empty as the interior of his drum.
Hard by, BURGOYNE assumes an ample space,
And seemed to meditate with studious face,
As if again he wished our world to see
Long, dull, dry letters, writ to General LEE—
Huge scrawls of words through endless circuits drawn,
Unmeaning, as the errand he's upon.—
Is he to conquer—he subdue our land?—
This buckram hero, with his lady's hand?
By Cesars to be vanquished is a curse,
But by a scribbling fop—by heaven, is worse.
Lord *Piercy* seemed to snore—but may the muse
This ill timed snoring to the peer excuse;
Tired was the long boy of his toilsome day,
Full fifteen miles he fled—a tedious way;
How could he then the dews of Somnus shun,
Perhaps not used to walk, much less to run.
Red faced as suns, when sinking to repose,
Reclined the infernal captain of the ROSE,*
In fame's proud temple aiming for a nich,
With those who find her at the cannon's breech;
Skilled to direct the cannonading shot,
No Turkish rover half so murdering hot,
Pleased with base vengeance on defenceless towns,
His heart was malice—but his words were, *Zounds!*
HOWE, vexed to see his starving army's doom,
In prayer, besought the skies for *elbow room*——

* Capt. Wallace.

Small was his stock, and theirs, of heavenly grace,
Yet just enough to ask a larger *place*.—
He cursed the brainless minister that planned
His bootless errand to this hostile land,
But awed by Gage, his bursting wrath recoiled,
And in his inmost bosom doubly boiled.
These, chief of all the tyrant-serving train,
Exalted sate—the rest (a pensioned clan,)
A sample of the multitude that wait,
Pale sons of famine, at perdition's gate,
NORTH's friends down swarming, (so our monarch wills)
Hungry as death, from Caledonian hills;
Whose endless numbers if you bid me tell,
I'll count the atoms of this globe as well)
Knights, captains, 'squires—a wonder-working band,
Held at small wages 'till they gain the land,
Flocked pensive round—black spleen assailed their hearts,
(The sport of plough boys, with their arms and arts)
And made them doubt (howe'er for vengeance hot)
Whether they were invincible or not.
Now *Gage up-starting* from his cushioned seat
Swore thrice, and cried—" 'Tis nonsense to be beat!
Thus to be drubbed!—pray, warriors, let me know
Which be in fault, myself, the fates, or you——
Henceforth let Britain deem her men mere toys—
Gods! to be frightened thus by country boys;
Why, if your men had had a mind to sup,
They might have eat that scare-crow army up—
Three thousand to twelve hundred thus to yield,
And twice five hundred stretched upon the field!—
O shame to Britain, and the British name,
Shame damps my heart, and I must die with shame—
Thus to be worsted, thus disgraced and beat!—
You have the knack, lord Piercy, to retreat,
The death you escaped my warmest blood congeals,
Heaven grant me, too, so swift a pair of heels—
In Chevy-Chace, as, doubtless, you have read,
Lord Piercy would have sooner died than fled—
Behold the virtues of your house decay—
Ah! how unlike the Piercy of that day!"

Thus spoke the great man in disdainful tone
To the gay peer—not meant for him alone—
But ere the tumults of his bosom rise
Thus from his bench the intrepid peer replies:
" When once the soul has reached the Stygian shore,
My prayer book says, it shall return no more——
When once old Charon hoists his tar-blacked sail,
And his boat swims before the infernal gale,
Farewell to all that pleased the man above,
Farewell to feats of arms, and joys of love!
Farewell the trade that father *Cain* began,
Farewell to wine, that cheers the heart of man;
All, all farewell!—the pensive shade must go
Where cold *Medusa* turns to stone below,
Where *Belus'* maids eternal labours ply
To drench the cask that stays forever dry,
And *Sysiphus*, with many a weary groan,
Heaves up the mount the still recoiling stone!
" Since, then, this truth no mortal dares deny,
That heroes, kings—and lords, themselves, must die,
And yield to *him* who dreads no hostile sword,
But treats alike the peasant and the lord;
Since even great George must in his turn give place
And leave his crown, his Scotchmen, and his lace—
How blest is he, how prudent is the man
Who keeps aloof from fate—while yet he can;
One well-aimed ball can make us all no more
Than shipwrecked scoundrels on that leeward shore.
" But why, my friends, these hard reflections still
On Lexington affairs——'tis Bunker's hill—
O fatal hill!—one glance at thee restrains
My once warm blood, and chills it in my veins——
May no sweet grass adorn thy hateful crest
That saw Britannia's bravest troops distrest——
Or if it does——may some destructive gale
The green leaf wither, and the grass turn pale——
All moisture to your brow may heaven deny,
And God and man detest you, just as I——
'Tis Bunker's hill, this night has brought us here,
Pray question him who led your armies there,
Nor dare my courage into question call,
Or blame lord Piercy for the fault of all"

Howe chanced to nod while heathenish *Piercy* spoke,
But as his lordship ceased, his honour awoke,
(Like those whom sermons into sleep betray)
Then rubbed his eyes, and thus was heard to say:
"Shall those who never ventured from the *town*,
Or their ships' sides, now pull our glory down?
We fought our best—so God my honour save——
No British soldiers ever fought so brave;
Resolved I led them to the hostile lines,
(From this day famed where'er great Phœbus shines)
Firm at their head I took my dangerous stand,
Marching to death and slaughter, sword in hand,
But wonted Fortune halted on her way,
We fought with madmen, and we lost the day—
Putnam's brave troops, your honours would have——e swore
Had robbed the clouds of half their nitrous store,
With my bold veterans strewed the astonished plain,
For not one musquet was discharged in vain.——
But honoured Gage, why droops thy laurelled head?
Five hundred foes we packed off to the dead.——
Now captains, generals, hear me and attend!
Say, shall we home for other succours send?
Shall other navies cross the stormy main?——
They may, but what shall awe the pride of Spain?
Still for dominion haughty *Louis* pants—
Ah! how I tremble at the thoughts of France.—
Shall mighty George, to enforce his injured laws,
Transport all Russia to support the cause?——
That allied empire countless shoals may pour
Numerous as sands that strew the Atlantic shore;
But policy inclines my heart to fear
They'll turn their arms against us, when they're here—
Come, let's agree—for something must be done
Ere autumn flies, and winter hastens on—
When pinching cold our navy binds in ice,
You'll find 'tis then too late to take advice."
The clock strikes *two!*—Gage smote upon his breast,
And cried—"What fate determines must be best—

But now attend—a counsel I impart
That long has laid the heaviest at my heart——
Three weeks—ye gods!—nay, three long years it seems
Since *roast-beef* I have touched except in dreams.
In sleep, choice dishes to my view repair,
Waking, I gape and champ the empty air.——
Say, is it just that I, who rule these bands,
Should live on husks, like rakes in foreign lands?—
Come, let us plan some project ere we sleep,
And drink destruction to the rebel sheep,
On neighbouring isles uncounted cattle stray,
Fat beeves, and swine, an ill-defended prey—
These are fit visions for my noon day dish,
These, if my soldiers act as I would wish,
In one short week should glad your maws and mine;
On mutton we will sup—on roast beef dine."
Shouts of applause re-echoed through the hall,
And what pleased one as surely pleased them all,
WALLACE was named to execute the plan,
And thus sheep-stealing pleased them to a man.
Now slumbers stole upon the great man's eye,
His powdered foretop nodded from on high,
His lids just opened to find how matters were,
Dissolve, he said, *and so dissolved ye are*,
Then downward sunk to slumbers dark and deep,—
Each nerve relaxed—and even his guts asleep.

EPILOGUE.

WHAT are these strangers from a foreign isle,
That we should fear their hate, or court their smile—
Pride sent them here, pride blasted in the bud,
Who if she can, will build her throne in blood,
With slaughtered millions glut her tearless eyes,
And bid even virtue fall, that she may rise.
What deep offence has fired a monarch's rage?
What moon-struck madness seized the brain of GAGE?
Laughs not the soul when an imprisoned crew
Affect to pardon those they can't subdue,

Though thrice repulsed, and hemmed up to their stations,
Yet issue pardons, oaths, and proclamations !——
Too long our patient country wears their chains,
Too long our wealth all-grasping Britain drains,
Why still a handmaid to that distant land ?
Why still subservient to their proud command ?
Britain the bold, the generous, and the brave
Still treats our country like the meanest slave,
Her haughty lords already share the prey,
Live on our labours, and with scorn repay——
Rise, sleeper, rise, while yet the power remains,
And bind their nobles and their chiefs in chains :
Bent on destructive plans, they scorn our plea,
'Tis our own efforts that must make us free—
Born to contend, our lives we place at stake,
And rise to conquerors by the stand we make.—
The time may come when strangers rule no more
Nor cruel mandates vex from Britain's shore,
When commerce may extend her shortened wing,
And her rich freights from every climate bring,
When mighty towns shall flourish free and great,
Vast their dominion, opulent their state,
When one vast cultivated region teems
From ocean's side to Mississipi streams,
While each enjoys his vine yard's peaceful shade,
And even the meanest has no foe to dread.
And you, who far from Liberty detained,
Wear out existence in some slavish land—
Forsake those shores, a self-ejected throng,
And armed for vengeance, *here* resent the wrong :
Come to our climes, where unchained rivers flow,
And loftiest groves, and boundless forests grow,
Here the blest soil your future care demands ;
Come, sweep the forests from these shaded lands,
And the kind earth shall every toil repay,
And harvests flourish as the groves decay.
O heaven-born Peace, renew thy wonted charms—
Far be this rancour, and this din of arms—
To warring lands return, an honoured guest,
And bless our crimson shore among the rest—

Long may Britannia rule our hearts again,
Rule as she ruled in George the second's reign,
May ages hence her growing grandeur see,
And she be glorious—but ourselves as free!

THE INSOLVENT'S RELEASE.

[BY H. SALEM.]

NOT from those dismal dreary coasts I come
Where wizzard *Faustus* chews his brimstone rolls,
Nor have I been to wrangle with the men
Of that sad country, where, for want of rum,
Dead putrid water from the stagnant fen
Is drank, unmingled, by departed souls:
Nor from that dog-house do I bring you news,
Where Macedonian Philip* mends old shoes,
But from that dreadful place arrived.
Where men in debt at cribbage play,
And I most cunningly contrived
To fatten on two groats a day—
Full on my back now turned the key,
The 'squire himself is not so free.

When to these rugged walls, a fathom thick,
I came, directed by the sheriff's stick,
Alas, said I, what can they mean to do!
I am not conscious of one roguish trick!
I am no thief—I took no Christian's life,
Nor have I meddled with the parson's wife,
(Which would have been a dreadful thing you know)
Then, by these gloomy walls, this iron gate

* See Lucian's dialogues; to the following effect:
"Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip, king of Greece, was dead
His soul and body did divide,
And each part took, a different side;
One rose a star, the other fell
Below—and mended shoes in hell."

Appointed by the wisdom of your state
To shut in little rogues, and keep out great;
Tell me, ye pretty lads, that deal in law,
Ye men of mighty wigs, ye judges, say—
Say! by the jailor's speckled face
That never beamed one blush of grace;
How long must I
In prison lie
For just nine guineas—that I cannot pay!

Return, ye happy times, when all were free,
No jails on land, no nets at sea;
When mountain beasts unfettered ran,
And man refused to shut up man,
As men of modern days have shut up me!—
This is the dreary dark abode
Of poverty and solitude;
Such was the gloomy cell where Bunyan lay
While his dear pilgrim helped the time away—
Such was the place where Wakefield's vicar drew
Grave morals from the imprisoned crew,
And found both time to preach and pray.
In bed of straw and broken chair
What consolation could be found!
No gay companions ventured there
To push the ruddy liquor round!
From jug of stone
I drank, alone,
A beverage, neither clear nor strong
No table laid,
No village maid
Came there to cheer me with her song;
My days were dull, my nights were long!
My evening dreams,
My morning schemes
Were how to break that cruel chain,
And, JENNY, be with you again.

ST. PREUX TO ELOISA.*

ere is a pleasure in being mad
h none but madmen know,
secret *pleasure* had
nbling to and fro'—
h they that always stay at home,
lazy plants untaught to roam ;)
h they shall never know.

eaving France last New-Year's day,
a long adieu !
not minded what these sailors say,
been still with you,
ree from frosts and chilling snows,
ur fond bosom found repose.

while through barbarous climes we sail,
d Neptune force our ship on shore,
me rude isle, by some rough gale,
our arms return no more,
r some swarthy dame shall bring
vaters from the Indian spring.

love, with undiminished joy,
trace your form in Fancy's glass,
I more fond, and you less coy,
welling seas, together pass—
cks or seas can love divide
e heart with heart is thus allied !

HORACE, Lib. I. Ode 15.

NEREUS prophesies the destruction of Troy.

ross the deep to Priam's shore
Trojan prince bright Helen bore,
Nereus hushed each noisy breeze
almed the tumults of the seas.

* See Rousseau's Eloise.

Then, musing on the traitor's doom,
Thus he foretold the woes to come;
"Ah why remove, mistaken swain,
"The prize that Greece shall seize again!

"With omens sad, you sail along;
"And Europe shall resent the wrong,
"Conspire to seize your bride away,
"And Priam's town in ashes lay.

"Alas! what toils and deaths combined!
"What hosts of men and horses joined!—
"Bold Pallas now prepares her shield,
"And arms her chariot for the field.

"Can *you* with heavenly forms engage,
"A goddess kindling into rage;
"*Who* ne'er have dared a mortal foe
"And wars, alone, of Venus, know.

"In vain you dress your flowing hair,
"And songs, to aid the harp, prepare;
"The harp, that sung to female ears,
"Shall fail when *Mars* and *Greece* appears.

"In vain will you bewail your bride,
"And meanly in her chamber hide,
"In hopes to shun, when lingering there,
"The massy dart, and *Cretan* spear.

"In vain will you, with quickening pace,
"Avoid fierce Ajax in the chace;
"For late those locks, that please the eye,
"In dust and death must scattered lie.

"Do you not see *Ulysses*, too,
"The sage that brings your nation low:
"And *Nestor* from the land of *Pyle*—
"Chiefs skilled in arms and martial toil.

"Dost thou not see bold *Teucer* here,
"And *him*—no tardy chariotteer;
"Who both pursue with eager force,
"And both controul the thundering horse.

"*Thou*, to thy grief, shalt *Merion* know,
"*And Tydeus' son* shall prove thy foe,

" Who wastes your realms with sword and fire;
" *Tydides*, greater than his sire.

" Like timorous deer, prepared to fly
" When hungry wolves are passing by,
" No more the herbs their steps detain,
" They quit their pastures, and the plain:

" So you from his triumphant arms
" Will fly, with all your female charms;
" Can deeds, like these, your valour prove,
" Was this your promise to your love?

" *Achilles'* wrath shall but delay
" Your ruin to a later day—
" The Trojan matrons then may mourn,
" And Troy by Grecian vengeance burn."

TOBACCO.

[SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A YOUNG BEGINNER.]

THIS *Indian weed*, that once did grow
On fair *Virginia's* fertile plain,
From whence it came—again may go,
To please some happier swain:
Of all the plants that Nature yields
This, least beloved, shall shun my fields.

In evil hour I first essayed
To chew this vile forbidden leaf,
When, half ashamed, and half afraid,
I touched, and tasted—to my grief:
Ah me! the more I was forbid,
The more I wished to take a *quid*.

But when I smoaked, in thought profound,
And raised the spiral circle high,
My heart grew sick, my head turned round——
And what can all this mean, (said I)——

Tobacco surely was designed
To poison, and destroy mankind.

Unhappy they, whom choice, or fate
Inclines to prize this bitter weed;
Perpetual source of female hate;
On which no beast—but man will feed;
That sinks my heart, and turns my head,
And sends me, reeling, home to bed!

THE SEASONS MORALIZED.

THEY, who to warmer regions run,
May bless the favour of the sun,
But seek in vain what charms us here,
Life's picture, varying with the year.

SPRING, and her wanton train advance
Like *Youth* to lead the festive dance,
All, all her scenes are mirth and play,
And blushing blossoms own her sway.

The *Summer* next (those blossoms blown)
Brings on the fruits that spring had sown,
Thus men advance, impelled by time,
And Nature triumphs in her prime.

Then *Autumn* crowns the beauteous year,
The groves a sicklier aspect wear;
And mournful she *(the lot of all)*
Matures her fruits, to make them fall.

Clad in the vestments of a tomb,
Old age is only *Winter's* gloom——
Winter, alas! shall spring restore,
But youth returns to man no more.

THE BAY ISLET.

IN shallow streams, a league from town,
(Its baby Light-House tumbled down)
Extends a country, full in view,
Beheld by all, but known to few.

Surrounded by the briny waste
No haven here has Nature placed;
But those who wish to pace it o'er
Must land upon the open shore.

There as I sailed, to view the ground;
No blooming goddesses I found——
But yellow hags, ordained to prove
The death, and antidote of love.

Ten stately trees adorn the isle,
The house, a crazy, tottering pile,
Where once the doctor plied his trade
On feverish tars, and rakes decayed.

Six hogs about the pastures feed
(Sweet mud-larks of the Georgia breed)
Who, while the hostess deals out drams,
Can oysters catch, and open clams.

Upon its surface, smooth and clean,
A world, in miniature, is seen;
Though scarce a journey for a snail
We meet with mountain, hill, and vale.

To those that guard this stormy place,
Two cities stare them in the face:
There, YORK its spiry summits rears,
And here *Communipaw* appears.

The tenant, now but ill at ease,
Derives no fuel from his trees:
And Jersey boats, though begged to land,
All leave him on the larboard hand.

Some monied man, grown sick of care,
To this neglected spot repair:
What Nature sketched, let art complete,
And own the loveliest COUNTRY SEAT.

THE MAN OF NINETY.

"TO yonder boughs that spread so wide,
Beneath whose shade soft waters glide,
Once more I take the well known way;
With feeble step and tottering knee
I sigh to reach my WHITE-OAK tree,
Where rosy health was wont to play.

If to the shades, consuming slow,
The shadow of myself, I go,
When I am gone, wilt thou remain!—
From dust you rose, and grew like me;
I man became, and you a tree,
Both natives of one grassy plain.

How much alike; yet not the same!—
You could no kind protector claim;
Alone you stood, to chance resigned:
When winter came, with blustering sky,
You feared its blasts—and so did I,
And for warm suns in secret pined.

When vernal suns began to glow
You felt returning vigour flow;
Which once a year new leaves supplied;
Like you, fine days I wished to see,
And May was a sweet month to me,
But when November came—I sighed!

If through your bark some ruffian arm
A mark impressed, you took the alarm,
And tears awhile I saw descend;
Till Nature's kind maternal aid
A plaister on your bruises laid,
And bade your trickling sorrows end.

Like you, I feared the lightning's stroke,
Whose flame dissolves the strength of oak,
And ends at once this mortal dream;——
You saw, with grief, the soil decay
That from your roots was torn away;
You sighed—and cursed the stream.

With borrowed earth, and busy spade,
Around your roots new life I laid,
While joy revived in every vein;
(The care of man shall life impart)——
Though *Nature* owns the aid of art,
No art, immortal, makes their reign.

How much alike our fortune—say—
Yet, why must I so soon decay
When thou hast scarcely reached thy prime—
Erect and tall, you joyous stand;
The staff of age has found my hand,
That guides me to the grave of time.

Could I, fair tree, like you, resign,
And banish all those fears of mine,
Grey hairs would be no cause of grief;
Your blossoms die, but you remain,
Your fruit lies scattered o'er the plain—
Learn wisdom from the falling leaf.

As you survive, by heaven's decree,
Let withered flowers be thrown on me
Sad compensation for my doom,
While winter greens and withering pines,
And cedars dark, and barren vines,
Point out the lonely tomb.

The enlivening sun, that burns so bright,
Ne'er had a noon without a night,
So LIFE and DEATH agree;
The joys of man by years are broke"—
'Twas thus the man of ninety spoke,
Then rose, and left his tree.

TO THE AMERICANS,

ON THE RUMOURED APPROACH OF THE HESSIAN FORCES, WALDECKERS, &c. (PUBLISHED 1775.)

The blast of death! the infernal guns prepare—
"Rise with the storm and all its dangers share."

OCCASIONED BY GENERAL GAGES' PROCLAMATION THAT THE PROVINCES WERE IN A STATE OF REBELLION, AND OUT OF THE KING'S PROTECTION.

REBELS you are—the British champion cries—
TRUTH, stand thou forth!—and tell the wretch, He lies:—
Rebels!—and see this mock imperial *lord*
Already threats *these rebels* with the CORD.*
The hour draws nigh, the glass is almost run,
When truth will shine, and ruffians be undone;
When this base miscreant will forbear to sneer,
And curse his taunts, and bitter insults, *here*.
If to controul the cunning of a knave,
Freedom respect, and scorn the name of SLAVE;
If to protest against a tyrant's laws,
And arm for vengeance in a righteous cause
Be deemed REBELLION—'tis a harmless thing:
This bug-bear name, like death, *has lost its sting*.
AMERICANS! at freedom's fane adore!
But trust to Britain, and her flag, no more:
The *generous genius* of their isle has fled,
And left a mere impostor in his stead.
If conquered, rebels (their Scotch records show)
Receive no mercy from the *parent* foe†
Nay, even the grave, that friendly haunt of peace,
(Where nature gives the woes of man to cease)

* See, in the records of American History, about this time, a Letter from Gen. Gage to Gen. Washington; with the answer of the latter.

† After the battle of Colloden: See Smollett's History of England, 1745.

Vengeance will search—and buried corpses there
Be raised, to feast the vultures of the air—
Be hanged on gibbets!—such a war they wage—
Such are the devils that swell our souls with rage!—
If Britain conquers, help us, heaven, to fly:
Lend us your wings, ye ravens of the sky;—
If Britain conquers, we exist no more;
These lands will redden with their children's gore,
Who, turned to slaves, their fruitless toils will moan,
Toils in these fields, that once they called their own!
To arms! to arms!—and let the murdering sword
Decide, who best deserves the HANGMAN'S CORD:
Nor think the hills of Canada too bleak
When desperate freedom is the prize you seek;
For *that*, the call of honour bids you go
O'er frozen lakes, and mountains wrapt in snow:
No toils should daunt the nervous and the bold,
They scorn all heat, or wave congealing cold.—
Haste!——to your tents in iron fetters bring
These SLAVES, that serve a tyrant, and a king,
So just, so virtuous is your cause, I say,
Hell must prevail, if Britain gains the day.

ON A HESSIAN DEBARKATION,

1776.

There is a book, tho' not a book of rhymes,
Where truth severe records a nation's crimes;—
To check such monarchs as with brutal might
Wanton in blood, and trample on the right.

REJOICE O Death!—Britannia's tyrant sends
From German plains his myriads to our shore;
The Caledonian with the English joined:—
Bring them, ye winds, but waft them back no more.

To these far climes with stately step they come,
Resolved all prayers, all prowess to defy;
Smit with the love of countries not their own,
They come, indeed, to conquer—not to die.

In the slow breeze (I hear their funeral song,)
The dance of ghosts the infernal tribes prepare:
To hell's dark mansions haste, ye abandoned throng,
Drinking from German sculls old *Odin's* beer.

From dire Cesarea!* forced, these slaves of kings,
Quick, let them take their way on eagle's wings:
To thy strong posts, Manhattan's isle, repair,
To meet the vengeance that awaits them there!

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

NO pleasure on earth can afford such delights,
As the heavenly view of these tropical nights:
The glow of the stars, and the breeze of the sea,
Are heaven—if heaven on ocean can be.—

The star of old Cancer is right overhead,
And the sun in the water has travelled to bed;
He is gone, as some say, to recline at his ease,
And not, like ourselves, to be pestered with fleas.

What pity that here is no insular spot,
Where quarrels, and murder, and malice are not:
Where a stranger might land, to recruit his worn crew,
Replenish the casks, and the water renew.

On this Empire of waves, this expanse of the main,
In the track we are sailing, no island is seen:
The glow of the stars, and the breath of the wind
Are left!—for they bring not the scent of the land!

Huge porpoises swim, where there should be an isle,
Where an Eden might bloom, or a Cyprus might smile—
From PALMA,† thus far, with a tedious delay,
Salt water and æther is all we survey!

* The old Roman name of Jersey.
† The most north-westerly of the Canary Islands.

Like an artist that's busy in melting his *lead*,
At random it falls, and is carelessly spread,
So Nature, though wisely the globe she has planned,
Left the surface to chance—to be sea, or be land.

THE

BEAUTIES OF SANTA CRUZ.*

Sweet orange grove, the fairest of the isle,
In thy soft shade luxuriously reclined,
Where, round my fragrant bed, the flowrets smile,
In sweet delusions I deceive my mind.

But Melancholy's glooms assail my breast,
For potent nature reigns despotic there;—
A nation ruined, and a world oppressed,
Might rob the boldest Stoic of a tear.

SICK of thy northern glooms, come, shepherd, seek
More equal climes, and a serener sky:
Why shouldst thou toil amid thy frozen ground,
Where half years' snows, a barren prospect, lie.

When thou mayst go where never frost was seen,
Or north-west winds with cutting fury blow,
Where never ice congealed the limpid stream,
Where never mountain tipt its head with snow?

Twice ten days prosperous gales thy barque shall bear
To isles that flourish in perpetual green,
Where richest herbage glads each fertile vale,
And ever verdant plants on every hill are seen.

Nor dread the dangers of the billowy deep,
Autumnal winds shall safely waft thee o'er;
Put off the timid heart, or, man unblest,
Ne'er shalt thou reach this gay enchanting shore.

---

* Or St. Croix, a Danish island (in the American Archipelago), *commonly, tho'* erroneously included in the cluster of the Virgin *Islands; belonging to* the crown of Denmark.

Thus *Judah's* tribes beheld the promised land,
While *Jordan's* angry waters swelled between;
Thus, trembling on the brink, I see them stand,
Heaven's type in view, the Canaanitish green.

Thus, some mean souls, in spite of age and care,
Are held so firmly to this earth below,
They never wish to cross fate's dusky main
That parting them and happiness, doth flow.

Though Reason's voice might whisper to the soul
That nobler climes for man the heavens design—
Come, shepherd, haste—the northern breezes blow,
No more the slumbering winds thy barque confine.

Sweet orange grove! the fairest of the isle,
In thy soft shade luxuriously reclined,
Where, round my fragrant bed the flowerets smile,
In sweet delusions I deceive my mind.

But Melancholy's glooms assail my breast,
For potent nature reigns despotic there;—
A nation ruined, and a world oppressed,
Might rob the boldest Stoic of a tear.

From the vast caverns of old Ocean's bed
Fair SANTA CRUZ arising, laves her waist,
The threatening waters roar on every side,
For every side by ocean is embraced.

Sharp, craggy rocks repell the surging brine,
Whose caverned sides by restless billows wore,
Resemblance claim to that remoter isle
Where once the winds' proud lord the sceptre bore.

Betwixt old Cancer and the mid-way line,
In happiest climate, lies this envied isle:
Trees bloom throughout the year, soft breezes blow,
And fragrant Flora wears a lasting smile.

Cool, woodland streams from shaded cliffs descend,
The dripping rock no want of moisture knows,
Supplied by springs that on the skies depend,
That fountain feeding as the current flows.

Such were the isles which happy *Flaccus* sung,
Where one tree blossoms while another bears,
Where spring forever gay, and ever young,
Walks her gay round through her unceasing years.

Such were the climes which youthful Eden saw
Ere crossing fates destroyed her golden reign—
Reflect upon thy loss, unhappy man,
And seek the vales of *Paradise* again.

No lowering skies are here—the neighbouring sun
Clear and unveiled, his brilliant journey goes,
Each morn emerging from the ambient main,
And sinking there, each evening, to repose.

In June's fair month the spangled traveller gains
The utmost limits of his northern way,
And blesses with his beams cold lands remote,
Sad Greenland's coast, and Hudson's frozen bay.

The shivering swains of these unhappy climes
Behold the side-way monarch through the trees,
Here glows his fiercer heat, his vertic beams,
Tempered with cooling gales and trade-wind breeze.

The native here, in golden plenty blest,
Bids from the soil the verdant harvests spring;
Feasts in the abundant dome, the joyous guest;
Time short,—life easy,—pleasure on the wing.

Here, fixt to-day in plenty's smiling vales,
Just as the year revolves, they laugh or groan;
September comes, seas swell with horrid gales,
And old Port-Royal's fate is found their own!

And though so near heaven's blazing lamp doth run,
They court the beam that sheds the golden day,
And hence are called the children of the sun,
Who, without fainting, bear his downward ray.

No threatening tides upon their island rise,
Gay Cynthia scarce disturbs the ocean here,
No waves approach her orb, and, she, as kind,
Attracts no oceans to her silver sphere.

The happy waters boast, of various kinds,
Unnumbered myriads of the scaly race,
Sportive they glide above the deluged sand,
Gay as their clime, in ocean's ample vase.

Some streaked with burnished gold, resplendent, glare,
Some cleave the limpid deep, all silvered o'er,
Some, clad in living green, delight the eye,
Some red, some blue; of mingled colours more.

Here glides the spangled dolphin through the deep,
The giant carcased whales at distance stray,
The huge green turtles wallow through the wave,
Well pleased alike with land or water, they.

The *Rainbow* cuts the deep, of varied green,
The well-fed *Grouper* lurks remote, below,
The swift *Bonetta* coasts the watery scene,
The diamond-coated *Angels* kindle as they go,

Delicious to the taste, salubrious food,
Which might some temperate, studious sage allure
To curse the fare of his abstemious cell
And turn, for once, a cheerful epicure.

Unhurt mayest thou this luscious food enjoy,
To fulness feast upon the scaly kind,
These, well selected from a thousand more,
Delight the taste, and leave no bane behind.

Nor think *Hygeia** is a stranger here—
To sensual souls the clime may fatal prove,
Anguish and death attend, and pain severe,
The midnight revel, and licentious love.

Full many a swain, in youth's serenest bloom
Is borne untimely to this alien clay,
Constrained to slumber in a foreign tomb,
Far from his friends, his country far away.

Yet if devoted to a sensual soul,
If fondly their own ruin they create,
These victims to the banquet and the bowl
Must blame their folly, only, not their fate.

* The goddess of health, in the Grecian mythology.

But thou who first drew breath in northern air,
At early dawn ascend the sloping hills:
And oft, at noon, to lime-tree shades repair,
Where some soft stream from neighbouring groves distills,

And with it mix the liquid of the lime.
The old-aged essence of the generous cane,
And sweetest syrups of this liquorish clime,
And drink, to cool thy thirst, and drink again.

This happy beverage, joy-inspiring bowl,
Dispelling far the shades of mental night,
Beams bright ideas on the awakening soul,
And sorrow turns to pleasure and delight.

Sweet verdant isle! through thy dark woods I rove
And learn the nature of each native tree,
The *fustic* hard, the poisonous *manchineel*,
Which for its fragrant apple pleaseth thee;

Alluring to the smell, fair to the eye,
But deadliest poison in the taste is found—
O shun the dangerous tree, nor touch, like *Eve*,
This interdicted fruit, in Eden's ground.

The lowly *mangrove* fond of watery soil,
The white-barked *gregory*, rising high in air,
The *mastic* in the woods you may descry,
Tamarind, and lofty bay-trees flourish there.

Sweet orange groves in lonely vallies rise
And drop their fruits, unnoticed and unknown;
The cooling acid limes in hedges grow,
The juicy lemons swell in shades their own.

Soft, spungy plums on trees wide spreading hang,
Bell-apples here, suspended, shade the ground,
Plump *grenadilloes*, and *güavas* grey,
With *melons*, in each plain and vale abound

The conic-formed *cashew*, of juicy kind,
That bears at once an apple and a nut;
Whose poisonous coat, indignant to the lip,
Doth in its cell a wholesome kernel shut.

The prince of fruits, which some *jayama* call,
Ana- a some, the happy flavoured *fine;*
In which unite the tastes and juices all
Of apple, quince, peach, grape, and nectarine,

Grows to perfection here, and spreads his crest,
His diadem towards the parent sun;
His diadem, in fiery blossoms drest,
Stands armed with swords, from potent Nature won.

Yon' cotton shrubs with bursting knobs behold,
Their snow white locks these humbler groves array;
On slender trees the blushing coffee hangs,
Like thy fair cherry, and would tempt thy stay.

Safe from the winds, in deep retreats, they rise;
Their utmost summit may thine arm attain;
Taste the moist fruit, and from thy closing eyes
Sleep shall retire, with all his drowsy train.

The spicy berry, they *güava* call,
Swells in the mountains on a stripling tree;
These some admire, and value more than all,
My humble verse, besides, unfolds to thee.

The smooth white cedar, here, delights the eye,
The bay-tree, with its aromatic green,
The sea-side grapes, sweet natives of the sand,
And pulse, of various kinds, on trees are seen.

Here mingled vines, their downward shadows cast,
Here, clustered grapes from loaded boughs depend,
Their leaves no frosts, their fruits no cold winds blast,
But, reared by suns, to time alone they bend.

The plantane and banana flourish here,
Of hasty growth, and love to fix their root
Where some soft stream of ambling water flows,
To yield full moisture to their clustered fruit.

No other trees so vast a leaf can boast,
So broad, so long—through these, refreshed, we stray,
And though the noon-sun his fierce radiance shed,
These friendly leaves shall shade us all the way,

And tempt the cooling breeze to hasten there,
With its sweet odorous breath to charm the grove;
High shades and verdant seats, while underneath
A little stream by mossy banks doth rove,

Where once the Indian dames slept with their swains,
Or fondly kissed the moon-light eves away;—
The lovers fled, the tearful stream remains,
And only I console it with my lay!

Among the shades of yonder whispering grove
The green palmettoes mingle, tall and fair,
That ever murmur, and forever move,
Fanning with wavy bough the ambient air.

Pomegranates grace the wild, and sweet-sops there
Ready to fall, require the helping hand,
Nor yet neglect the papaw or mamee,
Whose slighted trees with fruits unheeded stand.

Those shaddocks juicy shall thy taste delight,
And yon' high fruits, the noblest of the wood,
That cling in clusters to the mother tree,
The cocoa-nut, rich, milky, healthful food.

O grant me, gods, if yet condemned to stray,
At least to spend life's sober evening here,
To plant a grove where winds yon' sheltered bay,
And pluck those fruits, that frost nor winter fear.

Cassada shrubs abound—transplanted here
From every clime, exotic blossoms blow;
Here Asia plants her flowers, here Europe trees,
And hyperborean herbs, unwintered, grow.

Here, a new herbage glads the generous steed,
Mules, goats, and sheep, enjoy these pastures fair,
And for thy hedges, Nature has decreed,
Guards of thy toils, the date and prickly pear.

But chief the glory of these Indian isles
Springs from the sweet, uncloying sugar cane:
Hence comes the planter's wealth, hence commerce sends
Such floating piles, to traverse half the main.

Whoe'er thou art that leavest thy native shore
And shalt to fair West-India climates come,
Taste not the enchanting plant—to taste forbear,
If ever thou wouldst reach thy much-loved home.

Ne'er through the isle permit thy feet to rove,
Or, if thou dost, let prudence lead the way,
Forbear to taste the virtues of the cane,
Forbear to taste what will complete your stay.

Whoever sips of this enchanting juice,
Delicious nectar, fit for Jove's own hall,
Returns no more from his loved Santa Cruz,
But quits his friends, his country, and his all.

And thinks no more of home—Ulysses so
Dragged off by force his sailors from that shore
Where *lotos* grew, and, had not strength prevailed,
They never would have sought their country more.—

No annual toil inters this thrifty plant,
The stalk lopt off, refreshing showers prolong
To future years, unfading and secure,
The root so vigorous, and the juice so strong.

Unnumbered plants, beside, these climates yield,
And grass peculiar to the soil that bears:
Ten thousand various herbs array the field,
This glads thy palate, that thy health repairs.

Along the shore a wonderous *flower* is seen,
Where rocky ponds receive the surging wave,
Some drest in yellow, some attired in green,
Beneath the water, their gay branches lave.

This mystic plant, with its bewitching charms
Too surely springs from some enchanted bower,
Fearful it is, and dreads impending harms,
And ANIMAL, the natives call the flower.

From the smooth rock its little branches rise,
The object of thy view, and that alone,
Feast on its beauties with thy ravished eyes,
But aim to touch it, and—the flower is gone.

Nay, if thy shade but intercept the beam
That gilds the boughs beneath some briny lake,
Swift they retire, like a deluding dream,
And even a shadow for destruction take.

Warned by experience, hope not thou to gain
The magic plant, thy curious hand invades;
Returning to the light, it mocks thy pain,
Deceives all grasp, and seeks its native shades!

On yonder blue-browed hill, fresh harvests rise,
Where the dark tribe from Afric's sun burnt plain,
Oft o'er the ocean turn their wishful eyes
To isles remote, high looming o'er the main.

And view soft seats of ease and fancied rest,
Their native groves new painted on the eye,
Where no proud misers their gay hours molest,
No lordly despots pass, unsocial, by.

See, yonder slave that slowly bends this way,
With years, and pain, and ceaseless toil opprest,
Though no complaining words his woes betray.
The eye dejected proves the heart distrest.

Perhaps in chains he left his native shore,
Perhaps he left a helpless offspring there,
Perhaps a wife, that he must see no more,
Perhaps a father, who his love did share.

Cursed be the ship, that brought him o'er the main,
And cursed the men, who from his country tore;
May she be stranded, ne'er to float again,
May they be shipwrecked on some hostile shore——

O gold accurst, of every ill the spring,
For thee compassion flies the darkened mind,
Reason's plain dictates no conviction bring,
And madness merely sways all human kind.

O gold accurst! for thee we madly run,
With murderous hearts, beyond the briny flood,
Seek foreign climes beneath a foreign sun,
And, there, exult to shed a brother's blood.

But thou, who ownest this sugar-bearing soil,
To whom no good the great FIRST CAUSE denies,
Let free-born hands attend thy sultry toil,
And fairer harvests to thy view shall rise,

The teeming earth will mightier stores disclose
Than ever struck the longing eye before,
And late content shall shed a soft repose—
Repose, so long a stranger at your door.

Give me some clime, the favorite of the sky,
Where cruel slavery never sought to reign——
But shun the theme, sad muse, and tell me why
These abject trees lie scattered o'er the plain?

These isles, lest Nature should have proved too kind
Or man have sought his happiest heaven below,
Are torn by mighty winds, fierce hurricanes,
Nature convulsed in every shape of woe.

Nor scorn yon' lonely vale, of trees so reft:
There plantane groves late grew of liveliest green,
The orange flourished, and the lemon bore,
The genius of the isle dwelt there, unseen.

Wild were the skies, affrighted Nature groaned
As though approached her last decisive day.
Skies blazed around, and bellowing winds had nigh
Dislodged these cliffs, and tore yon' hills away.

O'er the wild main, dejected and afraid,
The trembling pilot lashed his helm a-lee
Or swiftly scudding, asked thy potent aid,
Dear *Pilot of the Galilëean Sea.*

Low hung the glooms, distended with the gale
The clouds, dark brooding, winged their circling flight,
Tremendous thunders joined the hurricane,
Daughter of chaos, and eternal night!

And how, alas! could these fair trees withstand
The wasteful madness of so fierce a blast,
That stormed along the plain, seized every grove,
And deluged with a sea this mournful waste.

That plantane grove, where oft I fondly strayed,
Thy darts, dread Phœbus, in those glooms to shun,
Is now no more a refuge or a shade,
Is now with rocks and deep sands over-run.

Those late proud domes of splendour, pomp, and ease
No longer strike the view, in grand attire;
But, torn by winds, flew piecemeal to the seas;
Nor left one nook to lodge the astonished 'squire

But other groves the hand of Time shall raise,
Again shall Nature smile, serenely gay:
So soon each scene revives, why haste to leave
These green retreats, o'er the dark seas to stray.

For I must go where the mad pirate roves;
A stranger on the inhospitable main,
Lost to the scenes of Hudson's sweetest groves,
Cesarea's forests, and my native plain.

There endless waves deject the wearied eye,
And hostile winds incessant toil prepare;
But should loud bellowing storms all art defy,
The manly heart alone must conquer there.—

There wakes my fears, the guileful *Calenture*
Tempting the wanderer on the deep-sea main,
That paints gay groves upon the ocean floor,
Beckoning her victim to the faithless scene!

On these blue hills, to cull bright Fancy's flowers
Might yet awhile the dangerous work delay,
Might yet beguile the few remaining hours—
Ere to those waves I take my destined way.

Thy vales, *Bermuda*, and thy sea-girt groves
Can never like these southern forests please;
And, lashed by stormy waves, you court in vain
The northern shepherd to your cedar trees.

Not o'er those isles such equal planets rule.
All, but the cedar dreads the wintry blast;
Too well thy charms the banished *Waller* sung;
Too near the *pilot's star* thy doom is cast.

Far o'er the waste of yonder surgy field
My native climes in fancied prospect lie,
Now hid in shades, and now by clouds concealed,
And now by tempests ravished from the eye.

There, triumphs to enjoy, are Britain, thine,
There, thy proud navy awes the pillaged shore;
Nor sees the day when nations shall combine
That pride to humble, and our rights restore.

Yet o'er the globe shouldst thou extend thy reign,
Here may thy conquering arms one grotto spare;
Here—though thy conquests vex—in spite of pain
We sip the enlivening glass, in spite of care.

What though we bend to a *tyrannic crown;*
Still Nature's charms in varied beauty shine—
What though we own the rude, imperious *Dane,*
Gold is his sordid care, the Muses mine.

Winter, and winter's glooms are far removed,
Eternal spring with smiling summer joined:—
Absence, and death, and heart-corroding care,
Why should they cloud the sun-shine of the mind?

But, shepherd, haste, and leave behind thee far
Thy bloody plains and iron glooms above;
Quit the cold northern star, and here enjoy,
Beneath the smiling skies, this land of love.

The drowsy pelican wings home his way,
The misty eve sits heavy on the sea,
And though yon' storm hangs brooding o'er the main,
Say, shall a moment's gloom discourage thee?

To-morrow's sun new paints the faded scene:
Though deep in ocean sink his western beams,
His spangled chariot shall ascend more clear,
More radiant from the drowsy land of dreams.

Of all the isles the neighbouring ocean bears,
None can with this their equal landscapes boast,
What could we do on SABA's cloudy height;
Or what could please on 'STATIA's barren coast?

Couldst thou content on rough TORTOLA stray,
Confest the fairest of the *Virgin* train;
Or couldst thou on those rocky summits play
Where high ST. JOHN stands frowning o'er the main?

Haste, shepherd, haste—Hesperian fruits for thee
And clustered grapes from mingled boughs depend—
What pleasure in thy forests can there be
That, leafless now, to every tempest bend?

To milder stars, and skies of clearer blue,
Sworn foe to tyrants, for a time repair:
And 'till to mightier force proud Britain bends—
Despise her triumphs, and forget your care.

Soon shall the genius of this fertile soil
A new creation to the view unfold—
Admire the works of Nature's magic hand,
But scorn that vulgar bait—the thirst of gold.—

Yet, if persuaded by no verse of mine,
You still admire your lands of frost and snow,
And pleased, prefer above these southern groves,
The darksome forests that around you grow:

Still there remain—your native air enjoy,
Repel the TYRANT, who your peace invades:
While charmed, we trace the vales of SANTA CRUZ.
And paint, with rapture, her inspiring shades.

STANZAS

WRITTEN NEAR A CERTAIN CLERGYMAN'S GARDEN.

A GARDEN he has, and that we are agreed on,
But not of the sort that lie *eastward in Eden*:*—
The nose or the eye here is little to treat,
And, what is still worse, there is little to eat.

* Genesis, chap. ii. verse 8.

Here is neither acanthus, or lilly, or mallow,
Nor hyacinth white, or hyacinth yellow;
Polyanthus, or pink, or the flower of the Sun,
And tube-rose, or tulip—I cannot see one.

Some poppies, indeed, he is careful to keep,
Which, much like some sermons, incline us to sleep:
But, for primrose, or snow-drop, or cowslip—as soon
You might find in this garden a Spanish doubloon.

The sweet honey-suckles, the white, and the red,
Which, ten years ago, were the pride of *this* bed;
The sweet honey-suckles I prized, and I loved,
The hand of the parson has wholly removed.

Narcissus, or Iris were never seen here,
And in gardens, so managed, will never, I fear:
No crimson adonis, carnation, or daisy,
Where the soil is as poor as the owner is lazy.

O parson! O tell me, what harm it would do,
To plant a sweet william, if but one or two,
Or marygold yellow, which, well I remember,
When others are dying, puts out in September.

These batchelor's buttons you seem to admire,
Which little of warmth, or of day-light require;
For recluses like you they were probably made:
They love a cold soil, and are fond of the shade.

This garden of gardens where nothing is sown
But contemptible plants, and of eatables none,
Where all is so meagre, and all is so lean,
And never the step of a female was seen,

Assures us no Satan will ever come here,
To search for a woman, or look for good cheer;
Not an angel a-near it the townsmen will find,
Nor a snake from the swamp—to be-devil mankind.

ON A NOCTURNAL VIEW

OF THE PLANET *JUPITER*, AND SEVERAL OF HIS SATELLITES, THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

ASTONISHED at a sight so new,
Who would suppose this vision true—
A world on yonder azure *ground*,
Which no less real worlds surround.
Proud planet! Are our eyes deceived?—
Who has not seen, has not believed
That in the ætherial, vaulted waste
Spheres like our own, and worlds, are placed.
Of bulk stupendous, mightier far
Than is our earth, a meaner star;
And Reason's eye, another race
Of Nature's children there may trace.
The mountain and the spangled plain
Were surely not designed in vain:
Who knows but different men are there,
Joys of their own, or griefs to share.
This tell-tale Tube to me displays
Vast rolling oceans, boundless seas,
That on your ponderous planet, Jove,
No other moons obedient move.
Those moons, in various orbs that stray
To serve by night the want of day,
Are not like *our's*, which in her wane
Leaves us to grope in shades again.
May not this train of splendid guards
Be part of honour's bright rewards;
Be on a happier race bestowed,
The natives of yon' grand abode;
A race in rank that higher stand,
By Nature's happier humour planned,
And favoured more, and more caressed
Than man, discordant and unblest?
But, while I dwell on things like these,
(Where Fancy finds so much to please)
I see, while art thus brings him down,
The formidable planet frown.

I hear him say (in Fancy's ear)
" What business have you, prying here?
" What treacherous, or what slumbering god
" Intrudes you on my bright abode."——
The genius that in Jove presides,
And wisely his state matters guides,
Resumed the subject Jove began,
And thus I heard him speak to man.
" I cannot bear that human eyes
Should view my moons, my belts, my skies:
Search not (for Nature thus commands)
Search not my oceans or my lands.
If man were once admitted here
His madness would distract my sphere;
He would perplex, intrigue, ensnare,
And every shape of mischief wear.
He would torment, intrigue, derange,
And half my lovely system change,
And make my globe (to wars unknown)
The horrid image of his own.
Reform, correct your wicked ways,
Nor longer walk in Folly's maze;
Learn to be good, be men of worth,
And then, perhaps, your little earth
(Tho' not to be expected soon)
In time may have—another moon.

THE

PETTIFOGGER,

OR

FEE SIMPLE, ESQUIRE.

IN a town I could mention, a lawyer resided
As cunning as Satan, and fond of disputes;
In wrangles and quarrels he ever confided,
To keep on his docquet a long string of suits.

f little importance, nay, paltry and mean,
he matter contested, a pig or a hen;
it one thing he stuck to, he ever was seen
› have for his pleading just one pound ten.

ith pleasure he saw that the quarrels increased,
ch day he had business from wranglesome men,
it all to the 'squire was a holiday feast
hile he got his dear FEE, the one pound ten.

parchment, Caveto, hung up in his hall
hich cautioned the reader to read and attend,
iat for one pound ten he would quibble and brawl,
vist, lie, and do all things a cause to defend.

metimes when the limits of lots were disputed
e would put all to rights in the turn of a straw;
om the tenth of an inch he his pocket recruited
ll he made the two parties curse lawyer and law.

ius matters went on, and the lawyer grown rich
d high, and swilled wine 'till the dropsy began
› bloat up his guts to so monstrous a pitch,
u would hardly have known him to be the same man.

last he departed, and when he had died,
s worship arriving at Beelzebub's den;
›w much is the entrance (demanded the guide?—)
d Devil made answer, 'TIS ONE POUND TEN.

ON THE NEW

MERICAN FRIGATE ALLIANCE.

3 Neptune traced the azure main
iat owned, so late, proud Britain's reign,
floating pile approached his car,
ie scene of terror and of war.

As nearer still the monarch drew
(Her starry flag displayed to view)
He asked a Triton of his train
" What flag was this that rode the main ?"

" A ship of such a gallant mien
" This many a day I have not seen,
" To no mean power can she belong,
" So swift, so warlike, stout, and strong.

" See, how she mounts the foaming wave—
" Where other ships would find a grave,
" Majestic, aweful, and serene,
" She sails the ocean, like its queen.——

" Great monarch of the hoary deep,
" Whose trident awes the waves to sleep,
(Replied a Triton of his train)
" This ship, that stems the western main,

" To those new, rising *States* belongs,
" Who, in resentment of their wrongs,
" Oppose proud Britain's tyrant sway,
" And combat her, by land and sea.

" This pile, of such superior fame,
" From their strict *union* takes her name,
" For them she cleaves the briny tide,
" While terror marches by her side.

" When she unfurls her flowing sails,
" Undaunted by the fiercest gales,
" In dreadful pomp she ploughs the main,
" While adverse tempests rage in vain.

" When she displays her gloomy *tier*,
" The boldest foes congeal with fear,
" And, owning her superior might,
" Seek their best safety in their flight.

" But when she pours the dreadful blaze,
" And thunder from her cannon plays,
" The bursting flash, that wings the ball,
" Compells those foes to *strike*, or fall.

" Though she, with her triumphant crew,
" *Might* to their fate all foes pursue ;

:hful to the land that bore,
/s, to guard her native shore.

1 she might make the cruisers groan
il within the torrid zone;
dly lends a nearer aid,
them here. and guards the trade.

traversing the eastern main,
ets the shores of France and Spain;
lant flag, displayed to view,
:he old world to the new.

ik atchieved, behold her go
congealed with ice and snow,
er tropic, and the *line*,
suns with endless fervour shine.

go, on thy decks were found
:arts of brass, as here abound;
)r their golden fleece did fly,
sil—to vanquish tyranny."—— [1778.]

ON THE DEATH OF

TAIN NICHOLAS BIDDLE,

ER OF THE RANDOLPH FRIGATE, BLOWN UP NEAR BARBADOES, 1776.

listant thunders rend the skies,
uds of smoke in columns rise,
t means this dreadful roar!
is base *Vesuvius* thrown,
)t *Atlas* tumbled down,
:tna's self no more!

Shock after shock torments my ear;
And lo!—two hostile ships appear,
Red lightnings round them glow:
The *Yarmouth* boasts of sixty-four,
The *Randolph* thirty-two—no more—
And will she fight this foe!

The Randolph soon on Stygian streams
Shall coast along the land of dreams,
The islands of the dead!
But Fate, that parts them on the deep,
May save the Briton yet to weep
His days of victory fled.

Say, who commands that dismal blaze,
Where yonder starry streamer plays?
Does *Mars* with *Jove* engage!
'Tis Biddle wings those angry fires,
Biddle, whose bosom *Jove* inspires
With more than mortal rage.

Tremendous flash!—and hark, the ball
Drives through old Yarmouth, flames and all;
Her bravest sons expire;
Did Mars himself approach so nigh,
Even Mars, without disgrace, might fly
The Randolph's fiercer fire.

The Briton views his mangled crew,
"And shall we strike to *thirty-two?*—
(Said Hector, stained with gore)
"Shall Britain's flag to *these* descend—
"Rise, and the glorious conflict end,
"Britons, I ask no more!"

He spoke—they charged their cannon round,
Again the vaulted heavens resound,
The Randolph bore it all,
Then fixed her pointed cannons true—
Away the unwieldy vengeance flew;
Britain, thy warriors fall.

he Yarmouth saw, with dire dismay,
er wounded hull, shrouds shot away,
Her boldest heroes dead—
ıe saw amidst her floating slain
ıe conquering *Randolph* stem the main—
She saw, she turned—and fled!

hat hour, blest chief, had she been thine,
ear *Biddle*, had the powers divine
Been kind as thou wert brave;
ıt Fate, who doomed thee to expire,
'epared an arrow, tipt with fire,
And marked a watery grave,

nd in that hour, when conquest came
'inged at his ship a pointed flame,
That not even *he* could shun—
he battle ceased, the Yarmouth fled,
he bursting Randolph ruin spread,
And left her task undone!

ON

A BOOK

CALLED UNITARIAN THEOLOGY.

[this choice work, with wisdom penned, we find
ıe noblest system to reform mankind,
ıld truths confirmed, that bigots have denied,
most perverted, and which some deride.
Here, truths divine in easy language flow,
ıuths long concealed, that now all climes shall know:
:re, like the blaze of our material *sun*,
ılightened *Reason* proves, that GOD IS ONE——
ı that, concentered in itself, a sphere,
umes all Nature with its radiance here,
ds towards itself all trees and plants aspire,
vakes the winds, impels the seeds of fire,

And still subservient to the Almighty plan,
Warms into life the changeful race of man;
So—like that sun—in heaven's bright realms we trace
One POWER OF LOVE, that fills unbounded space,
Existing always by no borrowed aid,
Before all worlds—eternal, and not made——
To THAT indebted, stars and comets burn,
Owe their swift movements, and to THAT return!
Prime source of wisdom, all-contriving mind,
First spring of *Reason*, that this globe designed;
Parent of order, whose unwearied hand
Upholds the fabric that his wisdom planned,
And, its due course assigned to every sphere,
Revolves the seasons, and sustains the year!——
Pure light of TRUTH! where'er thy splendours shine,
Thou art the image of the power divine;
Nought else, in life, that full resemblance bears,
No sun, that lights us through our circling years,
No stars, that through yon' charming azure stray,
No moon, that glads us with her evening ray,
No seas, that o'er their gloomy caverns flow,
No forms beyond us, and no shapes below!
Then slight—ah slight not, this instructive page,
For the mean follies of a dreaming age:
Here to the truth, by REASON's aid aspire,
Nor some dull preacher of romance admire;
See ONE, SOLE GOD, in these convincing lines,
Beneath whose view perpetual day-light shines;
At whose command all worlds their circuits run,
And night, retiring, dies before the sun!
Here, MAN *no more disgraced by Time appears,*
Lost in dull slumbers through ten thousand years;
Plunged in that gulph, whose dark unfathomed wave
Men of all ages to perdition gave;
An empty dream, or still more empty shade,
The substance vanished, and the form decayed!——
Here Reason proves, that when this life decays,
Instant, new life in the warm bosom plays,
As that expiring, still its course repairs
Through endless ages, and unceasing years.
Where parted souls with kindred spirits meet,
Wrapt to the bloom of beauty all complete;

In that celestial, vast, unclouded sphere,
Nought there exists but has its image here!
All there is MIND!——That INTELLECTUAL FLAME,
From whose vast stores all human genius came,
In which all Nature forms on REASON's plan——
FLOWS TO THIS ABJECT WORLD, AND BEAMS ON MAN!*

THE

JEWISH LAMENTATION

AT EUPHRATES.

BY Babel's streams we sate and wept,
When Sion bade our sorrows flow;
Our harps on lofty willows slept
That near those distant waters grow:
The willows high, the waters clear
Beheld our toils and sorrows there.

The cruel foe, that captive led
Our nation from their native soil,
The tyrant foe, by whom we bled,
Required a song, as well as toil:
'Come, with a song your sorrows cheer,
'A song, that Sion loved to hear."

How shall we, cruel tyrant, raise
A song on such a distant shore?——
If I forget my Sion's praise,
May my right hand assume no more
To strike the silver sounding string,
And thence the slumbering music bring.

If I forget that happy home,
My perjured tongue, forbear to move!
My eyes, be closed in endless gloom——
My joy, my rapture, and my love!
No rival grief my mind can share,
For thou shalt reign unrivalled there.

---

* *These lines* are in consonance with the Platonic philosophy.

Remember, Lord, that hated foe
(When conquered Sion drooped her head)
Who laughing at our deepest woe,
Thus to our tears and sorrows said,
" From its proud height degrade her wall,
Destroy her towers—and ruin all."

Thou, Babel's offspring, hated race,
May some avenging monster seize,
And dash your venom in your face
For crimes and cruelties, like these:
And, deaf to pity's melting moan,
With infant blood stain every stone.

CAPT. J. P. JONES'S INVITATION

THOU, who on some dark mountain's brow
Hast toiled thy life away, till now,
And often from that rugged steep
Beheld the vast extended deep,
Come from your forest, and, with me,
Learn what it is to go to sea.

There endless plains the eye surveys
As far from land the vessel strays;
No longer hill nor dale is seen,
The realms of death intrude between,
But fear no ill; resolve, with me,
To share the dangers of the sea.

Yet look not there for verdant fields—
Far different prospects Neptune yields:
Blue seas shall only greet the eye,
Those seas encircled by the sky,
Immense and deep—come then with me
And view the wonders of the sea.

Yet sometimes groves and meadows gay
Delight the seamen on their way:
From the deep seas, that round us swell,
With rocks, the surges to repel,

Some verdant isle, by waves embraced,
Swells, to adorn the watery waste,

Though now this vast expanse appear
With glassy surface, calm and clear:
Be not deceived—'tis but a show,
For many a corpse is laid below—
Even Britain's lads—*it cannot be*—
They are the *masters* of the sea!

Now combating upon the brine,
Where ships in flaming squadrons join,
At every blast the brave expire
'Midst clouds of smoak, and streams of fire;
But scorn all fears; advance with me—
'Tis but the custom of the sea.

Now we the peaceful wave divide,
On broken surges now we ride,
Now every eye dissolves with woe
As on some leeward coast we go—
Half lost, half buried in the main
Hope scarcely beams on life again.

Above us, storms distract the sky,
Beneath us depths unfathomed lie,
Too near we see, disheartening sight,
The realms of everlasting night,
A watery tomb of ocean-green
And only one frail plank between!

But winds must cease, and storms decay,
Not always lasts the gloomy day,
Again the skies are warm and clear,
Again soft zephyrs fan the air,
Again we find the long-lost shore,
The winds oppose our wish no more.

If thou hast courage to despise
The various changes of the skies,
To disregard the ocean's rage,
Unmoved when hostile ships engage—
Come from the forest, and from me
Learn what it is to go to sea.

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ON THE

CREW OF A CERTAIN VESSEL

SEVERAL OF WHOM HAPPENED TO BE OF SIMILAR NAMES TO CELEBRATED FOREIGN CLERGYMEN.

IN life's unsettled, odd career
What changes every day appear
To please or plague the eye:
A goodly brotherhood of priests
Are here transformed to swearing beasts
Who heaven and hell defy.

Here *Bonner*, bruised with many a knock,
Has changed his surplice for a frock;
Old ERSKINE swabs the decks,
And WATTS, who once such pleasure took
In writing HYMNS—here, turned a cook,
Sinners no longer vex.

Here BURNET, TILLOTSON, and BLAIR,
With JEMMY HERVEY, curse and swear,
Here CUDWORTH mixes grog;
PEARSON the crew to dinner hails,
A graceless SHERLOCK trims the sails,
And BUNYAN heaves the log.

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS.

"*BERMUDA, walled with rocks, who does not know*
That happy island, where huge lemons grow," &c.
Waller's Battle of the Summer Islands.

THESE islands fair with many a grove are crowned
With cedars tall, gay hills, and verdant vales,
But dangerous rocks on every side is found,
—*Fatal* to him who unsuspecting sails.

The gay Palmetto shades the adjacent wave:
Blue, ocean water near the lime-tree breaks!—
I leave the scene!—this stormy quarter leave,
And rove awhile by Harrington's sweet lake.

In every vale fair woodland nymphs are seen
In bloom of youth, to mourn some absent love,
Who, wandering far on Neptune's rude domain,
Heaves the fond sigh at every new remove.

From hill to hill I see Amanda stray,
Searching, with anxious view, the encircling main,
To espy the sail, so long, so far away,
Rise from the waves, and bless her sight again.

Now, on some rock, with loose, dishevelled hair,
Near dashing waves, the sorrowing beauty stands,
Hoping that each approaching barque may bear
Homeward the wandering youth from foreign lands.

Oh! may no gales such faithful loves destroy,
No hidden rock to Hymen fatal prove:
And thou, fond swain, thy nicest art employ
Once more on these sweet isles to meet your love.

When verging to the height of *thirty-two*,
And east or west you guide the dashy prow;
Then fear by night the dangers of this shore,
Nature's wild garden, placed in sixty-four.*
Here many a merchant his lost freight bemoans,
And many a gallant ship has laid her bones.

AMANDA'S COMPLAINT.

"IN shades we live, in shades we die,
Cool zephyrs breathe for our repose;
In shallow streams we love to play,
But, cruel you, that praise deny
Which you might give, and nothing lose,
And then pursue your destined way.

* Lat. 32 deg. 20 min. N.—Long. 63. 40 W.—and about 780 miles East of the coast of South Carolina.

Ungrateful man! when anchoring here,
On shore you came to beg relief;
I shewed you where the fig trees grow,
And wandering with you, free from fear,
To hear the story of your grief
I pointed where the cisterns are,
And would have shewn, if streams did flow!

The MEN that spurned your ragged crew,
So long exposed to Neptune's rage—
I told them what your sufferings were:
Told them that landsmen never knew
The trade that hastens frozen age,
The life that brings the brow of care.

A lamb, the loveliest of the flock,
To your disheartened crew I gave,
Life to sustain on yonder deep—
Sighing, I cast one sorrowing look
When on the margin of the main
You slew the loveliest of my sheep.

Along your native northern shores,
From cape to cape, where'er you stray,
Of all the nymphs that catch the eye,
They scarce can be excelled by our's—
Not in more fragrant shades they play;—
The summer suns come not so nigh.

Confess your fault, mistaken swain,
And own, at least, our equal charms—
Have you no flowers of ruddy hue,
That please your fancy on the plain?—
Would you not guard those flowers from h
If NATURE'S SELF each picture drew!

Vain are your sighs—in vain your tears,
Your barque must still at anchor lay,
And you remain a slave to care;
A thousand doubts, a thousand fears,
'Till what you said, you shall unsay,
Bermudian damsels are not fair!

ON AMANDA'S SINGING BIRD;

A NATIVE OF THE CANARY ISLANDS, CONFINED IN A SMALL CAGE.

" HAPPY in my native grove,
I from spray to spray did rove,
Fond of music, full of love.

Dressed as fine as bird could be,
Every thing that I did see,
Every thing was mirth to me.

There had I been, happy still,
With my mate to coo and bill
In the vale, or on the hill.

But the cruel tyrant, MAN,
(Tyrant since the world began)
Soon abridged my little span.

How shall I the wrong forget!
Over me he threw a net;
And I am his prisoner yet.

To this rough Bermudian shore
Ocean I was hurried o'er,
Ne'er to see my country more!

To a narrow cage confined,
I, who once so gaily shined,
Sing to please the human kind.

Dear Amanda!—leave me free,
And my notes will sweeter be;
On your breast, or in the tree!

On your arm I would repose—
One—oh make me—of your beaus—
There I would relate my woes.

Now, all love, and full of play,
I so innocently gay,
Pine my little life away.

Thus to grieve and flutter here,
Thus to pine from year to year;
This is usage too severe.

From the chiefs who rule your isle,
I will never court a smile;
All, with them, is *prison style*.

But from your superior mind
Let me but my freedom find,
And I will be all resigned.

Then your kiss will hold me fast—
If but once by you embraced,
In your 'kerchief I will rest.——

Gentle shepherds of the plain,
Who so fondly hear my strain;
Help me to be free again.

'Tis a blessing to be free:—
Fair Amanda!—pity me,
Pity him who sings for thee.

But if, cruel, you deny
That your captive bird should fly,
Here detained so wrongfully,

Full of anguish, faint with woe
I must, with my music, go
To the cypress groves below.

FLORIO TO AMANDA.

LAMP of the pilot's hope! the wanderer's dream,
Far glimmering o'er the wave, we saw thy beam:
Forced from your aid by cold December's gale
As near your isle we reefed the wearied sail:
From bar to bar, from cape to cape I roam,
From you still absent, still too far from home.——
What shall repay me for these nights of pain,
And weeks of absence on this restless main,

Adorned with all that nature could impart
To please the fancy and to gain the heart;
Heaven ne'er above more innocence possessed,
Nor earth the form of a diviner guest:
A mind all virtue!—flames descended here
From some bright seraph of some nobler sphere;
Yet, not her virtues, opening into bloom,
Nor all her sweetness saved her from the tomb,
From prospects darkened, and the purpose crossed,
Misfortune's winter,—and a lover lost;
Nor such resemblance to the forms above,
The heart of goodness, and the soul of love!
Ye thoughtless fair!—her early death bemoan;
Sense, virtue, *beauty*, *to oblivion* gone.

AMERICA INDEPENDENT;

AND HER EVERLASTING DELIVERANCE FROM BRITISH TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION.

First published in Philadelphia, by Mr. ROBERT BELL, in 1778.

To him, who would relate the story right,
A mind supreme should dictate, or indite.—
Yes!—justly to record the tale of fame,
A muse from heaven should touch the soul with flame,
Some powerful spirit, in superior lays,
Should tell the conflicts of these stormy days!

'TIS done! and Britain for her madness sighs—
Take warning, tyrants, and henceforth be wise,
If o'er mankind *man* gives you regal sway,
Take not the rights of human kind away.
When God from chaos gave this world to be,
Man then he formed, and formed him to be free,
In his own image stampt the favourite race—
How darest thou, tyrant, the fair stamp deface!

When on mankind you fix your abject chains,
No more the image of that God remains;
O'er a dark scene a darker shade is drawn,
His work dishonoured, and our glory gone!
When first Britannia sent her hostile crew
To these far shores, to ravage and subdue,
We thought them gods, and almost seemed to say
No ball could pierce them, and no dagger slay——
Heavens! what a blunder—half our fears were vain;
These hostile *gods* at length have quit the plain,
On neighbouring isles the storm of war they shun,
Happy, thrice happy, if not quite undone.—
Yet soon, in dread of some impending woe,
Even from these *islands* shall these ruffians go—
This be their doom, in vengeance for the slain,
To pass their days in poverty and pain;
For such base triumphs, be it still their lot
To triumph only o'er the rebel *Scot*,
And to their insect isle henceforth confined
No longer lord it o'er the human kind.—
But, by the fates, who still prolong their stay,
And gather vengeance to conclude their day,
Yet, ere they go, the angry Muse shall tell
The treasured woes that in her bosom swell:——
Proud, fierce, and bold, O Jove! who would not laugh
To see these bullies worshipping a *calf:*
But they are *slaves* who spurn at Reason's rules;
And men once slaves, are soon transformed to fools.—
To recommend what monarchies have done,
They bring, for witness, David and his son;
How one was brave, the other just and wise,
And hence our plain Republics they despise;
But mark how oft, to gratify their pride,
The people suffered, and the people died;
Though one was wise, and one Goliah slew,
Kings are the choicest curse that man e'er knew!
Hail, worthy Britain!—how enlarged your fame;
How great your glory, terrible your name;
"Queen of the isles, and empress of the main,"——
Heaven grant you all these mighty things again;

But first insure the gaping crowd below
That you less cruel, and more just may grow:
If fate vindictive for the sins of man,
Had favour shewn to your infernal plan,
How would your nation have exulted here,
And scorned the widow's sigh, the orphan's tear!
How had your prince, of all bad men the worst,
Laid worth and virtue prostrate in the dust!
A second *Sawney** had he shone to day,
A world subdued, and murder but his play;
How had that prince, contemning right or law,
Glutted with blood his foul, voracious maw:
In him we see the depths of baseness joined,
Whate'er disgraced the dregs of human kind;
Cain, Nimrod, Nero—fiends in human guise,
Herod, Domitian—these in judgment rise,
And, envious of his deeds, I hear them say
None but a GEORGE could be more vile than they.
Swoln though he was with wealth, revenge, and pride,
How could he dream that heaven was on his side—
Did he not see, when so decreed by fate,
They placed the crown upon his royal pate,
Did he not see the richest jewel fall†—
Dire was the omen, and astonished all—
That gem no more shall brighten and adorn;
No more that gem by British kings be worn,
Or swell to wonted heights of fair renown
The fading glories of their boasted crown.
Yet he to arms, and war, and blood inclined,
(A fair-day warrior, with a feeble mind,
Fearless, while others meet the shock of fate,
And dare that death, which clips his thread too late,)
He to the fane (O hypocrite!) did go,
While not an angel there, but was his foe,
There did he kneel, and sigh, and sob, and pray,
Yet not to lave his thousand sins away,
Far other motives swayed his spotted soul;
'Twas not for those the secret sorrow stole

* Alexander THE GREAT.

† A real event of that day: See the REMEMBRANCER of 1777.

Down his pale cheek—'twas vengeance and despair
Dissolved his eye, and planted sorrow there—
How could he hope to bribe the impartial sky
By his base prayers, and mean hypocrisy—
Heaven still is just, and still abhors all crimes,
Not acts like George, the Nero of our times—
What were his prayers—his prayers could be no more
Than a thief's wishes to recruit his store:—
Such prayers could never reach the worlds above;
They were but curses in the ear of Jove;—
You prayed that conquest might your arms attend,
And crush that freedom virtue did defend,
That the fierce Indian, rousing from his rest,
Might these new regions with his flames invest,
With scalps and tortures aggravate our woe,
And to the infernal world dismiss your foe.
No mines of gold our fertile country yields,
But mighty harvests crown the loaded fields,
Hence, trading far, we gained the golden prize,
Which, though our own, bewitched their greedy eyes—
For that they ravaged India's climes before,
And carried death to Asia's utmost shore—
Clive was your envied slave, in avarice bold—
He mowed down nations for his dearer gold;
The fatal gold could give no true content,
He mourned his murders, and to *Tophet* went.
Led on by lust of lucre and renown,
Burgoyne came marching with his thousands, down
High were his thoughts, and furious his career,
Puffed with self-confidence, and pride severe,
Swoln with the idea of his future deeds,
Onward to ruin each advantage leads:
Before his hosts his heaviest curses flew,
And conquered worlds rose hourly to his view:
His wrath, like Jove's, could bear with no controul,
His words bespoke the mischief in his soul;
To *fight* was not this general's only trade,
He shined in writing, and his wit displayed—
To awe the more with titles of command
He told of *forts he ruled* in Scottish land;—

Queen's *colonel* as he was, he did not know
That thorns and *thistles*, mixed with honours, grow;
In Britain's senate, though he held a place,
All did not save him from one long disgrace,
One stroke of fortune that convinced them all
That *men* could conquer, and *lieutenants* fall.
Foe to the rights of man, proud plunderer, say
Had conquest crowned you on that mighty day
When you, to GATES, with sorrow, rage, and shame
Resigned your conquests, honours, arms, and fame,
When at his feet Britannia's wreathes you threw,
And the sun sickened at a sight so new;
Had you been victor—what a waste of woe!
What souls had vanished to where souls do go!
What dire distress had marked your fatal way,
What deaths on deaths disgraced that dismal day!
Can laurels flourish in a soil of blood,
Or on those laurels can fair honours bud—
Cursed be that wretch who murder makes his trade,
Cursed be all wars that e'er ambition made!
What murdering *tory* now relieves your grief,
Or plans new conquests for his favourite chief;
Designs still dark employ that ruffian race,
Feasts of your choosing, and our own disgrace,
So vile a crew the world ne'er saw before,
And grant, ye pitying heavens, it may no more:
For ghosts from hell infest our poisoned air,
Whose ghosts have entered their base bodies here
Murder and blood is still their dear delight—
Scream round their roofs, ye ravens of the night!
Whene'er they wed, may demons and despair,
And grief and woe, and blackest night be there;
Fiends leagued from hell the nuptial lamp display,
Swift to perdition light them on their way,
Round the wide world their devilish squadrons chace,
To find no realm, that grants one resting place.
Far to the north, on Scotland's utmost end
An isle there lies, the haunt of every fiend,
No shepherds there attend their bleating flocks
But withered witches rove among the rocks;
Shrouded in ice, the blasted mountains shew
Their cloven heads, to daunt the seas below;

he lamp of heaven in his diurnal race
here scarcely deigns to unveil his radiant face,
)r if one day he circling treads the sky
Ie views this island with an angry eye,
Or ambient fogs their broad, moist wings expand
Damp his bright ray, and cloud the infernal land;
The blackening winds incessant storms prolong,
Dull as their night, and dreary as my song;
When stormy winds and gales refuse to blow,
Then from the dark sky drives the unpitying snow;
When drifting snows from iron clouds forbear,
Then down the hail-stones rattle through the air—
There screeching owls, and screaming vultures rest
And not a tree adorns its barren breast;
No peace, no rest the elements bestow,
But seas forever rage, and storms forever blow.
There LOYALS, there, with loyal hearts retire,
There pitch your tents, and kindle *there* your fire;
There desert Nature will her stings display,
And fiercest hunger on your vitals prey,
And with yourselves let *John Burgoyne* retire
To reign the monarch, whom your hearts admire.
Britain, at last to arrest your lawless hand,
Rises the genius of a generous land,
Our injured rights bright Gallia's prince defends,
And from this hour that prince and we are friends,
Feuds, long upheld, are vanished from our view.
Once we were foes—but for the sake of you—
Britain, aspiring Britain, now must bend—
Can she at once with France and us contend,
When we alone, remote from foreign aid,
Her armies captured, and distressed her trade—
Britain and we no more in combat join,
No more, as once, in every sea combine;
Dead is that friendship which did mutual burn,
Fled is the sceptre, never to return;
By sea and land, perpetual foes we meet,
Our cause more honest, and our hearts as great;
Lost are these regions to Britannia's reign,
Nor need these strangers of their loss complain,
Since all, that *here* with greedy eyes they view,
From our own toil, to wealth and empire grew:—

Our hearts are ravished from our former queen
Far as the ocean God hath placed between,
They strive in vain to join this mighty mass,
Torn by convulsions from its native place.
As well might men to flaming *Hecla* join
The huge high *Alps*, or towering *Appenine;*
In vain they send their half commissioned tribe
And whom they cannot conquer, strive to bribe;
Their pride and madness burst our union chain,
Nor shall the unwieldy mass unite again.
Nor think that France sustains our cause alone;
With gratitude her helping hand we own,
But hear, ye nations—Truth herself can say
We bore the heat and danger of the day:
She calmly viewed the tumult from afar,
We braved each insult, and sustained the war:
Oft drove the foe, or forced their hosts to yield.
Or left them, more than once, a dear bought field—
'Twas then, at last, on Jersey plains distrest,
We swore to seek the mountains of the west,
There a free empire for our seed obtain,
A terror to the slaves that might remain.
Peace you demand, and vainly wish to find
Old leagues renewed, and strength once more combined—
Yet shall not all your base dissembling art
Deceive the tortures of a bleeding heart—
Yet shall not all your mingled prayers that rise
Wash out your crimes, or bribe the avenging skies;
Full many a corpse lies mouldering on the plain
That ne'er shall see its little brood again:
See, yonder lies, all breathless, cold, and pale,
Drenched in her gore, *Lavinia* of the vale;*
The cruel Indian seized her life away,
As the next morn began her bridal day!—
This *deed* alone our just revenge would claim,
Did not ten thousand more your sons defame.
Returned, a captive to my native shore,
How changed I find those scenes that pleased before!

* Miss *M'Crea*. See the histories of the revolutionary war.

How changed those groves, where fancy loved
stray,
When spring's young blossoms bloomed along
way;
From every eye distils the frequent tear,
From every mouth some doleful tale I hear!
Some mourn a father, brother, husband, friend:
Some mourn, imprisoned in their native land,
In sickly ships what numerous hosts confined
At once their lives and liberties resigned:
In dreary dungeons woeful scenes have passed,
Long in the historian's page the tale will last,
As long as spring renews the flowery wood,
As long as breezes curl the yielding flood!—
Some sent to India's sickly climes afar,
To dig, with slaves, for buried diamonds there,
There left to sicken in a land of woe
Where o'er scorched hills infernal breezes blow,
Whose every blast some dire contagion brings,
Fevers or death on its destructive wings,
'Till fate relenting, its last arrows drew,
Brought death to them, and infamy to you.
Pests of mankind! remembrance shall recall
And paint these horrors to the view of all;
Heaven has not turned to its own works a foe
Nor left to monsters these fair realms below,
Else had your arms more wasteful vengeance spre
And these gay plains been dyed a deeper red.——
O'er Britain's isle a thousand woes impend,
Too weak to conquer, govern, or defend,
To liberty she holds pretended claim—
The substance we enjoy, and they the name;
Her prince, surrounded by a host of slaves,
Still claims dominion o'er the vagrant waves:
Such be his claims o'er all the world beside,—
An empty nothing—madness, rage, and pride.
From Europe's realms fair freedom has retired,
And even in Britain has the spark expired—
Sigh for the change your haughty empire feels,
Sigh for the doom that no disguise conceals!
Freedom no more shall *Albion's* cliffs survey;
Corruption there has centered all her sway,

Freedom disdains her honest head to rear,
Or herd with nobles, kings, or princes there;
She shuns their gilded spires, and domes of state,
Resolved, O Virtue, at thy shrine to wait:
'Midst savage woods and wilds she dares to stray,
And bids uncultured nature bloom more gay.
She is that glorious and immortal sun,
Without whose ray this world would be undone,
A mere dull chaos, sunk in deepest night,
An abject something, void of form and light,
Of reptiles, worst in rank, the dire abode,
Perpetual mischief, and the dragon's brood.
Let Turks and Russians glut their fields with blood,
Again let Britain dye the Atlantic flood,
Let all the east adore the sanguine wreathe
And gain new glories from the trade of death—
America! the works of peacé be thine,
Thus shalt thou gain a triumph more divine—
To thee belongs a second golden reign,
Thine is the empire o'er a peaceful main;
Protect the rights of human kind below
Crush the proud tyrant who becomes their foe,
And future times shall own your struggles blest,
And future years enjoy perpetual rest.
Americans! revenge your country's wrongs;
To you the honour of this deed belongs,
Your arms did once this sinking land sustain,
And saved those climes where freedom yet must reign—
Your bleeding soil this ardent task demands,
Expel yon' thieves from these polluted lands,
Expect no peace till haughty Britain yields,
'Till humbled Britons quit your ravaged fields—
Still to the charge that routed foe returns,
The war still rages, and the battle burns—
No dull debates, or tedious counsels know,
But rush, at once, embodied, on your foe;
With hell-born spite a seven years war they wage,
The pirate *Goodrich*, and the ruffian *Gage*.
Your injured country groans while yet they stay,
Attend her groans, and force their hosts away;

Your mighty wrongs the tragic muse shall trace,
Your gallant deeds shall fire a future race;
To you may kings and potentates appeal,
You may the doom of jarring nations seal;
A glorious empire rises, bright and new!
Firm be the structure, and must rest on you!—
Fame o'er the mighty *pile* expands her wings,
Remote from princes, bishops, lords, and kings,
Those fancied gods, who, famed through every shore,
Mankind have fashioned, and, like fools, adore.——
Here yet shall heaven the joys of peace bestow,
While through our soil the streams of plenty flow,
And o'er the main we spread the trading sail,
Wafting the produce of the rural vale.

THE FADING ROSE.

ADJACENT to LUCINDA'S *bed*,
Or (rather than be thought ill bred)
Adjacent to Lucinda's *room*
A ROSE TREE, in the wane of bloom
A serious course of lectures brings
On the vanity of human things.
  There, at her window hung with green,
How pensively we saw her lean,
And mourn the rose—that lonely wastes,
And to its sweet Elysium hastes.—
  How for this loss Lucinda grieves!
A loss that one poor year retrieves!
Philanthus groans, as much as you,
And would the withered rose renew:—
But all the sense that man displays,—
His art that twists a thousand ways,—
No genius from the dust redeems
What she adores, and he esteems.—
  Though both can shine in verse and prose,
They are NO SAVIOURS OF THE ROSE.*

* *Alluding to Salvator Rosæ, an ancient Italian painter of the secondary class.*

The Rose, alack!—all Roses fade;—
For Nature's law will be obeyed,
Which raised such beauties from the plain,
—To sink them in—to dust again!
But, to allay Lucinda's cares,
And grief, which brings so many tears,
And sad regret, and pining moan,
And *thought,—which loves to be alone!*—
And sighs, that from reflection flow,
And weariness of things below;—
This EPITAPH the muse bestows—
On her beloved, DEPARTING ROSE.——

" *Here—for they could not help but die—*
The daughters of the ROSE-BUSH *lie:*
Here rest!—interred without a stone
What dear Lucinda gave to none;—
What forward beau, or curious belle,
Could hardly touch, and rarely smell.—

Dear Rose!—of all the blooming kind,
You had a happier place assigned,
And nearer grew to all that's fair,
And more engaged Lucinda's care,
Than ever courting, coaxing swain,
Or ever all, who love—shall gain.
The Rose is dead!—and every day
New sorrows on Lucinda prey—
But, we predict, the time will come
That brings a TUMULT IN YOUR TOMB.
—Calm hope must dissipate all pain——
No doubt at all—you live again.—
Here, trampled, slighted, or forgot,
And left, with common weeds, to rot;
Gay flower!—once more, to make you live,
Lucinda will some water give—
With dregs of many a dish of tea
The fair one will besprinkle *thee:*
And thus, another birth *secure,*
And prove the virtues of MANURE!"

THE INDIAN CONVERT.

AN Indian, who lived at *Muskingum*, remote,
Was teazed by a parson to join his dear flock,
To throw off his blanket and put on a coat,
And of grace and religion to lay in a stock.

The Indian long slighted an offer so fair,
Preferring to preaching his fishing and fowling;
A *sermon* to him was a heart full of care,
And singing but little superior to howling.

At last by persuasion and constant harrassing
Our Indian was brought to consent to be *good*;
He saw that the malice of *Satan* was pressing,
And the *means* to repel him not yet understood.

Of heaven, one day, when the parson was speaking,
And painting the beautiful things of the place,
The *convert*, who something substantial was seeking,
Rose up, and confessed he had doubts in the case.—

Said he, Master *Minister*, this place that you talk of,
Of things for the stomach, pray what has it got;
Has it liquors in plenty?—If so I'll soon walk off
And put myself down in the heavenly spot.

You fool (said the preacher) no liquors are there!
The place I'm describing is most like our meeting,
Good people, all singing, with preaching and prayer;
They live upon these without eating or drinking.

But the doors are all locked against folks that are wicked;
And you, I am fearful, will never get there:—
A life of REPENTANCE must purchase the ticket,
And few of you, Indians, can buy it, I fear.

Farewell (said the Indian) I'm none of your mess;
On victuals, so airy, I faintish should feel,
I cannot consent to be lodged in a place
Where's there's nothing to eat and but little to steal.

ON FALSE SYSTEMS OF GOVERNMENT,

AND THE

GENERALLY DEBASED CONDITION OF MANKIND.

DOES there exist, or will there come
An age with wisdom to assume,
The RIGHTS by heaven designed;
The Rights which man was born to claim,
From Nature's God which freely came,
To aid and bless mankind.—

No monarch lives, nor do I deem
There will exist one crown supreme
The world in peace to sway;
Whose first great view will be to place
On their true scale the human race,
And discord's rage allay.

REPUBLICS! must the task be your's
To frame the code which life secures,
And RIGHT from man to man—
Are you, in Time's declining age,
Found only fit to tread the stage
Where tyranny began?

How can we call those systems just
Which bid the few, the proud, the first
Possess all earthly good;
While millions robbed of all that's dear
In silence shed the ceaseless tear,
And leeches suck their blood.

Great orb, that on our planet shines,
Whose power both light and heat combines
You should the model be;
To man, the pattern how to reign
With equal sway, and how maintain
True human dignity.

Impartially to all below
The solar beams unstinted flow,
On all is poured the RAY,
Which cheers, which warms, which clothes ground
In robes of green, or breathes around
Life;—to enjoy the day.

But crowns not so;—with selfish views
They partially their bliss diffuse
Their *minions* feel them *kind*;—
And, still opposed to human right,
Their plans, their views in *this* unite,
To embroil and curse mankind.

Ye tyrants, false to HIM, who gave
Life, and the virtues of the brave,
All worth we own, or know:—
Who made you great, the lords of man,
To waste with wars, with blood to stain
The Maker's works below?

You have no iron race to sway——
Illume them well with Reason's ray;
Inform our active race;
True honour, to the mind impart,
With virtue's precepts tame the heart,
Not urge it to be base;

Let laws revive, by heaven designed,
To tame the tiger in the mind
And drive from human hearts
That love of wealth, that love of sway
Which leads the world too much astray,
Which points envenomed darts:

And men will rise from *what they are*;
Sublimer, and superior, far,
Than SOLON guessed, or PLATO saw;
All will be just, all will be good—
That harmony, "*not understood*,"
Will reign the general law.

›r, in our race, deranged, bereft,
he parting god some vestige left
Of worth before possessed;
/hich full, which fair, which perfect shone
/hen love and peace, in concord sown,
Ruled, and inspired each breast.

ence, the small GOOD which yet we find,
shades of that prevailing mind
Which sways the worlds around:—
:t *these* depart, once disappear,
nd earth would all the horrors wear
In hell's dominions found.

ıst, as yon' tree, which, bending, grows
o chance, not fate, its fortune owes;
So man from some rude shock,
›me slighted power, some hostile hand,
as missed the state by Nature planned,
Has split on passion's rock.

et shall that tree, when hewed away
ıs human woes have had their day)
A new creation find:
he infant shoot in time will swell,
ıublime and great from that which fell,)
To all that heaven designed.

/hat is this earth, that sun, these skies;
'all we see, on man must rise,
Forsaken and oppressed—
/hy blazes round the eternal beam,
/hy, Reason, art thou called supreme,
Where nations find no rest.—

/hat are the splendours of this ball—
/hen life is closed, what are they all?
When *dust to dust returns*
›oes power, or wealth, attend the dead;
.re captives from the contest led—
Is homage paid to urns?

What are the ends of Nature's laws;
What folly prompts, what madness draws
Mankind in chains, too strong:—
Nature, *to us*, confused appears,
On little things she wastes her cares,
The great *seem sometimes* wrong.

A COLLEGE STORY.

A SON of a college for science renowned,
Who long had been reading, and reading, and reading
Huge volumes as dry as the deserts of Zaara,
With abstinence much, and little good feeding,
At length became fond of a glass of Madeira,
Beer, brandy, or porter—whatever was found:

One Saturday evening, when socially met
With friends to his liking, called *fellows of college*,
Each drank off his toast in a bumper of wine
'Till mirth had the better of reason and knowledge:
This *orderly, decent, exemplary set*
Then talked away cheerly 'till two of the clock,
'Till their eyes, like the eyes of old Moses, did shine
When he came from the mount, and the cliffs of his rock,
At the sins of *the people* to fume and to fret.

Now the bell striking three, they agreed to adjourn;
Each bound to his lodging by different roads;
But the son of the college, by quaffing too much,
Lost his path, and got into the dead men's abodes;
Where Irish and English, Columbians and Dutch
Had agreed to lie down, without quarrels or feuds.

He stumbled and tumbled, stubbed toes, broke his shins,
And next with a head-stone disabled his head;
Though the night was as dark as in Egypt of old
He discovered, at last he had got with the dead;

There jammed like a wedge by a couple of tombs,
An effort he made to dislodge—but in vain;
Old Bacchus had stowed him so snug in his bed,
That the church might as soon have been raised up again.
When thus the poor FELLOW was heard with a groan
To say, as he lay by strong liquor oppressed,
Well, well, I suppose if they let me alone
In time, I may chance to get up with the rest.

ON A MAN

KILLED BY A BUFFALOE (OR WILD COW.)

ALL must to Fate, by some compulsion yield,—
One falls from trees, one walks into a cave;
This, by the sword or cannon ball is killed,
That, sunk or smothered in the ocean's wave.
Some to the dust by stroke of thunder go,
Some tumble from a height and break their necks;
Some from the scaffold fall, to die below;
Some owe their doom to Cynthia's cruel sex.
Hard is their fate, but how much harder thine
(All sympathizing people will allow—)
Who, while you wandered through a wood of pine,
Were met, attacked, were conquered by a cow!
Why did not Fate saw off each cruel horn
Ere you by these destructive weapons bled;
Why did they not with equal care adorn,
And plant a goodly couple on your head!
Then had you both with weapons fought, your own,
Like Michael and the devil, and laid her low;
And future times on the recording stone
Had read, Here lies THE MAN THAT KILLED A COW.
Now when the cow thinks fit her life to yield,
If newsmen tell when she her race has ran,
We'll raise her tomb in yonder flowery field,
And write, HERE LIES THE COW THAT KILLED A MAN.

ON THE

FALL OF AN ANCIENT OAK TRI

WHILE onward moves each circling year
Thy mandates, Nature, all obey,
As with this moving, changeful sphere
The seasons change and never stay;
Old Oak, I to your place return,
Where late you stood, and viewing mourn,

For the great loss my heart sustained
When you declined, long will I sigh,
That hour when you no more remained
To cheer the summer, passing by;
No longer blessed my eager view,
But like some dying friend withdrew.

Though frequent, by that nipping frost,
The blast which cold November sends,
I saw your leafy honours lost;
Hope, for such losses, made amends:
The spring again beheld them grow,
And we were pleased, and so was you.

Since I your fatal fall survive,
Remembrance long shall hold you dear,
And bid some young successor live;
By sad Amyntor planted here;
Its buds to swell, its leaves to spread,
And shade the place when he is dead.

A prince among your towering race,
What more your vanished form endears
Is that your presence in this place
Had been at least one hundred years;
And men that long in dust have laid,
When boys, beneath your shadow played.

You had your time to feel the sun,
To wanton in his cheering ray;—
That time is past, your race is run,
And we have nothing more to say,
Than, *may your oaken spirit go*
Among Elysian oaks below.

ON THE

DEATH

OF A MASONIC GRAND SACHEM.

THIS day we unite
And all Brethren invite
To honour a man of our nation;
Who, honest as brave,
Is gone to his grave
And takes an unchangeable station.

In our subject we view
(To Liberty true)
The officer firm in all danger;
Who stood to his post
At the head of a host
His country to save, and avenge her.

By compass and square
This artisan rare
Defeated all foreign invasion,
Then returned to his farm
When no longer alarm
Distracted the mind of the nation.

In all that he did.
In all that he said
The bliss of mankind was intended;—
He rose for their good,
To support them he stood,
And Liberty ever defended.

The foundation he laid,
And the fabric he made
No mason but he could pretend to;
It will stand, we foresee,
'Till that era shall be
When the globe of the world there's an end to.

So, fame to the man
Who the building began,
Whose model all nations will take
When kingdoms are fled,
Standing armies are dead,
And monarchs—no longer awake.

TO THE DOG SANCHO,

ON HIS BEING WOUNDED IN THE HEAD WITH A SABRE, IN A MIDNIGHT ASSAULT AND ROBBERY, NEAR THE *NEVERSINK HILLS*, 1778.

THE world, my dear Sancho, is full of distress,
And you have your share, I allow and confess;
For twice with a musket, and now a cutteau—
You had nearly gone off to dog-heaven below.

Was this your reward, to be slashed, to be cut,
For defending at midnight the door of a hut;
You had little to fight for, had little to win,
Yet you boldly held out 'till the robbers broke in.

The blade which was meant the bold robber to face,
To guard a fair lady, or serve in the chace,
Was drenched in the blood of an innocent cur,
Who said in dog language, *What want you*, good Sir

Poor fellow, I pity your pitiful case;
In fact, they have ruined the round of your face;
And, die when you will, be it early or late,
You will go to your grave with a scar on your pate.

If ever a dog he permitted to pass
Where folks, I could mention, have fixed on a place,
(But which I suspect they will hardly attain
While rights of pre-emption in satan remain,)

Good Sancho had merit to put in his plea,
And claim with the claimants, a portion in fee;
On the ground, that in life he was one of the few
Who, in watching and barking, was trusty and true.

To warn us of danger, he ventured his beef,
And, in his own lingo, cried Robber and Thief!
So, now in return for the good he has done,
For the vigils he kept, and the battles he won,

I'll give him a verse with the GREAT of the age,
And if he quite dies, he must die in my page;
And long may he live in despite of the mob,
And the *fools*, who his master, a poet, would rob.

Wherever I take up my evening retreat,
Dear Sancho, I'll have you to lie at my feet;
And whether at home, or in regions remote
For a bed, I'll allot you the skirt of a coat.

With my dog at my feet, and my gun at my head,
I am equally safe in a fort or a shed,
From a snap of his teeth and the shot of a gun
Thrice happy the thief that is able to run.

SCIENCE,

FAVOURABLE TO VIRTUE.

THE mind, in this uncertain state,
Is anxious to investigate
All knowledge through creation sown,
And would no atom leave unknown.

So warm, so ardent in research,
To wisdom's *source* she fain would march;
And find by study, toil, and care
The secrets of all nature *there*.

Vain wish, to fathom all we see,
For nature is all mystery;
The mind, though perched on eagle's wings,
With pain surmounts the scum of things.

Her knowledge on the surface floats,
Of things supreme she dreams or doats;
Fluttering awhile, she soon descends,
And all in disappointment ends.

And yet this proud, this strong desire,
Such ardent longings to aspire,
Prove that this weakness in the mind
For some wise purpose was designed.

From efforts and attempts, like these,
Virtue is gained by slow degrees;
And science, which from truth she draws,
Stands firm to Reason and her cause.

However small, its use we find
To tame and civilize mankind,
To throw the brutal instinct by,
To honour Reason, ere we die.

The lovely philanthropic scheme
(Great image of the power supreme,)
On growth of science must depend;
With this all human duties end.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

CONSTITUTION, OR FRAME OF NATUR.

FROM what high source of being came
This system, Nature's aweful frame;
This sun, that motion gives to all,
The planets, and this earthly ball:

This sun, who life and heat conveys,
And comforts with his cheering rays;
This image of the God, whose beam
Enlivens like the GREAT SUPREME.

We see, with most exact design,
The WORLD revolve, the planets shine,
In nicest order all things meet,
A structure in ITSELF complete.

Beyond our proper solar sphere
Unnumbered orbs again appear
Which, sunk into the depths of space,
Unvarying keep their destined place.

Great Frame! what wonders we survey,
In part alone, from day to day
And hence the reasoning human soul
Infers an author of the whole.

A power, that every blessing gives,
Who through eternal ages lives,
All space inhabits, space no throne,
Spreads through all worlds, confined to none.

Infers, through sides, [illegible]
A power throughout the whole [illegible]
In all extent its dwelling place,
Whose mansion is unbounded space.

Where ends this world, or [illegible]
This spheric point displayed, [illegible]
No limit has the world divine,
Nor owns a circumscribing line.

Beyond what mind or [illegible]
Our efforts in [illegible]
And Nature we, or Reason [illegible]
Find boundless as the power has made.

Thou, nature [illegible]
Through all expansion [illegible]
Existing in the eternal [illegible]
Vast, undivided, and supreme.

Here beauty, order, power, [illegible]
Exact, all perfect, [illegible]
All in its proper place arranged,
Immortal, endless, and unchanged.

Its powers, still active, never [illegible]
From motions, by [illegible]
Who life through all creation spread,
Nor left the meanest atom dead.

ON THE

POWERS OF THE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

THIS human mind! how grand a theme:
Faint image of the Great Supreme,
The universal soul,
That lives, that thinks, compares, contrives;
From its vast self all power derives
To manage or controul.

What energy, O soul, is thine;
How you reflect, resolve, combine;
Invention all your own!
Material bodies changed by you
New modes assume, or natures new,
From death or chaos won.

To intellectual powers, though strong,
To moral powers a use belong
More noble and refined;
These lift us to the power who made,
Illume what seems to us all shade,
The part to man assigned.

Both nurtured in the heart of man
Serve to advance his social plan,
And happier make his race;
Hence Reason takes her potent sway,
And *grovelling passions* bids obey
That harm us and debase.

O ye, who long have walked obscure;
Forever must those clouds endure
Which darken human bliss?
Though for some better state designed,
Is there not vigour in the mind
To make a heaven of this—

Eternal must that progress be
Which Nature through futurity
Decrees the human soul;
Capacious still, it still improves
As through the abyss of time it moves,
Or endless ages roll.

Its knowledge grows by every change;
Through science vast we see it range
That none may here acquire;
The pause of death must come between
And Nature gives another scene
More brilliant, to admire.

Thus decomposed, or recombined,
To slow perfection moves the mind
And *may* at last attain
A nearer rank with that first cause
Which distant, though it ever draws,
Unequalled must remain.

Its moral beauty thus displayed
In moral excellence arrayed
Perpetually it shines:
Its heaven of happiness complete
The mass of souls united meet
In orbs that heaven assigns.

ON DEVASTATIONS

COMMITTED IN A BOOKSELLERS LIBRARY, BY RATS, MICE, &c.

THE head, whose toiling convex teems
With millions of unfinished schemes,
Plans, which in embrio-chaos lie,
Or projects formed, no soul knows why;
Had better far those whims resign,
And aid this humble theme of mine;
Contrive some means to crush the power
Of MICE, that every art devour;
Check, with success, their hostile rage,
And slay these Vandals of the age.
Fame says that Wales did first contrive
To seize the unwary mice alive,

And they who scorned all locks and keys,
Were caught by means of toasted cheese—
Vain scheme! for still these fiends annoy
And dare our favourite books destroy—
No cares of mine their rage defeat,
The Welchman's trap is incomplete!—
See Homer there, the bard renowned,
His Iliad one perpetual wound—
Each chief, by their malignant teeth,
Once more is doomed to suffer death;
Even Helen's charms they dared to gnaw,
Great Ajax' carcase filled their maw
And half the gods that swelled his strain,
In mangled morselss scarce remain.
But, wretch, who taught thee to engage
A poet of a later age?
Alas! your cruel weapons tore
The only genius I adore—
Is SHAKESPEARE thus disgraced by you,
Who looked the world of nature through,
Who soaring high, where others failed,
Invention's brightest heaven assailed,
And saw beyond the dark disguise
What lay too deep for vulgar eyes!
Is this the end of human wit,
Must mice untouched such spoils commit!
Must all these fine ideas die
That warmed the heart, or filled the eye—
Must reptiles thus our shelves molest,
Insects that Nature made in jest,
Who, when their learned feast is o'er,
Shrink from the light—to rise no more.
Yes—fates like these, our toils attend,
And Goths have served no other end.
Vexed though I am, 'tis vain to frown,
I sigh—and lay my cudgel down:
'Tis worse than mad to arm for fight
When none but mice appear in sight—
Yet, here they stood in dark array,
Their tragic footsteps I survey!
Here, for no cat the plunderers chaced—
They laid the lands of learning waste,

Made war with wit, such havoc there
As scarce three ages can repair!—
Like British hosts, where'er they go
They leave their vestiges of woe,
Towns half destroyed, polluted shades,
Fields robbed of fence, and ruined maids.

Why, TABBY, couldst not thou defend
These shelves, that did with learning bend?
One *mew* of thine had put to flight
These children of congenial night.
Where wast thou when these cruel teeth
Spread through my leaves untimely death?—
See! how my MONTESQUIEU is torn—
See! RABELAIS, the mices scorn.
See, how they tore the MANTUAN SWAIN,
Who wrote in so divine a strain—
MILTON, whose fancy soared so high,
No more delights my tearful eye,
And SWIFT, so late a fund of wit,
No longer prompts the laughing fit.

Ah, Tabby, such neglect was hard—
I fear you kept a careless guard,
Or gadded o'er the neighbouring plain,
To seek some favourite bright eyed swain—
Had but those eyes failed in their art,
To tell their language to your heart,
I should not thus have lost repose,
Nor sighed in vain to kill my foes.

My Mezzotintos—ah behold—
The beauties famed in days of old!
She who for Tarquin's lawless love*
In her own breast the dagger drove,
These fiends of night have made their prey,
And gnawed her charming face away.

And here in ragged robes is seen
Bright Cleopatra, Egypt's queen;
With cruel fangs those eyes they tore
That warmed a gazing world of yore,
With hostile tooth they gnawed that breast
Which robbed a Roman prince of rest;

* Lucretia.

He who for crowns and conquest strove,*
'Till *honour* was disgraced by *love*.
And here, in vile condition lies
What once had charmed a hermit's eyes—
This picture art can ne'er restore,
This VENUS,† that shall bloom no more;
Art formed her such as angels are,
Beyond all mortal beauty fair;
But time can every charm displace,
And MICE have spoiled the finest face!
But must that sweet, bewitching eye
With meaner shreds neglected lie—
Must all those lovely colours fade
By nicest art so lavish laid
On her fair face—to sooth our pain,
We sigh, and look, and sigh again.
Yes—miscreant, though your venom tore
The painting, art can ne'er restore,
Still in the dreams of fancy blest,
I steal her image to my breast,
By Fancy's aid that form repair,
And, miser-like, retain it there.
Good Captain Mouse, what moved thine ire,
To mangle what I most admire?—
Could not this chief have led his band
Where yonder brainless authors stand—
To those that deal in forms and modes,
To laureat Shadrach's birth-day odes,
To poems wrote on puppies dead,
To elegies that ne'er were read,
To Greenfield song, that brings repose,
To Mather's verse, or Simon's prose;—
Why didst thou not attack the train
Who teaze us with their frothy strain,
The tribe who female honour blast,
In shallow verse, at random cast;
Or those who fly to domes of state,
At Folly's door submissive wait,
And servile still, where wealth appears,
Their works inscribe to FINANCIERS?

---

* Mark Anthony, who opposed Octavius.
† A beautiful cut of the Venus de Medicis.

To arms, to arms! ye chosen few
Who science love, and arts pursue;
Or, if your arms should nought avail,
(Since mice may over men prevail)
Put on some wise, inventive cap,
AND FIND US A COMPLETER TRAP.

THE

PROPHECY OF KING TAMMANY.

THE Indian chief who, famed of yore,
Saw Europe's sons adventuring here,
Looked, sorrowing, to the crowded shore,
And sighing dropt a tear!
He saw them half his world explore,
He saw them draw the shining blade,
He saw their hostile ranks displayed,
And cannons blazing through that shade
Where only peace was known before.

"Ah, what unequal arms!" he cried,
"How art thou fallen, my country's pride,
"The rural, sylvan reign!
"Far from our pleasing shores to go
"To western rivers, winding slow,
"Is this the boon the gods bestow!
"What have we done, great patrons, say,
"That strangers seize our woods away,
"And drive us naked from our native plain?

"Rage and revenge inspire my soul,
"And passion burns without controul;
"Hence, strangers, to your native shore!
"Far from our Indian shades retire,
"Remove these *gods* that vomit fire,
"And stain with blood these ravaged glades no
"more.
"In vain I weep, in vain I sigh,
"These strangers all our arms defy,

" As they advance our chieftains die!—
" What can their hosts oppose!
" The bow has lost its wonted spring,
" The arrow faulters on the wing,
" Nor carries ruin from the string
" To end their being and our woes.

" Yes, yes,—I see our nation bends;
" The gods no longer are our friends;—
" But why these weak complaints and sighs?
" Are there not gardens in the west,
" Where all our far-famed Sachems rest?—
" I'll go, an unexpected guest,
" And the dark horrors of the way despise.

" Even now the thundering peals draw nigh,
" 'Tis theirs to triumph, ours to die!
" But mark me, Christian, ere I go—
" Thou, too, shalt have thy share of woe,
" The time rolls on, not moving slow,
" When hostile squadrons for your blood shall come,
" And ravage all your shore!
" Your warriors and your children slay,
" And some in dismal dungeons lay,
" Or lead them captive far away
" To climes unknown, through seas untried be-
[" fore.

" When struggling long, at last with pain
" You break a cruel tyrant's chain,
" That never shall be joined again,
" When half your foes are homeward fled,
" And hosts on hosts in triumph led,
" And hundreds maimed and thousands dead,
" A sordid race will then succeed,
" To slight the virtues of the firmer race,
" That brought your tyrant to disgrace,
" Shall give your honours to an odious train,
" Who shunned all conflicts on the main
" And dared no battles on the bloody plain,
" Whose little souls sunk in the gloomy day
" When VIRTUE ONLY could support the fray
" And sunshine friends kept off—or ran away."

So spoke the chief, and raised his funeral pyre—
Around him soon the crackling flames ascend;
He smiled amid the fervours of the fire
To think his troubles were so near their end,
'Till the freed soul, her debt to nature paid,
Rose from the ashes that her prison made,
And sought the world unknown, and dark oblivion's shade.

SKETCHES

OF

AMERICAN HISTORY.

THIS American world, all our histories say,
Secluded from Europe, long centuries lay,
And peopled by beings whom white-men detest,
The sons of the Tartars, that came from the west.

These Indians, 'tis certain, were here long before ye all,
And dwelt in their wigwams from time immemorial;
In a mere state of nature, untutored, untaught,
They did as they pleased, and they spoke as they thought—

No priests they had then for the *cure* of their souls,
No lawyers, recorders, or keepers of rolls;
No learned physicians vile *nostrums* concealed—
Their druggist was Nature—her shop was the field.

In the midst of their forests how happy and blest,
In the skin of a bear or buffalo drest!
No care to perplex, and no luxury seen
But the feast, and the song, and the dance on the green.

Some bowed to the moon, and some worshipped the sun,
And the king and the captain were centered in one;
In a cabin they met, in their councils of state,
Where age and *experience* alone might debate.

With quibbles they never essayed to beguile,
And Nature had taught them the orator's style;
No pomp they affected, nor quaintly refined
The nervous idea that glanced on the mind.

When hunting or battle invited to arms,
The women they left to take care of their farms—
The toils of the summer did winter repay,
While snug in their cabins they snored it away.

If death came among them his dues to demand,
They still had some prospects of comfort at hand—
The dead man they sent to the regions of bliss,
With his bottle and dog, and his fair maids to kiss.

Thus happy they dwelt in a rural domain,
Uninstructed in commerce, unpractised in gain,
'Till, taught by the loadstone to traverse the seas,
Columbus came over, that bold Genoese.

From records authentic, the date we can shew,
One thousand four hundred and ninety and two
Years, borne by the seasons, had vanished away,
Since the *babe* in the manger at *Bethlehem* lay.

What an æra was this, above all that had passed,
To yield such a treasure, discovered at last—
A new world, in value exceeding the old,
Such mountains of silver, such torrents of gold!

Yet the schemes of Columbus, however well planned
Were scarcely sufficient to find the main land;
On the *islands* alone with the natives he spoke,
Except when he entered the great *Oronoque:*

In this he resembled old Moses, the Jew,
Who, roving about with his wrong-headed crew,
When at length the *reward* was no longer denied.
From the top of mount Pisgah he saw *it*, and died.

These islands and worlds in the watery expanse,
Like most mighty things, were the offspring of chance,
Since steering for Asia, Columbus they say,
Was astonished to find such a world in his way!

No wonder, indeed, he was smit with surprize—
This empire of Nature was new to their eyes—

Cut short in their course by so splendid a scene,
Such a region of wonders intruding between!

Yet great as he was, and deserving no doubt,
We have only to thank him for finding the rout;
These climes to the northward, more stormy and cold,
Were reserved for the efforts of CABOT the bold.

WHERE the sun in December appears to decline
Far off to the southward, and south of the line,
A merchant* of Florence, more fortunate still,
Explored a new track, and discovered Brazil:

Good Fortune, *Vespucius*, pronounced thee her own,
Or else to mankind thou hadst scarcely been known—
By giving thy name, thou art ever renowned—
Thy *name* to a world that another had found!

COLUMBIA, the name was, that merit decreed,
But Fortune and Merit have never agreed—
Yet the poets, alone, with commendable care
Are vainly attempting the wrong to repair.

THE bounds I prescribe to my verse are too narrow
To tell of the conquests of *Francis Pizarro*;
And *Cortez* 'tis needless to bring into view,
One *Mexico* conquered, the other Peru.

Montezuma with credit in verse might be read,
But Dryden has told you the monarch† is dead!
And the woes of his subjects—what torments they bore,
Las Casas, good bishop, has mentioned before:

Let others be fond of their stanzas of grief—
I hate to descant on the fall of the leaf—
Two scenes are so gloomy, I view them with pain,
The annals of death, and the triumphs of Spain.

Poor *Atahualpa* we cannot forget—
He gave them his utmost—yet died in their debt,
His wealth was a crime that they could not forgive,
And when they possessed it, forbade him to live.

---

* Americus Vespucius. † Indian Emperor, a tragedy.

Foredoomed to misfortunes (that come not alone)
He was the twelfth Inca that sat on the throne,
Who fleecing his brother* of half his domains,
At the palace of *Cusco* confined him in chains.

But what am I talking—or where do I roam?
'Tis time that our story was brought nearer home—
From Florida's cape did *Cabot* explore
To the fast frozen region of cold *Labradore*.

In the year fourteen hundred and ninety and eight
He came, as the annals of England relate,
But finding no gold in the lengthy domain,
And coasting the country, he left it again.

Next *Davis*—then *Hudson* adventured, they say,
One found out a *streight*, and the other a *bay*,
Whose desolate region, or turbulent wave
One present bestowed *him*—and that was a grave.

In the reign of a virgin (as authors discover)
Drake, Hawkins, and Raleigh in squadrons came over
While Barlow and Grenville succeeded to these,
Who all brought their colonies over the seas.

These, left in a wilderness teeming with woes,
The natives, suspicious, concluded them foes,
And murdered them all without notice or warning,
Ralph Lane, with his vagabonds, scarcely returning.

In the reign of king James (and the first of the name,)
George Summers, with *Hacluit*, to Chesapeake came,
Where far in the forests, not doomed to renown,
On the river Powhatan† they built the first town‡
Twelve years after this, some scores of dissenters
To the northernmost district came seeking adventures;
Outdone by the bishops, those great faggot fighters;
They left them to rule with their cassocks and mitres.

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* *Huascar*, who was legal heir to the throne.
† James River, Virginia.
‡ James Town.

Thus banished forever, and leaving the sod,
The first land they saw was the pitch of Cape Cod,
Where famished with hunger and quaking with cold
They planned their New-Plymouth—so called from the old.

They were, without doubt, a delightful collection;—
Some came to be rid of a Stuart's direction,
Some sailed with a view to dominion and riches,
Some to pray without book, and a few to hang witches.

Some, came on the Indians to shed a new light,
Convinced long before that their own must be right,
And that all who had died in the centuries past
On the devil's lee shore were eternally cast.

These exiles were formed in a whimsical mould,
And were awed by their priests, like the Hebrews of old;
Disclaimed all pretences to jesting and laughter,
And sighed their lives through, to be happy hereafter.

On a crown immaterial their hearts were intent,
They looked towards *Zion*, wherever they went,
Did all things in hopes of a future reward,
And worried mankind—for the sake of the Lord.

With rigour excessive they strengthened their reign,
Their laws were conceived in the ill-natured strain,
With mystical meanings the saint was perplext,
And the flesh and the devil were slain by a text.

The body was scourged, for the good of the soul,
All folly discouraged by peevish controul,
A knot on the head was the sign of no grace,
And the Pope and his *comrade* were pictured in lace.

A stove in their churches, or pews lined with green,
Were horrid to think of, much more to be seen,
Their bodies were warmed with the linings of *love*,
And the *fire* was sufficient that flashed from above.

'Twas a crime to assert that the moon was opaque,
To say the earth moved, was to merit the stake;
And he that could tell an eclipse was to be,
In the college of *Satan* had took his degree.

On Sundays their faces were dark as a cloud—
The road to the meeting was only allowed,
And those they caught rambling, on business or pleasure,
Were sent to the stocks, to repent at their leisure.

This day was the mournfullest day in the week—
Except on religion, none ventured to speak—
This day was the day to examine their lives,
To clear off old scores, and to preach to their wives.

Their houses were forts, that seemed proof against light;
Their parlours, all day, were the blackness of night:
And, as if at their thresholds a cannon did roar,
The ANIMALS hardly dared open their door
'Till the sun disappeared—then, like a mole's snout,
In the dusk of the evening, their noses popped out.

In the school of *oppression* though woefully taught,
'Twas only to be the *oppressors* they sought;
All, all but themselves were be-deviled and blind,
And their narrow-souled creed was to serve all mankind.

This beautiful system of nature below
They neither considered, nor wanted to know,
And called it a dog-house wherein they were pent,
Unworthy themselves, and their mighty descent.

They never perceived that in Nature's wide plan
There must be that whimsical creature called MAN,
Far short of the rank he affects to attain,
Yet a link in its place, in creation's vast chain.

WHATEVER is foreign to us and our kind
Can never be lasting, though seemingly joined—
The hive swarmed at length, and a tribe that was *teazed*
Set out for Rhode-Island to think as they pleased.

Some hundreds to Britain ran murmuring home—
While others went off in the forests to roam,
When they found they had missed what they looked
for at first,
The downfall of sin, and the reign of the just.

Hence, dry controversial reflections were thrown,
And the old dons were vexed in the way they had
shown;
So those that are held in the work-house all night
Throw dirt the next day at the doors, out of spite.

Ah pity the wretches that lived in those *days*,
(Ye modern admirers of novels and plays)
When nothing was suffered but musty, dull rules,
And nonsense from *Mather* and stuff from the schools!

No story, like *Rachel's*, could tempt them to sigh,
Susanna and *Judith* employed the bright eye—
No fine spun adventures tormented the breast,
Like our modern Clarissa, Tom Jones, and the rest.

Those tyrants had chosen the books for your shelves,
(And, trust me, no other than writ by themselves,
For always by *this* may a bigot be known,
He speaks well of nothing but what is his own.)

From *indwelling evil* these souls to release,
The Quakers arrived with their kingdom of peace—
But some were transported and some bore the lash,
And *four* they hanged fairly, for preaching up trash.

The lands of New-England (of which we now treat)
Were famous, ere that, for producing of wheat;
But the soil (or tradition says strangely amiss)
Has been pestered with *pumpkins* from that day to
this.

Thus, feuds and vexations distracted their reign,
(And perhaps a few vestiges still may remain)
But time has presented an offspring as bold,
Less free to believe, and more wise than the old.

Their phantoms, their wizzards, their witches are fled
—*Matthew Paris's** story with horror is read—

* See Neale's History of New England.

His daughters, and all the enchantments they bore—
And the demon, that pinched them, is heard of no more.

Their taste for the fine arts is strangely increased,
And Latin's no longer a mark of the *beast:*
Mathematics, at present, a farmer may know,
Without being hanged for connections below.

Proud, rough, INDEPENDENT, undaunted and free,
And patient of hardships, their task is the sea,
Their country too barren their *wish* to attain,
They make up the loss by exploring the main.

Wherever bright Phœbus awakens the gales
I see the bold YANKEES expanding their sails,
Throughout the wide ocean pursuing their schemes,
And chacing the whales on its uttermost streams.

No climate, for them, is too cold or too warm,
They reef the broad canvass, and fight with the storm;
In war with the foremost their standards display,
Or glut the loud cannon with death, for the fray.

No valour in fable their valour exceeds,
Their spirits are fitted for desperate deeds;
No rivals have they in *our* annals of fame,
Or if they are rivalled, 'tis YORK has the claim.

Inspired at the sound, while the *name* she repeats,
Bold Fancy conveys me to Hudson's retreats—
Ah, sweet recollection of juvenile dreams
In the groves, and the forests that skirted his streams!

How often, with rapture, those streams were surveyed
When, sick of the city, I flew to the shade—
How often the bard, and the peasant shall mourn
Ere those groves shall revive, or those shades shall return!

Not a hill, but some fortress disfigures it round!
And ramparts are raised where the cottage was found!
The plains and the vallies with ruin are spread,
With graves in abundance, and bones of the dead.

The first that attempted to enter the *streight*
(In *anno* one thousand six hundred and eight)
Was HUDSON (the same that we mentioned before,
Who was lost in the gulph that he went to explore.)

For a sum that they paid him (we know not how much)
This captain transferred all his right to the Dutch;
For the *time* has been here, (to the world be it known,)
When all a man sailed by, or saw, was his own.

The Dutch on their purchase sat quietly down,
And fixed on an *island* to lay out a town;
They modelled their streets from the horns of a ram,
And the name that best pleased them was, *New Amsterdam.*

They purchased large tracts from the Indians for beads,
And sadly tormented some runaway Swedes,
Who (none knows for what) from their country had flown
To live here in peace, undisturbed and alone.

NEW BELGIA, the Dutch called their province, be sure,
But names never yet made possession secure,
For *Charley* (the second that honoured the name)
Sent over a squadron, asserting his claim:

(Had his *sword* and his *title* been equally slender,
In vain had they summoned Mynheer to surrender)
The soil they demanded, or threatened their worst,
Insisting that *Cabot had looked at it first.*

The want of a squadron to fall on their rear
Made the argument perfectly plain to Mynheer—
Force ended the contest—the right was a sham,
And the Dutch were sent packing to hot SURINAM.

'Twas hard to be thus of their labours deprived,
But the age of Republics had not yet arrived—
Fate saw—though no wizzard could tell them as much—
That the crown, in due time, was to fare like the Dutch.

ADDRESS

TO THE REPUBLICANS OF AMERICA.

SAY—shall we pause, and here conclude our page,
Or waft it onward to the coming age?—
Just as You say, whose efforts shook his throne,
And plucked the brightest gem from George's crown—
Who, armed in Freedom's cause with hearts of steel,
Have through these stormy times toiled for the common weal;
Nor quit that standard thousands have deserted,
By foreign arts, or gold, or titles re-converted.

If YOU, propitious to the press and pen,
Gave vigour to the cause that roused up men
When slavery's sons approached with Britain's fleet,
Still we demand your aid—for Britain hates you yet:
Not with the sword and gun she now contends
But wages silent war, and by corruption bends,
Foe to the system that enlightens man,
Here, thrones she would erect, and frustrate Freedom's plan.

Here, on this virgin earth, the soil unstained,
Where yet no tyrant has his purpose gained,
Keep bright that flame which every bosom fired
When Hessian hirelings from these lands retired,
When, worn and wasted, all that murdering crew
And British squadrons from the Hudson flew;
When, leagued with France, you darts of vengeance hurled,
And bade defiance to the despot world.

Ye heirs and owners of the future age
Who soon will shove old actors from the stage,
To you the care of liberty they trust
When WASHINGTON and GATES are laid in dust—
When JEFFERSON, with GREENE, in long repose
Shall sleep, unconscious of your bliss or woes,
Seeming to say, *Be wise, be free, my sons,*
Nor let one tyrant trample on our bones.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.